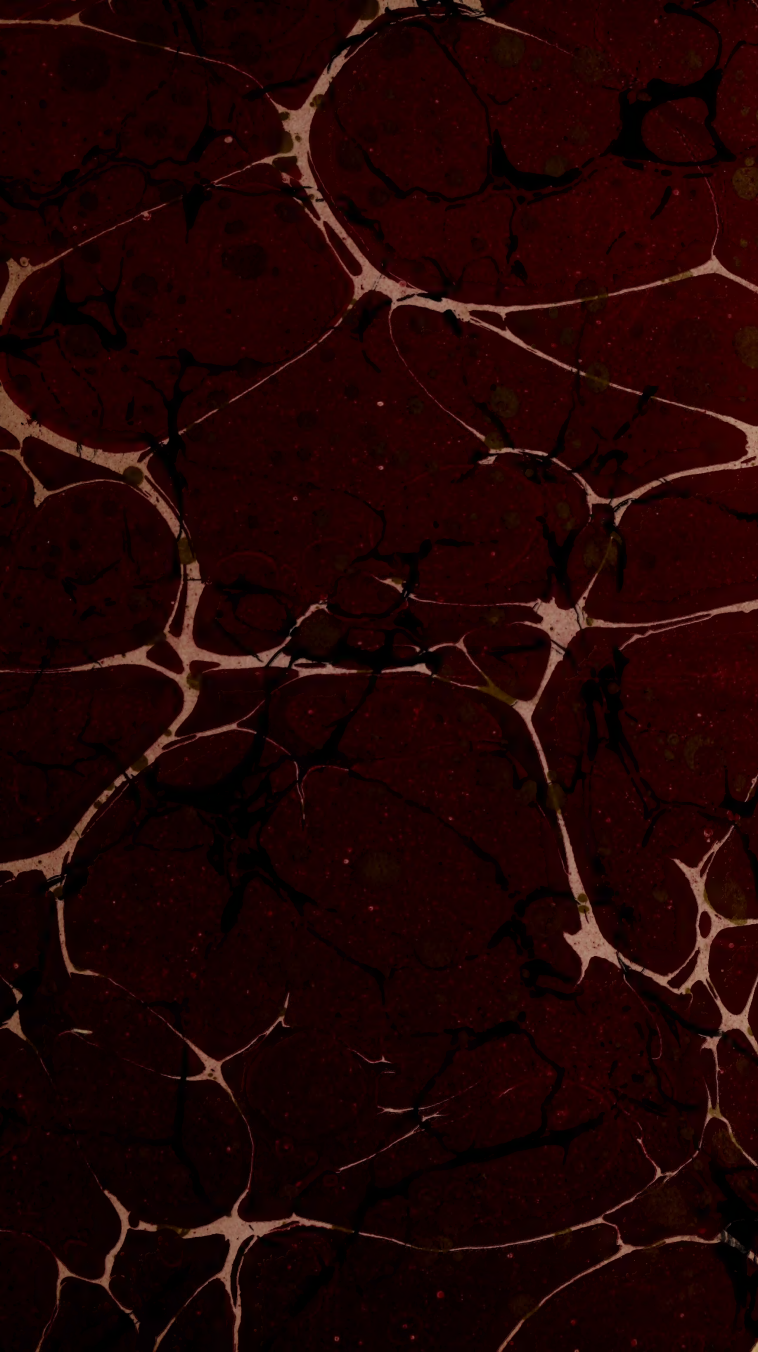


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JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR IN GREECE
AND THE
IONIAN ISLANDS,

WITH REMARKS ON THE RECENT HISTORY—PRESENT STATE—AND
CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES OF THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY
WILLIAM MURE, OF CALDWELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. I.

	Page
INTRODUCTORY NOTICE,	
CHAPTER I. Voyage from Ancona—Coast of Epirus—First impressions of Corfú,	1
II. Corfú—its intercourse with the opposite coast,	7
III. Albanian Travelling Servant, and Greek Travelling,	20
IV. Ionian Sea—First impressions of Ithaca,	36
V. Crime, and Criminal justice in Ithaca,	46
VI. Topography of Ithaca,	60
VII. Voyage to Petalá—First impressions of Continental Greece—Mouth of Acheloüs,	82
VIII. Pastoral habits of Greece, ancient and modern,	91
IX. River Acheloüs—Echinades—Ruins of Æniadæ,	102
X. Katochí—Acaranian Peasantry—Village Démarchus,	116
XI. Ætolia—Anatolikó—Mesolonghi—Ruins of Pleuron,	127
XII. Mesolonghi—its defence against the Turks—Character of modern Greek nation,	143
XIII. Voyage up the Corinthian Gulf—Crissa—Sacred Plain of Apollo,	169

Emergency Classics 10 1/5 Buehner 250

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	Page
CHAP. XIV. Delphi,	185
XV. Arácova—the Cleft Way—Death of Laius— Daulis,	199
XVI. View of Parnassus—Panopea—Chæronea, . .	207
XVII. Field of Chæronea—Monument of Bœotian slain—Orchomenus—Lake Copaïs,	218
XVIII. Livadía—Khan of, and its inmates, . . .	229
XIX. Lake Copaïs—Haliartus—Thebes. . . .	248
XX. Cithæron—Bacchæ of Euripides—Plataea— Battle of,	262
XXI. Plataea—Character of its Citizens—its destruc- tion by Sparta—Remarks on Spartan cha- racter,	273
ADDITIONAL NOTES,	285

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

GREECE is a country which can never cease to assert a powerful hold on the sympathies of enlightened Europe, whether from the charm of her historical recollections, the beauty of her scenery, or the grandeur and elegance of her ancient monuments. It is, however, very doubtful how far her own claims on public attention may be favourable to the interest of a work, the scope of which is to extend or enforce them. Her objects of attraction, as being superior in character to those of which most other countries can boast, have been very frequently and ably described; but as, on the other hand, they are not perhaps equally remarkable for number or variety, there is here the less room for exercise of ingenuity, in imparting popularity to an old subject by a new method of treatment. As regards her social condition, during the last two centuries that Greece has been habitually fre-

quented by Frank travellers, she has remained—up to a very recent period—altogether stationary; so that novelty was perhaps still less to be expected in the portion of any such work devoted to what is called, in the technical language of the present day, the personal narrative, than in its literary or scientific department. Although, therefore, the description of any newly-discovered monument, or hitherto little explored region of the classic land, might hope for some share of attention from the practical scholar or antiquary, the announcement of a volume of Greek travels seemed to promise little more to the general reader, than an addition to an already superabundant stock of treatises on a somewhat threadbare subject.

Of late years, however, new and interesting matter of observation has been opened up to the curious traveller in this apparently exhausted region, by the political changes it has undergone—by the overthrow of the Turkish dynasty within its bounds, its establishment as an independent state, and the eight years of exterminating war of which these events were the consequence. Formerly a tour in Greece was, in fact, and frequently was entitled, a tour in Turkey. The mountains, rivers, seas, and ancient monuments, were those of Hellas; but all the more prominent features of human life and action were foreign to her soil. Such a work, therefore, partook perhaps more of an oriental, than of either an European or a classical character. The author transplanted us

into a world of mosques and harems—of pashás and agás—of firmáns, Tatars, and Janissaries. The actual Greek population, the real children of the soil, had but little part in the matter; unless through the medium of an incidental malediction against their sordid servile character, or a lamentation over their fallen state, and the cruel tyranny to which they were subjected by their Turkish masters, according as the traveller might happen to be influenced by the humour of the moment, or the bias of his political predilections.

This long familiar picture of oriental life is now effaced. The Turk, with all the appendages of Moslemism, has been swept off the land, and the Greek reinstated in its exclusive possession. The titles above cited from the court calendar of Constantinople, have been supplanted by the more classic sounding appellatives of Nomárches and Démarchus—Strategós and Chiliarchos.* The whole appearance of the country, and of its towns and villages, has been changed—unfortunately not for the better. The old Greek population, on entering on their new career of independence, have assumed, in many respects, a new and improved character. Many favourable traits, which had lain smothered under the Turkish oppression, have been brought to light; and the natural talent of the race, universally acknowledged to be great, although for the present per-

* Governor—mayor, or justice of peace—general—colonel.

haps little favoured by circumstances, will, it is to be hoped, daily obtain a wider and more beneficial field for its display; while the anomalous features which the sudden transition from bondage to independence could not fail to stamp on the character and habits of a lively people, render the study of both replete with amusement, as well as instruction.

To place this altered state of society in as distinct a light as the author's opportunities would permit, has been the scope of a considerable portion of the following journal. His passage through the country was indeed rapid—far too much so for the execution of any finished picture. Possibly, however, any little value to which his sketches can lay claim, may not be diminished by the circumstance that they embody the lively impression of the moment, rather than the results of elaborate study and analysis.*

But although it is to the personal narrative that the author has chiefly to look for any small share of general popularity his pages may be destined to obtain, so little has it been his object to exclude the classical or antiquarian element, which indeed can hardly fail to enter into a work of this nature, that he has rather perhaps reason to fear, lest it should have been placed more in the as-

* It may be proper to remark, in illustration of certain parts of his journal, that the author travelled under the military title of Colonel, which appertains to him as Commandant of a Scottish regiment of militia.

endant than may be agreeable to many. It has, however, been his wish to confine it to matters not altogether devoid of interest, even to those who may not have made classic lore an especial object of study; together with such notices of existing monuments—some of them not previously explored or described—as the future traveller in the same route, who might consider his journal worth consulting, would be entitled to expect. Whatever appeared to exceed these limits has been embodied in the notes.

The portion of the text devoted to the Ionian islands has been bestowed chiefly on Ithaca, an island possessing, both in its classical recollections and in its present social condition, strong claims on the attention of the intelligent traveller.

For the better understanding of the historical allusions interspersed throughout these pages, a brief summary is here subjoined of the events which led to the late change in the political state of Greece. The revolt from the Sultan was originally planned and matured by a Secret Society, called the *Hetæria*, which had for its object to re-awaken and keep alive the dormant national spirit, until a favourable opportunity should occur for calling it into activity. The remote origin of this association has been traced as far back as the close of the last century; but it was first fully organized, at Athens, in 1814. From thence it soon spread over the whole of European Turkey; and the perfect secrecy maintained, consider-

ing the number and miscellaneous character of its members, is certainly very creditable to the Greek character. The first outbreak took place early in 1821, in the provinces of the Danube, but was speedily suppressed. The rising of the Morea, in April of the same year, was more successful. The Turks were defeated in several pitched battles;—Navarin,* Tripolizza, the metropolis of the Peninsula,† and other towns, were taken; and before the conclusion of the year the whole of the Morea, with the exception of one or two fortresses, was in the possession of the Greeks. The insurrection spread north of the Isthmus, and to the islands. In the course of the year 1822, Corinth,‡ Athens,§ and Nauplia,|| fell into the hands of the patriots, who soon obtained, together with the superiority at sea, virtual mastery of the whole country they now possess; and successfully resisted or destroyed all the powerful armaments fitted out by the Sultan for the re-establishment of his authority. These fair prospects were damped by the appearance of Ibrahim Pashá in the port of Navarin, on the 24th of February 1825, with the fleets and armies of Egypt. The Morea was speedily overrun by his troops. Tripolizza,¶ Mesolonghi,** and Athens,†† were successively retaken, and the cause of the insurgents seemed desperate, when the triple alliance interfered. The battle of Navarin was

* August.

† October 5.

‡ January 26.

§ May 13.

|| December.

¶ June 20, 1825.

** April 22, 1826.

†† June 5, 1827.

fought on the 20th of October 1827 ; and the subsequent diplomatic arrangements established Greece as an independent state,* the boundaries of which were fixed by a line drawn from the gulf of Arta to the pass of Thermopylæ.

The form of government first attempted was republican ; but was productive of little else than dissension and anarchy. Count Capo d'Istria, who enjoyed the title of President, was assassinated, from motives of private malice, on the 9th of October 1831. The supreme authority was then conferred, with the title of King, on prince Otho, second son of the King of Bavaria, who landed at Nauplia in January 1833, and fixed his seat of government at Athens. A representative constitution was promised to the nation on the final establishment of order and regular police ; but the power of the king in council still remains uncontrolled by any species of popular check.

The whole population of continental Greece, according to its present limits, prior to the revolution, has been rated, apparently on trustworthy data, at about 560,000 souls.† It were to be supposed that, owing to the expulsion of the Turks and the disasters of the war, this estimate ought now rather to be diminished. The government returns, however, inserted in the Hellenic

* February 3, 1830.

† GORDON, *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. Introduction.

Epheterís, or Almanack, for 1837, (the year preceding the author's visit,) give 926,000 as the gross amount, for both continent and islands. No returns are given of the population of the towns. Athens, in 1838, was commonly held to contain 20,000 souls.

According to the same official document above quoted, the standing army on the peace establishment numbers 13,326. The navy consists of thirty-two vessels, large and small; the largest, a twenty-gun corvette.

The gross ordinary revenue for 1836 exceeded £500,000,* and has since been on the increase. The national debt, in the same year, amounted to about £1,700,000; the civil list to £37,000.

The kingdom is divided into thirty governments or prefectures, (diöceses;) with eighteen subprefectures, (hypodiöceses.) Each of these districts is subdistributed into demi or mayoralties, chiefly presided over by respectable peasants, to the number of about four hundred and fifty.

Besides schools of theology, medicine, and jurisprudence, modern Hellas boasts of five gymnasia or universities, at Athens, Nauplia, Mesolonghi, Hydra, and Syra; twenty-five academies, called Hellenic; and upwards of a hundred schools of a more elementary character, called

* 13,623,817 drachms. There are about twenty-seven drachms in a pound sterling. A Spanish or Roman dollar passes current for six. The drachm is subdivided into 100 lepta.

Demotic; supported in whole or in greater part by the government.*

On the settlement of the new dynasty, the Hellenic church threw off its allegiance to the patriarch of Constantinople, and is governed by a synod of five prelates selected by the king from the thirty bishops who form the hierarchy of the establishment.

The monastic institutions are in course of being abolished, with a few special exceptions; and their lands appropriated by the State.

* Something is also contributed towards the maintenance of several excellent schools, established in different parts of the kingdom by foreign, chiefly American, missionaries.

CALDWELL, 1841

TOUR IN GREECE.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM ANCONA—COAST OF EPIRUS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS
OF CORFÚ.

*Βουζόται τόθι πρῶνες ἔξοχοι κατάκεινται,
Δαδῶναθεν ἀρχόμενοι, πρὸς Ἴόνιον πόρον.*

PIND. *Nem.* iv. 52.

“ There, stretching from Dodona’s sacred steep,
Huge cliffs extend along the Ionian deep.”

ON the afternoon of Saturday the 17th of February 1838, I embarked at Ancona in the Austrian steam-packet for Corfú, which port we reached, after a fair average passage, about the same hour on the second day. The weather on the 18th was dull and dark. The only visible objects, besides water and clouds, were the numerous islands to the eastward, extending from the coast of Dalmatia far into the centre of the gulf. They are not remarkable for beauty, either of outline or grouping; and although on a bright day, relieved by an azure sea and sky, they may have a cheerful and picturesque effect, their broken masses now tended but little to enliven the general gloom of the prospect. But on the following morning the view from the deck was one of unusual splendour. The weather was clear, and

the sun of Greece shone bright. We were now coasting along the mainland of Epirus, which here consists of one uninterrupted line of lofty mountains, extending down to the water's edge in precipitous cliffs or rugged declivities, and terminating, often at no great distance from the shore, in snowy peaks of dazzling whiteness. The prospect, in addition to its grandeur, had for me all the charms of novelty; for, although familiar, both in Italy and in my own native country, with many a lofty iron-bound coast, I do not remember having elsewhere seen a continuous ridge of snow-capped mountains, rising thus abruptly from the very brink of the sea. This whole range bore among the ancients the very appropriate name of Acroceraunian, or Thunder-cliffs. The general aspect, even of their less precipitous flanks, was that of a barren rocky wilderness, relieved here and there by a coating of heath or brushwood, or by patches of stunted oak forest. Occasionally, in some more sheltered recess, an Albanian village could be recognised, more by the dark shade of a few straggling cypresses, than by its own cottages, rudely constructed of broken fragments of the rock on which they are founded, and from which they are not easily distinguished either by their colour or form. In the midst of these groups of hovels a better-looking structure might sometimes be observed, with an upper floor and a white-washed exterior—the dwelling, perhaps, of a patriarchal robber-chief,* or possibly, of some petty agent of Turkish rapacity on the occupants of the humbler mansions by which his seat of authority was surrounded. Over the remoter summits rolled heavy masses of silver-white

* Among the Albanians, it may scarcely be necessary to remark, robbery is one of the most honourable professions—as it was with the population of the same country in the days of Thucydides, (*Hist. lib. i. c. 5.*)

cloud. But as the momentary clearing of the horizon discovered from time to time, at the extremity of the wider glens that opened up from the maritime ridge, some distant peak of the interior, one delighted to figure to one's-self the region of the "wintry Dodona," the primeval seat of the Hellenic race—shorn, indeed, of its ancient sanctity and honour, but still inhabited, as in Homer's time, by a race "with unwashed feet, and sleeping on the ground."*

There is something in this mode of forming a first acquaintance with any country, especially one so rich in associations, and so novel and romantic in appearance, far more interesting than merely crossing a frontier or disembarking on a coast. During six or seven hours, the whole face of the land, or at least those features of its surface that offered most to gratify and least to offend the imagination, lay spread out, as it were, on a map for our inspection. If, on the one hand, it was tantalizing to be unable to follow up this more general acquaintance by a closer familiarity with the interior, the fancy had at least free scope for filling up the deficiency from its own resources, or from those which the poetical geography of the district so richly supplied, without the risk of its illusions being marred by the uncongenial realities, which a day's march up the country could hardly have failed to force on the attention.

As we advance, the coast of Corfú rises to the south, presenting one long swelling mountain ridge,

"Spread like a shield upon the dark blue sea."†

Towards the entrance of the channel, between the island and the continent, the scene is enlivened. Numerous

* ἀνιπτόποδες, χαμαιεῦναι.—*Il.* xvi. 235.

† ὥς ὅτε ἔμινον ἐν ἡεροιδεῖ πόντῳ.—*Odyss.* v. 281.

vessels are seen shaping their course in different directions; the natural features of the Turkish coast become less rugged, while its custom-houses and castles, of bright exterior, and the improved appearance of its domestic edifices, give it a more civilized aspect. The first view of Corfú, however, so celebrated in all ages for beauty and amenity, was rather a disappointment, though one for which ample amends were made on further acquaintance. Mount Pantokratora, or San Salvatore, as it is called in the Greek and Italian dialects respectively, here forms the whole visible landscape of the island. Its outline is graceful—its surface one dark mass of luxuriant groves, of olive, cypress, and ilex. But I miss here, as along the whole shore both of these islands and of continental Greece, the gay white lines of building with which my eye had long been familiar on every populous district of the Italian coast; and in the interior, those elegant clusters of towers, parapets, open galleries, and balconies, which form the characteristic features of even the meanest groups of rural architecture in that fair country, and impart to each hamlet, or larger assemblage of farm buildings, the air of a castle or palace. In this extensive forest of gardens not a single village was to be seen, while the few white cottages that could be detected were so small and low, as scarcely to be visible amid the thickets in which they are imbedded. The dark woods of Corfú were as celebrated formerly as now, and from them it is said to have received among the ancient mariners the familiar title of “the black Corcyra.”*

The eastern extremity of this long mountain ridge, which forms the greatest breadth as well as height of the island, projects to within a mile and a half of the main-

* APOLL. RHOD. *Argon.* iv. 569.

land. On clearing the strait, the sea again expands into an open gulf between the two coasts, and the citadel, town, and port of Corfú appear in sight, forming the centre of an amphitheatre of rich and varied scenery. To the right, the interior of the island offers a wide stretch of hill and dale, finely planted and cultivated, and backed by the woody summits of San Salvatore. In front, the city itself is as yet half concealed by the green slopes of the islet of Vido, spread over a basement of yellow rocks, and crowned with extensive lines of fortification. The promontory on which the town is situated terminates to the eastward in the citadel, a nearly insulated rock, with its summit split into two lofty peaks, from whence its own name and that of the island is derived.* Where not occupied by buildings, its sides are mantled by a profusion of evergreens and wild-flowers. To the left the coast of Albania has now a more open and genial character. The ridges of snowy mountain retire into the distance, while the land in the immediate vicinity of the sea offers, by its comparatively bleak but varied landscape, a fine contrast to the richly clothed and cultivated shores of the island.

The feature of the town which first strikes the eye accustomed to the architecture of the opposite side of the Adriatic, is the diminutive size of the buildings, both public and private. The comparison suggests itself the more readily, owing to the correspondence in other respects between the habits of the two countries. Every thing appeared a miniature of what I had left behind at Ancona, Civita Vecchia, and other Italian ports of the same rank. This remark, however, applies merely to general form and structure; for the Italo-Greek architecture has little or no pretension to the ornamental

* κορφοί.

elegance of the native Italian. The most remarkable edifices are the barracks, built by the protecting government on the north side of the citadel, and the palace of the Lord High Commissioner. The latter, a work of Sir Thomas Maitland, now asserts the same high superiority over the other dwellings of the city, as did that of the hero who swayed the destinies of the island at the period of the visit of Ulysses:—

“The stately palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp superior known,—
A child may point the way.”*

On approaching the quay, we are surrounded by boats full of mariners and porters, clamorously soliciting the privilege of taking us on shore, in a Babel of tongues. Although a few strange and highly picturesque costumes are visible, the general appearance of this population, to one arriving from Italy, presents few features of novelty.

* POPE'S *Odyss.* vi. 300.

CHAPTER II.

CORFÚ—ITS INTERCOURSE WITH THE OPPOSITE COAST.

THE family of the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Howard Douglas, comprised several old and valued friends of my own, whom I had requested by letter to provide the best accommodation the place supplied, against the day of my arrival. Their answer, however, had not reached me before my departure from Ancona. I therefore, on disembarking, proceeded with an English fellow-passenger to secure quarters for myself, in a lodging-house which had been recommended to us as affording the best in the town. This establishment, dignified by the title of Taylor's Hotel, or, in more homely phraseology, Sergeant Taylor's lodgings, (being kept by the wife or widow of a retired officer of the name and rank above mentioned,) was one of the most diminutive of the small mansions of the city. It contained several spare rooms, dark, close, and dismal, but not uncleanly, with an aspect into an equally dismal-looking street, at prices equal to what would be asked for the best apartment in a good Italian hotel. It seems a strange thing that the capital of an important British dependency, containing a population of 20,000 souls, with a large garrison, and numerous civil and military functionaries of our own nation, besides the native nobility and gentry, and forming the leading point of inter-communication between Eastern and Western Europe, should not contain so much as a tolerable inn. An attempt was made some years ago to establish one, the failure of which was ascribed chiefly to the circum-

stance, that visitors are in the habit of depending more for their entertainment on the hospitality of their own acquaintance, or of persons to whom they may be recommended, than on any species of public accommodation. But, although the English tourist may in most instances reckon upon a bed in the quarters of a countryman, this can hardly be the case as regards the numerous travellers from other parts of Europe, who annually visit the island. The reason therefore, although perhaps the best that can be assigned, seems hardly sufficient. My own experience, it is true, went far to justify it; for while we were making arrangements with the landlady, a young officer of the garrison, who, on return from leave of absence, had been our fellow navigator, came to announce that there was a vacant bed at the English Club House, which he politely placed at our disposal. The offer was eagerly accepted by my companion, who was more offended with the homeliness of the sergeant's apartments than myself, and to whom I ceded my claims. A few minutes afterwards I heard my name called by familiar voices at the door, and in less than a quarter of an hour was established in most luxurious quarters at the palace, leaving the poor landlady not a little disconcerted at being thus suddenly robbed of two promising guests.

The carnival was now approaching its conclusion, and the evening of my arrival was that appointed for a grand ball at the palace, as a winding up of its festivities. The chief topic of interest at this moment with all classes, was an adventure on the Turkish coast, of which a member of the Buonaparte family had been the hero. The individual in question was a son of the Prince of Canino, (better known in England as Lucien Buonaparte,) who, about two years before, had been tried and found guilty by the Roman tribunals of the crime of murder, in deliberately shooting, while following his

game on his father's estates in the Campagna, a country fellow whom he suspected of poaching, or who had given him some other real or imaginary cause of provocation. During my residence at Rome in the winter of 1836, 1837, he was lying in the castle of St Angelo under sentence of death, or of the galleys for life; and it was then understood that his holiness, as a practical evidence of the blind impartiality with which justice is administered in his dominions, was determined, waiving all claims to pardon or mitigation of sentence which the offender might derive from his rank and connexions, to allow the law to take its course. The result, however, was different; for owing chiefly, as was said at the time, with what truth I know not, to the exertions of a distinguished British ex-diplomatist who happened to spend that season at Rome, and whose family is connected by marriage with the criminal, he was set at liberty, with the simple award of banishment from the papal states.

In the course of his travels he visited Corfú, and hired a small house in the country, with the object of pursuing his favourite occupation of the chase. The opposite coast offers more particularly a fine field for this diversion, and is accordingly much frequented by the sportsmen of the garrison. Turkey, however, it must be observed, is always, in regard to our islands, in that state which the Adriatic navigators call Contumacy; that is to say, all intercourse with its coast is subject to a quarantine of greater or less duration, according to its reputed sanitary condition for the time being. This restriction never ceases entirely, as might otherwise be the case, owing to the neglect of all quarantine police by the Turkish government—a consequence of their predestinarian prejudices; hence there can be no security against the sudden spread of contagion, or the existence of lurking disease in the interior, even at periods when the immediate shore

is apparently in the healthiest state. The rigour of the strict regulation is, however, in ordinary times so far modified, that persons obtaining permission of the authorities may, with the escort of a *guardiano*, or constable of the health office, disembark and range at liberty in the open country, their attendant being answerable for their neither entering a house nor coming into contact with the natives. In this way the British officers are in the daily practice of crossing and recrossing the channel. Although the inhabitants of the continent are proverbial as a ferocious and barbarous race, among whom robbery, if ably and boldly exercised, is looked upon as an honourable profession, it does not appear that these excursions are attended with much danger. As they are undertaken with the sanction, and in so far under the protection of the Turkish authorities, with whom our own are generally on the best of terms, any serious outrage could hardly fail of being attended with consequences to the offender so serious as to counterbalance any advantage he was likely to derive from it; while against petty aggressions the arms of the sportsmen are a sufficient protection. It is also their policy to conciliate the goodwill of the natives by small presents of gunpowder, tobacco, and other articles of, to their habits, primary necessity; and those whom they happen to encounter on their rambles, are in the habit of depositing their caps on the ground as receptacles for such offerings. Cases indeed are said to have occurred, where petitions for such favours have been presented to weaker parties somewhat after the fashion of the beggar in *Gil Blas*, with the hat in one hand and the trigger in the other; and one or two instances are on record where the strangers had been insulted or even fired at. Considering, however, the character of the district and its inhabitants—how little our countrymen are distinguished for the art of concili-

ating foreigners—and how natural it was that they should be viewed by the native peasantry rather in the light of poachers or marauders than of friendly visitors, it is less matter of wonder that, in the course of years, one or two outrages of this kind should have occurred, than that they should not have become so frequent and unavoidable as to put an end to the practice altogether.

The spirit of a Buonaparte, however, was not to be restrained within the same bounds as that of an English soldier or an Albanian mountaineer; and the prince, on one of his first expeditions across the channel, about a week before my arrival, had not only succeeded in picking a quarrel, but in shooting a pair of Turks, one on each side of him, by a right and left discharge of his double-barrelled gun, and escaping without damage to his boat. On the real merits of the case it was not easy to form an opinion, as they had not been, nor under the circumstances was it likely that they ever could be, very nicely sifted; while the reports of the prince himself, and the representations transmitted by the aggrieved parties, were, as may be supposed, widely at variance with each other. It appears, however, that the catastrophe was the result of a dispute with the officer stationed at the landing-place, relative to the payment of harbour dues; and that the prince, ignorant of the customs or language of the country, and suspecting an attempt at imposition, had resisted the demand. According to his own account he only fired in self-defence, and not until he saw a musket levelled at his breast. The statement of the Turkish authorities, on the other hand, distinctly made him out to be the aggressor. Among the officers of the garrison, there was some feeling in his favour. It was natural that young military men, apart from all reference to the merits of the affair, should sympathize with a hero who, in fair combat with a party of Turks on

their own ground, had killed two of the enemy, and effected his retreat without loss or damage to himself or his attendants. Sir Howard, however, who viewed the case with the eye of a magistrate, seemed to take it up in a different light, and the previous adventures of the delinquent were certainly strong presumptive evidence against him. For the present, all that could be done was to write to the Pashá of Joánnina, exculpating his own people from any share in the transaction, and offering to co-operate with him in any reasonable measures for bringing about an equitable adjustment. The Turk who then occupied the throne of Alí, his excellency described as a discreet conciliatory person, and of friendly dispositions both towards our government and himself individually; which led him to hope that the affair would be settled without either proceeding to extremities against the culprit, or involving any permanent interruption of the amicable relations between the two coasts. The most judicious conduct on the part of the prince would obviously have been to withdraw from the island, which was accordingly suggested to him by the authorities. But here his pride interfered, and he expressed his determination, unless forcibly expelled, to remain and abide by the consequences. The matter ended as Sir Howard had anticipated. It turned out that the two wounded Turks, one of whom had been reported dead, the other in a dangerous state, both recovered; and the only satisfaction demanded by the Pasha was, that the prince should be dismissed from the Ionian territory. Before the final order to this effect was issued, his high spirit had given way, and he intimated his intention of acquiescing without further difficulty. On my second visit to the island I found him still there; but his departure was said to be delayed merely by pecuniary difficulties of a temporary nature.

In the mean time, the result of the affair was a sus-

pension, not only of the shooting excursions of the officers, but of every species of intercourse between the two shores, which might for the present be considered as in a state of war with each other; and had a party of Franks shown themselves on the opposite side during the existing excitement among the natives, they would in all probability have been massacred. Reports were current that some Albanians, resident in the island, had entered into a conspiracy to murder the prince, who, in consequence, made a formal application to the governor for the special protection of the police. But as he brought forward no real evidence of his danger, the request was disregarded. Elsewhere, however, the enemy were not slow in making reprisals; and a few days before my arrival, a midnight assault had been committed on a country house in the neighbouring small island of Paxo, by a party who were ascertained to have landed from the opposite shore. The proprietor with his family made a valiant defence. Although one of his servants was killed, and his wife wounded, they succeeded in beating off the robbers, who effected their retreat, bearing off their killed or wounded, as was proved by tracks of fresh blood on their path, into the forests of the interior, where they were supposed to be still concealed. Great was the sensation created in this little community by the adventure. The Resident, an old officer of the medical staff, immediately sent off to Corfú for a reinforcement of troops, which could ill enough be spared, as the strength of the septinsular army had been seriously reduced by several regiments drawn off to the Canadian war, while in Corfú itself some apprehensions existed of similar attacks on the more exposed parts of its coast.

Such little adventures possess a peculiar interest to the traveller just arrived in this classic region, as realizing, even through the medium of an altered state of

society, the associations connected with the ancient habits of predatory warfare on its coasts and islands, of which so frequent notice occurs in the page of Homer. Another adventure of a less chivalrous character, but which brings home the descriptions of the Odyssey with perhaps still greater liveliness to the imagination, occurred during the few days I spent in the island of Ithaca. The numerous rugged islets with which the channel between the Acarnanian coast and the Cefalonian group is studded, are now in whole or in greater part dependencies of the Ionian republic, chiefly of Ithaca itself. Many of them are uninhabited, with the exception of occasional visits on the part of persons privileged by the government, or the proprietors, whoever they may be, for the purpose of pasturing their cattle on what small gleanings of herbage their arid surface at certain favourable seasons may supply. On the occasion in question, a complaint was lodged with the Resident of Ithaca, whose hospitality I was then enjoying, of the robbery, by certain citizens of that state, of several hundred head of swine belonging to a continental proprietor. On enquiry, the following turned out to be the facts of the case:—The Ithacans, who possessed the right of pasture on one of these small provinces of their island, landing one day on their domain, found it occupied by a strange herd enjoying the first-fruits of the spring vegetation. They immediately placed the cloven-footed marauders under arrest, put them on board their boats, and carried them off to Ithaca. The bereaved herdsmen complained to the Resident, urging, in extenuation of their original trespass, the deserted state of the islet, and their consequent ignorance that they were interfering with any other man's rights. The other party ridiculed this apology, which was certainly but lame, declaring, however, their willingness to give up the cattle, but only on condition of a

high ransom per head. The case was doubtless one of some nicety, and remained still pending at the period of my departure.

The hero of the late combat on the Turkish coast, who had been hitherto but little seen in society, but had not been excluded in consequence of that affair from the public hospitality of the palace, was, as might be expected, the lion of the day at Corfú, and by consequence, of the Lord High Commissioner's party on the afternoon of my arrival. I was therefore the more flattered, on being told by one of the ladies of the family, that during the early part of the evening I had been very generally taken for the chivalrous stranger; for no other reason that I could conjecture, beyond the fact of my being a stranger, than that I happened to have a pale face, rather marked features, and a black beard, attributes usually connected with ferocity and blood-guiltiness in the minds of ladies and readers of romance. The actual resemblance was about as strong as can well be imagined, between a lean man of six feet three, with a sallow complexion, and one something below the middle size, with a florid countenance, and rather a tendency to corpulence.

The steam-packet of the Ionian government makes the tour of the islands once a fortnight. My own chief object of interest in the septinsular state was Ithaca; but I should have been well pleased, had the interval between the sailing of this vessel, and the arrival of that which brought me, admitted of my spending a few days at Corfú. This inclination was no way diminished by the viceregal luxuries and agreeable society of the palace, attractions the more powerful after a week of nearly uninterrupted travelling by land or by sea. I found, however, that the arrangements of the two packets allowed me but six-and-thirty hours' stay in the metropolis, unless with the alternative of remaining a fortnight, which

was out of the question. I had, therefore, but to make the best use of the single day at my disposal, which fortunately was one of surpassing brilliancy.

The chief beauty of the town is concentrated around the esplanade, and a more lovely spot can hardly be conceived. It is a small park or meadow of fresh green sward, occupying the flat summit of the promontory between the town and the citadel, and laid out with walks and avenues of trees. The side towards the town is bounded by the newest and most ornamental row of buildings it contains. Opposite them rises the rock of the citadel, embosomed in cypresses. At one extremity is the front of the viceregal palace—a large and elegant structure, with a fine range of porticos; and towards the other is a circular temple, surrounded by a colonnade, erected in honour of Sir Thomas Maitland. Behind, a wooded bank slopes to the beach. Here, as on every side but that towards the town, the ground falls precipitously in rocky declivities, planted with evergreens; and, unless where the view is impeded by the citadel or palace, opening out a variety of beautiful prospects across the gulf and the surrounding coasts. The town itself is confined, towards the interior of the island, by a circle of gloomy fortifications, erected by the Venetians, with the Lion of St Mark still visible on the front of some of the gates, and other decorative portions of the work. These are now in progress of demolition, it having been determined to restrict the defences of the place to the citadel and island of Vido, the works of which latter fortress are now being remodelled on a much more extensive scale. The levelling of the old walls will be a great addition to the amenity and salubrity of the city; as their site was to be converted into public gardens and pleasure grounds.

In the afternoon, I was indebted to my friends, Colo-

nel and Mrs D——, for a drive in their pony phaeton about ten miles along the coast to the southward, in which direction lies some of the finest mountain scenery of the island, visiting by the way the scanty remains of the old Greek city, and supposed localities of the Odyssey.

The ancient Corcyra stood a little to the south of the modern town. The most prominent part of its site is the peninsula still bearing the name of Palæopoli, or the Old City. It is formed on one side by the bay interposed between itself and the promontory occupied by the modern citadel; on the other by a small gulf, or lagoon, called the Peschiera, or Lake of Calichiopulo.* The spot is now chiefly remarkable for its gardens, or rather forests of magnificent olives. The northern shore, facing the town of Corfu, is occupied by a villa of the L. H. C. The only remaining vestiges of antiquity are the ruins of a small Doric temple, on the verge of a precipitous bank at the eastern point of the peninsula, facing the coast of Epirus. The extent and plan of this building are sufficiently apparent from the foundations which have been excavated. One column is now standing, although not apparently transmitted from antiquity in that position, but replaced by the excavators; and the remains of several others, with portions of the frontispiece and entablature, are scattered in the neighbourhood. There is a tradition that a much larger

* From the description of Thucydides, it would appear that the peninsula was the Acropolis; the Peschiera, the Portus Hyllaicus; that the other port, called by him "that towards Epirus," was the bay between the ancient Acropolis and the present citadel; and that the Agora was on the flat ground contiguous to this port, now without the town, but occupied by a row of houses.—(*Histor.* III. c. 72.) Scylax mentions three ports of Corcyra.—(*Peripl.* 29.) Hence it may be presumed that the present harbour, although at some distance from the ancient city, was also used as a station for vessels.

number of columns were originally in their place, but that a party of midshipmen, from an English man-of-war lying to under the cliffs, amused themselves in upsetting them. If they were the original destroyers, they must have been midshipmen of very ancient date, as the ruins, previous to the year 1823, when they were first discovered and excavated by Sir Frederick Adam, were completely embedded in the soil, with every appearance of having been so for centuries; and this opinion is confirmed by the circumstance, that they are unnoticed by any of the old travellers who visited the island. Assuming, indeed, the prostrate columns to have been replaced in their original position by the excavators, as seems partially to have been the case, the midshipmen might still be entitled to the credit of having once more subverted them. But the whole story is probably a fable, like so many others of the same kind. A popular French writer* attributes to the English the destruction of the massive Doric columns, still standing in all their previous integrity, at Corinth. Not happening to light upon them in the course of his own superficial researches, he adopts the excuse for his oversight, which a very natural jealousy of the superiority of the British travellers to those of his own nation would most readily suggest to a lively French imagination. I have also heard the English accused of the decapitation of the lions over the gate of Mycenæ, whose heads, there can be little doubt, were knocked off upwards of two thousand years ago, by the stones falling from the wall above, when the city was destroyed by the Argives. The *iconoclastic* propensities of our nation are unfortunately too well established by facts to require the evidence of fiction; nor is it necessary—in terms of the old adage, *non cuius contingit adire*

* CHATEAUBRIAND, *Itiner.* Paris 1812. 8vo. Tom. I. 169.

Corinthum — to travel either to Corinth or Corfú in search of examples, which our own national monuments, from the milestones by the wayside to the sepulchres of Westminster Abbey, so plentifully supply.

The scenery of the island increases in splendour towards the south. The view from the summit of a cliff on that side of the peninsula, presents a succession of bold promontories or rich and fertile declivities, rising towards the interior into rocky mountains, of the most picturesque variety of form, covered with evergreen forests, and their boldest peaks crowned here and there with chapels or towers embedded in groves of cypress. Immediately below the cliff, at the mouth of the Peschiera, is a small rocky islet, with two or three craggy tops, one of which is surmounted by a single house shaded by a few cypress trees. This rock is vulgarly, though somewhat improperly, called the island of Ulysses, as being supposed, plausibly enough, to represent that into which Homer fables the vessel that bore the hero to his native land, to have been metamorphosed by Neptune, in approaching the port of Scheria on its return. The river where Ulysses met Nausicaa is identified by some with a small stream that flows into the Peschiera—very inappropriately, as it is evident that the washing-ground of that heroine in the poet's description was at a much greater distance from the city. Others, perhaps more plausibly, discover it in another stream called Potamo, at some distance to the north of the modern town. The gardens of Alcinous were placed by my authorities on the low rich land on the shore of the Peschiera—also very improperly; for Homer describes them as situated within the city, and consequently on the peninsula itself. But the identity so generally recognised, both in ancient and modern times, between Corcyra and the land of Alcinous, is in itself very problematical.

CHAPTER III.

ALBANIAN TRAVELLING SERVANT, AND GREEK TRAVELLING.

A PORTION of the morning was occupied in making such arrangements for my land journey, as were necessary to insure the small degree of comfort that could reasonably be hoped for at the halting-places in the inhospitable regions through which it lay. The first and most important business was to hire one of that peculiar description of travelling servants who devote themselves to the attendance on tourists in the Levant, and who combine, or profess to combine, the offices of guide, cicerone, purveyor, cook, interpreter, and valet. Corfú is the chief rendezvous for this class of persons, some of whom are usually to be found on the quay, like *lacquais de place* in the seaports of western Europe, ready to prefer their claims to the traveller as he steps out of the packet. They are, as may be supposed, for the most part Greeks or Albanians, and attired in the national costume. Some, however, presented themselves equipped in the first style of European fashion, obviously for the purpose of creating a favourable impression by their smartness and civilization; although, in my own case, the effect was quite the reverse of what they intended. I had with me the address of one who had been highly recommended by a friend, and whom I was fortunate enough to find disengaged. He was, upon the whole, one of the most original characters I have hap-

pened to meet with in the course of my travels, and a good sample of a class of beings unknown among ourselves, and perhaps little common in any other country. As a further apology for digressing somewhat more widely in my description of him, than the subject may seem to deserve, I may urge the opportunity it will afford of adding a few remarks on the general plan and conduct of a tour in Greece, and on the habits of those with whom the traveller is likely to be brought into contact, which may perhaps be not altogether unprofitable to my successors in the same route, or unacceptable to the general reader.

Nicóla, for so he was called, was as strange a mixture of the barbarian and the civilized man as can well be imagined. An Albanian of the purest caste, a native of the province of Joánnina, he wore the beautiful dress of his country, and his whole appearance was in the highest degree picturesque. A complete Hercules in form, with a somewhat Scythian cast of countenance, and a slight tendency to corpulence, as that hero is not uncommonly represented, he was, like him, active and patient of fatigue. The expression of his coarse weatherbeaten visage, though gloomy and even ferocious, had a certain tinge of sincerity and simplicity which prevented it from being offensive. His manner was gruff and rude, sometimes even surly and insolent, yet certainly not intentionally so; and he was obedient to orders, and submissive when seriously found fault with. He spoke seven languages; Albanian, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, Turkish, and I forget what other Oriental dialect. Of the English he was totally ignorant; and yet for many years he had been chiefly attached to the service of British travellers; but he said he never could master its difficulties. He kept his accounts in Italian, which tongue was also our medium of communication, with the

greatest order and regularity, in an excellent hand, and with an orthography that might put many a member of the native noblesse to the blush. Although I had no occasion to try him, I have little doubt that his penmanship might have been found equally available in any other of the written languages of which he was master. But, with these attainments as a linguist and a scribe, his progress in the march of intellect seemed to have been suddenly arrested, as in all further respects he was as deficient in educational knowledge, and displayed as great a contempt for every thing of the sort, as the most unsophisticated shepherd of his native mountains. How or where he acquired so unusual a stock of elementary learning, I never could exactly ascertain. He was not by nature communicative; and as the few observations he hazarded were laconic and inexplicit, and he did not like to be cross-questioned, it was difficult to get much information from him on any subject on which he did not volunteer to enlarge; and even then his accounts were dry and unconnected enough. There may possibly have hung some mystery over the early part of his previous life, as is very frequently the case with men of the world of his nation and rank, more especially with those who, after having taken an active part in the turbulent vicissitudes of their native land, have adopted at a maturer age comparatively tranquil and domestic habits.

It may perhaps at first sight appear a startling, or even a calumnious imputation, to say that a large proportion of the adult population of Greece and the neighbouring countries have, during some period of their life, exercised, in one shape or other, the profession of robber; but a very little reflection on their past history and actual habits, can leave little doubt that it is a correct one. The mountain fastnesses of many of these provinces of the Turkish empire, were, even during its more

flourishing periods, in the half-independent possession of the natives, ranged under patriarchal chiefs, similar in character and habits to the robber knights in the unsettled districts of Europe during the middle ages, and who gloried in the title of *klepht*, or thief. This profession they exercised somewhat in the mode of our Rob Roys, Robin Hoods, or Johnny Armstrongs, exacting *black mail* from their weaker neighbours as the price of protection from their rivals, or from the common Turkish oppressor, against whom their predatory warfare was chiefly directed. From this class of robber chiefs sprung many of the heroes whose names have acquired the greatest celebrity in the war of independence, Kolokotroni, Mauromichali, Androuzzos, Gouras, and others, the survivors among whom have felt some difficulty in conforming to the habits of regular government or civilized society. But besides this more organized system of brigandage, a favourite resource of the desperate or the unfortunate of all ranks was a retreat to the mountains, and the life of a freebooter. During the war, the population of whole villages, towns, or districts, were frequently reduced to live in rocks, caves, and forests, where plunder, when opportunity occurred, became a virtue of necessity, as the only means of supporting existence; and in such cases but little distinction would be made between friend and foe. Still more demoralizing, perhaps, was the effect of the few years of civil dissension that intervened between the emancipation from the Turks and the establishment of the present government, during which these predatory campaigns were carried on between rival factions of the Greek nation itself. The necessary result of such a state of things was a general indifference to the value of human life among all classes, which was not a little fostered during the war by the universal practice of butchering

the Turks in the mass, or the individual, whenever they fell into their hands; and I have heard it remarked, in well-informed quarters, that if the European traveller, as he passed along the road or the street, could instinctively detect those among the natives whose hands, apart from the adventures of regular warfare, had been deliberately stained with human blood, a large proportion of this population, who, with all their faults, appeared to me, from the little experience I had of them, friendly and kind-hearted, would become objects of disgust and abhorrence. That habits thus formed, during a long period of anarchy, should suddenly give way before the outward signs of regular government which are now displayed in the land, was hardly to be expected; and I had, during my own passage through the country, practical evidence that the mountain and the carbine still remain as formerly, the resource to which, on occasion of any social embarrassment, the lower orders are in the habit of instinctively resorting. The present corps of gend'armie, a well-disciplined and efficient body, is notoriously composed, in a great measure, of persons who were formerly professional brigands; and their services are considered, according to our own vulgar proverb of "set a thief to catch a thief," the more valuable on that account. Under the present government it has also been the practice, especially in the northern frontiers, the chief seat of systematic outlawry, to detach the bands from their lawless mode of life, by enrolling them as light-armed infantry in the national service, and conferring military commissions on their chiefs—a short-sighted policy, which must be the greatest possible encouragement to the evil it professes to cure.

To return, however, to my own Albanian.—That his personal experience of human life was not deficient in the foregoing particular, I had, it must be admitted, no

other ground of belief than the following heads of circumstantial evidence:—First, the simple fact of his being an Albanian; secondly, the nature of the service in which he had during the early part of his life been engaged; thirdly, his perfect familiarity, which in the course of our travels I had frequent opportunity of putting to the test, with the habits of the freebooter; and lastly, several incidental circumstances or remarks on his own part, in the course of our acquaintance, which seemed to indicate that his abstract views of the rights of property were not so rigid as those which the courtesy of his present mode of life enjoined. This peculiarity, however, ought by no means to count as an unfavourable item in the estimate of such a character; as being, on the one hand, quite consistent with rigid fidelity to an employer and benefactor, and tending, at the same time, for the reasons above assigned in the case of the Greek police, to promote the efficacy of his services.

His knowledge of the Spanish tongue, on which he especially piqued himself, he described as having been acquired in very early youth, during a sojourn in Spain itself, in the service of a traveller. On his return to his native land, he served in a military capacity under Ali Pashá, of whom he was a great admirer, and whose energetic character, strenuous assertion of his authority, and summary administration of justice, were subjects of warm commendation, and unfavourable contrast with what he considered the weak and languid police of his successor, or of the new Hellenic government. His cruelty, avarice, and treachery, did not seem to enter at all into the balance on the other side. After the fall of this chieftain, to whom he adhered to the last, he espoused, with other Albanian adventurers, the Greek patriotic cause, and formed part of the garrison of Mesolonghi during Lord Byron's command of the place. He afterwards

married and settled at Corfú, and for the last twelve years had followed his present profession, during which time, besides every corner of Greece and its islands, he had travelled through the greater part of the Turkish empire, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt.

In spite of his peregrinations and extensive knowledge of life and its vicissitudes, he was woefully deficient in every kind of general information, and either could not or would not give any connected or intelligible account of a single country he had visited, or scene he had witnessed. In fact, one of his most amusing peculiarities was a scornful indifference to things in general, beyond what he considered the immediate sphere of his own duties or avocations, in the prosecution of which he displayed an equal degree of zeal, activity, and energy. His was in fact the philosophy of the savage, or natural man, shrewd and penetrating as regards the present, around which it is concentrated, but ignorant or careless of both past and future, unless in so far as their concerns appear tangibly connected with the more engrossing, and for the most part sensual, objects of momentary interest. What seemed less easy to explain, was not so much his indifference to the objects which alone or chiefly attracted strangers to the places whither he was in the habit of conducting them, but his complete ignorance, in very many cases, of their site or existence—although perfect master of the topography of Greece in other respects. On this score I had frequently occasion to find fault with him, as he had, when hired, boasted of his familiarity with the curiosities we were to explore. His apology was, that he had never been in the habit of accompanying his previous employers in their rambles upon such occasions, but had been left in charge of the horses and baggage, while they found local ciceroni who performed this service. If so, they were more fortunate

than myself, as one of the greatest inconveniences of which I had to complain, amid the ignorance of my habitual guide, was the difficulty, often the impossibility, of finding any one in the least degree competent to act in this capacity; and as it usually happened, that the names by which the objects I was in quest of were known among the natives were different from their scientific titles, I have frequently been obliged to range for hours the whole surface of an ancient city, or other interesting locality, as a pointer-dog would hunt a field, in order to discover them for myself, to the infinite loss of time and patience, and occasionally without ultimate success. It appeared that the journeys of many of his previous employers had been directed to other than classical objects. He had been at different times in the suite of the commissioners of boundaries, and other persons travelling in a diplomatic capacity. I advised him, however, to take this, or any other opportunity that might offer, of perfecting himself in what was certainly an important branch of his profession. Although at first he seemed to treat with great contempt the notion of troubling himself about old stones and rubbish, as he called them, yet, apparently convinced of the reasonableness of my advice, he gradually began to devote a certain degree of attention to them. He even went the length of taking special notes of several localities, which were either first fully explored by myself, or previously little known or frequented; and would sometimes, in the warmth of his new-born zeal, tease me with accounts of wonders to be found here and there, which of course turned out to exist but in the delusions of his own or the popular ignorance.

He affected much contempt for the degraded state and beastly habits of his countrymen, the native Græco-Albanian population, and yet his own were in a great measure similar; while the easy and natural manner in which

he conformed to them in all their most offensive particulars, while our lot was cast in the region where they exclusively prevailed, showed that they were still in all respects as congenial to his taste as those of the semi-civilized life to which, since his marriage and settlement in Corfú, he had been accustomed. Of the habits here alluded to, the fundamental one is the aversion of the Christian population of the whole country formerly called Turkey in Europe, to ablution or change of raiment, or even to divesting themselves of the garments they habitually wear, and which are allowed to go to decay on the person of the proprietor, until necessity, or a regard for the decency of the exterior man, induce him to procure a substitute. These customs are not peculiar to the lower class, but extend in a greater or less degree to the nobles and chieftains, who consider filth as one of the characteristics of martial genius or veteran service. On setting out on a campaign they put on a clean smock or fustanella, soaked in grease, which remains on their person, as a matter of military etiquette, night and day, until their return home, when their wives have a new suit ready to replace it. The consequence is, that the persons and habitations of all classes swarm with vermin, to an extent unknown probably in any other country. The Albanians are in the habit of wearing belts or bandages smeared with mercurial ointment, said to act as a partial preventive of the too rapid propagation of their personal live stock, or as an antidote to the unwholesome consequences of its superabundance. Not only are undressing on going to bed, and sleeping within sheets and blankets, things unheard of, but so much as bed or bedding of any kind, other than rush mats or their shaggy hair capottes and goatskin mantles, are luxuries to which, together with a table or chair, the Greek population below a certain rank are altogether

strangers. A German staff-surgeon in a central military depôt of the Morea, employed to inspect the country recruits under the new conscription act, assured me, that the clothes of many of them were found so tightly glued to their bodies by accumulated filth and vermin, that they could not be drawn off without considerable pain to the wearer, and were frequently obliged to be cut up on his person, and detached piecemeal. It is indeed probable that, in proportion to the amount of the population, that of the filth, personal and domestic, which prevails in these countries, is greater than in any other district of Europe, or perhaps of the globe. Most other semi-barbarous nations, favoured with a fine climate, are but scantily clad; whereas the Greek dress is remarkable for quantity, and the voluminous flow of its drapery. It must further be remembered, that, by the expulsion of the Turks, almost the whole aristocracy or upper class of the previous nation has been swept off the face of the land, and little more than the lower orders remain. This is a consideration of much importance, as bearing not only on these petty points of domestic manners, but on the whole social and political state of the country,* and which has been far too little taken into account in the ordinary speculations on the present condition or future prospects of the so-called regenerate race. The Turks, though not in our sense of the term a cleanly people, were yet by their law under the obligation to frequent ablution; and, as being the wealthier and better class, their example may probably have exercised some little influence on their subjects. With them, therefore, a large share of whatever may formerly have existed, either of attention or encouragement to cleanliness, has become extinct; and the native peasant and artisan are now left

* See Chap. XL. of this Journal.

to the enjoyment of the same unsophisticated mode of life as the cattle on their mountain sides, or as the dogs that defend the hovels which afford man and beast a common shelter from the sunbeam or the storm.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the case was quite so bad as regards my own worthy Arnaut; yet I believe a change of smock at Athens, and perhaps another at Patras, were the utmost dereliction of national manners of which he was guilty during the eight weeks he was in my service; but, as he was a man of a naturally sound and wholesome habit of body, I never found any thing seriously offensive in his personal vicinity. Not so, however, as regards his stewardship of my goods. For the conveyance of refreshments, and other necessary articles of occasional use on the road, we were provided with two or three moderate-sized goats' hair bags, which, with a little attention, might easily have admitted of such a distribution of their destined contents, as would have prevented any unpleasant collision of uncongenial bodies. Our stock of provisions consisted chiefly of salted meats, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, dried figs, &c. In addition to these, there were various other loose articles of a very different description—such as sketch-books, itineraries, and a few pocket volumes of the classics; besides travelling caps, handkerchiefs, and other small pieces of extra clothing, which the hourly variations of temperature in a Greek spring rendered it convenient to have continually at hand, and which consequently could not be permanently embodied in the luggage, properly so called. These latter items I particularly directed to be lodged in a separate repository. But in spite of all my precautions, amid the frequent extractions and insertions which took place in the course of our day's march, often without stopping or dismounting, I almost invariably found, on emptying our treasures at

the halting-place, that sausages, salt herrings, cheese, figs, sketch-book, journal, woollen comforter, Homer, Pausanias, Gell, had all been thrust into the same receptacle, and came forth presenting, both to the sight and the smell, too palpable tokens of the uncongenial contact into which they had been forced. On the first two or three occasions of the kind, I could not help being diverted by the delinquent's total unconsciousness of having been in the wrong, and the contempt which he plainly exhibited, when taxed with his fault, for my squeamish attention to such trivialities. But this feeling soon gave place to unmixed wrath at the inveterate slovenliness of his ways. Finding it, however, impossible entirely to correct them, I was obliged in the end patiently to submit; and, keeping as good a look-out as I was able on the more precious part of my stock, to leave the rest to its fate.

Among the few subjects on which he was communicative, were the glories of the late revolutionary war, and the praises of the "bravi guerrieri" who had fought out the independence of their country. On these points he was the faithful organ of all the most exaggerated popular traditions relative to combat, siege, or individual act of heroism. Every petty skirmish was magnified into a bloody battle; every successful maraud into a brilliant victory. The portion of the Turkish army destroyed in the defiles between Argos and Corinth, in August 1822, which, according to more credible accounts, may have amounted to between 2000 and 3000 men, consisted, according to him, of 30,000. That which Reshid and Ibrahim commanded against Mesolonghi, in 1827, rated in the same more authentic quarters at about 25,000, was with him 60,000, which estimates may be taken as a fair sample of his statistics relative to other similar events. This pride of Hellenic patriotism, how-

ever, did not, as in many other instances even among the lowest class of Greeks, connect itself in the remotest degree with any associations of ancient national renown—matters concerning which he was as profoundly ignorant as he was indifferent; and the interest I attached to the plains of Plataea or Marathon, was to him as much a mystery as the anxiety I displayed to examine the *big stone* of Orchomenus, or the arched bridge of Xeròkampo. It may indeed appear that, not being himself a native Greek, he had no real cause to participate in this species of classical enthusiasm. The Albanians, however, with the Christian insurgents throughout all parts of the Turkish empire, as Greeks in the mass, in contradistinction to Turks or Franks, have, it would seem, been very generally in the habit of concentrating their historical recollections, in common with the more immediate occupants of the classic land, around the glories of Hellenic antiquity; and perhaps, in a great measure, with equal right. Even adopting the more moderate view of a lately so much controverted point, there cannot be a doubt that a large proportion of the present population of Peloponnesus, Attica, and Bœotia, are of Slavonic or Albanian origin; and, perhaps, an equal or greater share of ancient Greek blood flows in the veins of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, scattered over the northern provinces of his dominions, than of the inhabitants of Greece Proper.* It may, indeed, be considered as one of the most capricious turns of the wheel of fortune, that while the seeds of the revolution were sown and matured in those provinces, and while it is notorious

* The peasantry of Attica—Bœotia—part of Phocis—and Argolis—with the islands of Salamis, Hydra, Spezia, and Andros—are chiefly or solely Albanian. In the rest of Peloponnesus, with trifling exception—Ætolia—Acarmania, and the remaining islands—the population is exclusively Greek.—GORDON'S *Hist. Greek Revol.* Vol. I, p. 60.

that its final success was in a great measure due to the zeal, perseverance, and devoted valour of the Albanian warriors, yet has this brave and patriotic though barbarous race been left to pine in their native seats, under all the rigours of Turkish despotism, while their neighbours to the south enjoy the whole fruits of the common exertions. The blow, however, which they have helped to inflict on the Ottoman power, will ultimately, it is to be hoped, have its favourable influence on their own destinies, and insure them, at some future period, a better chance of taking their place among the free and civilized nations of Europe.

For the Bavarians, my attendant participated in the cordial hatred, as well as contempt, which is the feeling of all classes of the Greek population towards them. Among the few anecdotes which he took pleasure in telling, was that of the corps of German regulars, who, when sent up into Mount Taygetus to reduce the refractory Mäinotes, were blockaded and taken by the peasantry in one of its defiles; and after having been made to dance, sing, and perform mountebank tricks for the amusement of the captors and their wives and children, were ransomed in a lump, officers and all, for a drachm (eightpence) a-head; with the exception of a drummer, who had approved himself skilled in the art of fiddling, and for whom they demanded a dollar. In regard to religion, although I never heard him formally profess infidel principles, yet from the habitual tenor of his allusions, Nicóla was evidently a decided latitudinarian;—a rare phenomenon in these countries, where superstition—religion it can hardly be called—exercises unlimited sway over the minds of the people. All Christian persuasions, at least, seemed to him much the same, and all their observances alike matters of empty ceremonial or cunning priestcraft, and in so far objects of ridicule or disgust;

and not a few of the shrewd caustic remarks with which he occasionally entertained me, were directed against sectarian zeal or superstition in all its forms, more especially as exemplified in the case of his native Greek church.

Upon the whole, as regards his qualifications for the essential duties of his office, it would probably be difficult to find a better man. The entire economy of our journey, paying bills, hiring horses, guides, &c., was left to his management; and I invariably found him perfectly honest, regular in his accounts, and zealous in all ways for the interest of his master. Of his probity and economy I had good evidence in the comparison of his books with those of other members of his profession, and still better in the surprise expressed by several Philhellene acquaintances, to whom I communicated some of the items, at the strange phenomenon of an "honest Greek travelling servant."* The only point on which I had occasion to complain of extravagance, was the high fees paid for the venal hospitality of the country khans and cottages where we lodged. This, however, was but in compliance with a mischievous but inveterate custom, and indispensable to secure the tranquil enjoyment of the best of the miserable accommodation they afford.

* In the item of horse hire, for example:—the price at which he procured our beasts for an ordinary day's journey was $3\frac{1}{2}$ drachms, about half-a-crown per day. This is the sum commonly paid by the natives, and includes every species of entertainment or allowance, either for man or horse, except the customary perquisite of a share in the wine provided for use on the road. Foreign tourists, however, are commonly charged five or six drachms, often with an addition of perhaps half that sum for each day of return; but no such demand was ever made upon me.

His own fee was a dollar (4s. 4d.) a-day—out of which he nominally found his board; but, according to the usual courtesy in such cases, while on the route, he partook with myself in the common stock of provisions.

His tact and temper in the management of the muleteers and boatmen, were admirable. The exacting spirit and disposition to cheat and squabble on the part of these people, which are so frequent a source of complaint among travellers, and so common a subject of enlargement in the pages of their journals, were inconveniences to which I was altogether a stranger. In my own experience I never knew a more tractable, good-humoured, or obliging race. For this difference of impression, I can only fairly account by the excellent discipline in which they were kept by Nicóla, partly by severity where refractory, partly by a spirit of good fellowship, and mutual accommodation, where reasonable. It is true, indeed, that in most parts of the country he was known among the class of persons who profit by the visits of tourists, and whose interest it was to oblige him. He was well skilled in such elementary branches of the art of cookery as were requisite for the preparation of my frugal meals, and upon the whole cleanly in their exercise: and marvellous was the rapidity with which, on arriving at our night's quarters, he procured, killed, plucked, and boiled a fowl into rice pottage for my supper, with the very indifferent apparatus at his disposal.

CHAPTER IV.

IONIAN SEA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ITHACA.

“ ποίη νῦν νηῖ σε ναῦται
 ἤγαγον εἰς Ἰθάκην; τίνες ἔμμεναι εὐχετόωνται;
 “ Φαίηκες μ’ ἄγαγον ναυσίκλυτοι, οἵτε καὶ ἄλλους
 ἀνθρώπους πέμπουσιν ὅτις σφέας εἰσαφίκηται.
 καὶ μ’ εὐδοντ’ ἐν νηὶ θοῇ ἐπὶ πόντον ἄγοντες
 κάτθεσαν εἰς Ἰθάκην.” — *Odyss.* xvi. 222, 227.

“ ‘ Who brought thee, stranger, to the sea-girt land
 Of Ithaca?—and from what foreign strand?
 ‘ At dead of night, while fast asleep I lay,
 Phæacian seamen bore me on my way,
 From Scheria’s isle, in ship that oft before
 Hath men transported to this rugged shore.’ ”

ON the morning of the 21st we sailed for Ithaca, in the Ionian government steamer. This island is not of sufficient importance to make an immediate communication with it, in ordinary cases, an equivalent for the time occupied by so great a deviation from the direct course to Argostóli, the seat of government of Cefalonia. The packet, therefore, does not call at Vathý, the capital and chief port of Ithaca, unless when bearing despatches of more than usual urgency for that place. The present voyage happened to be one of those exceptions, and we had the prospect of reaching our destination not long after nightfall; but, owing to the weather and other incidental causes of delay, our arrival did not take place till past midnight. The party on

board comprised a small reinforcement of troops for the island of Paxo, under the command of an ensign, and several officers belonging to the 53d regiment, then distributed in detachments among the four islands of Paxo, Sta Maura, Ithaca, and Cefalonia. The day was cloudy, with a gale of wind in our face and a heavy swell, and the distant land was enveloped in mist; so that there was an end, for the present, of all further enjoyment of the beauties of the Ionian sea. On approaching the southern extremity of the channel, we discover Paxo at no great distance to the right. In front, the long massive promontory of Sta Maura or Leucadia was indistinctly visible. To the left, on the shore of Epirus, was pointed out the rugged rock of Parga, whose destinies excited so great an interest some years ago, in the neighbourhood of which a stretch of flat land indicated the marshy vale and mouth of the Acheron.

After a few hours' sail we put into the little port of Paxo, to disembark our reinforcement, which was received with eagerness, mixed with disappointment at its limited number, by the Resident. This dignitary, with his suite, immediately boarded us, and, big with alarm and self-importance, regaled us with fearful tales of the horrors of the Albanian war, of which his government had been the theatre, greatly to the amusement of the veterans of our company, who, however, were not a little dismayed at the accounts of the severe double duty to which their own men had been subjected by the energetic zeal of his excellency. Soon after, we came in sight of the lofty round summit of Cefalonia, and the lower heights of Ithaca to its left. As we approached Sta Maura, there opened out, on the coast of the mainland, a long low dismal-looking flat, indicating the entrance to the gulf of Arta. Over its surface were scattered here and there heavy shapeless masses of ruin, of a character

closely resembling the brick remains of the Roman Campagna. They are, in fact, of the same age and material, being those of the city of Nicopolis, founded by Augustus in commemoration of the naval victory of Actium, achieved on this coast, and which conferred on him the sovereignty of the Roman world. Behind this dreary foreground became visible in the extreme distance, as the horizon cleared up towards evening, a lofty range of snow-capped mountains, the ancient Pindus, presenting a singular and striking outline of sharp peaks and broken summits. We put to at Sta Maura for three-quarters of an hour, which gave me time to accompany my military acquaintances to the barracks, and partake of the hospitality of their mess. It was now dark, so that I could see little or nothing of the town or island; and on doubling the cape, two hours afterwards, could only figure to myself Sappho's Leap, from a faint tinge of white in the line of cliffs that loomed in heavy masses to our left.

There is, perhaps, no spot where the influence of classical associations is so lively or so pure as in the barren little isle of Ithaca, or which affords a more striking example of the power of human genius, in imparting celebrity and importance to objects in themselves insignificant. The limited extent of the scene seems here to enhance, by the force of contrast, the magnitude of the events enacted, while it adds to the charm of the poet's minute and graphic description of the individual localities. Another powerful ingredient of the interest that attaches to this little rock, is the complete obscurity into which it retires, immediately after the genius to which it was indebted for its celebrity becomes extinct, and in which it has remained during the three thousand years that have since elapsed. After the age of its great mythological warrior and of his poet, neither its prosperity nor its misfortunes seem to have attracted

the smallest attention beyond its own bounds. We neither know by what race it was inhabited—what was its form of government—or whether it was free or subject to its neighbours. So much as the name of Ithaca scarcely occurs in the page of any writer of historical ages, unless with reference to its mythical celebrity. Here, therefore, all our recollections are concentrated solely around the heroic age. Every hill and rock, every fountain and olive grove, breathes Homer and the Odyssey. We are thus transplanted, by a sudden leap over thirty centuries, to the most brilliant period of Greek chivalry and song, without any intermediate stage, or the interference of any of those rival associations, which in Athens, Thebes, or Rome, while they augment the number, diminish in each case the force of their especial claims on our classical sympathies.

In the year 1504 Ithaca was uninhabited, and record is extant of privileges offered by the Venetian government to the settlers by whom it was repeopled.* This fact may seem in some measure to detract from the interest that attaches to its present condition. It might otherwise have been plausibly enough assumed, that a spot which offered so few temptations to foreign settlement or conquest, had preserved its primitive race of inhabitants during its successive changes of destiny, even since the days of Homer. But from whatever cause it may have been deserted at the period above mentioned, it is probable that the former emigrants would be the first to avail themselves of such an invitation. That the new settlers were of Hellenic, rather than, as in many other similar cases, of Albanian or Sclavonian race, is evinced by their Greek tongue, which they claim to speak with greater purity than any

* LEAKE, *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 25.

of their neighbours. Their personal appearance also favours this view; the women, more especially, struck me as better-looking than those of any other part of Greece, whether continent or island, with regular features and sparkling black eyes.

Soon after the commencement of the present century, the zeal of English classical research rescued Ithaca once more from the obscurity in which for ages it had lain, and it has since become a chief object of attention with the numerous travellers who now annually visit this Archipelago; occupying not only a prominent place in their journals, but even furnishing materials for much learned controversy, in many an elaborate work devoted to the illustration of its topography. By a very interesting coincidence, nearly at the same period, and under the same British auspices through which it was first restored to fame, it has now become a populous and flourishing community—perhaps upon the whole, in spite of its diminutive size, the most thriving of the Ionian islands.

The existing peculiar rites of site and scenery—the snug little town and port—the hollow bay in which it is embedded—the rugged rocks and lofty mountains that surround it—and the olive and fruit gardens that adorn their lower declivities—all tend, amid every difference of times and circumstances, to realize to the imagination of the traveller, on a first approach to its shore, the descriptions to which the island is indebted for its fame. The peculiar circumstances under which my own arrival took place, were certainly not such as to diminish the effect of a first impression. I could not, indeed, but be amused by the coincidence, that, like the hero on his return from his wanderings to his native island,* it was my lot to

* *Odys.* xiii. 113.

reach its coast from Scheria in a Phæacian vessel, and fast asleep on the deck, between the hours of midnight and daybreak. We did not in fact enter the harbour of Vathý till about one o'clock, when I was awakened from a two hours' slumber on a bench by the intelligence that our vessel was in port. The night was gloomy but perfectly calm, and I could just distinguish that we were within a deep bay, surrounded by hills looming in heavy dark masses on every side. A few faint lights at the extremity of the cove, indicated the situation of the town. As we approached the shore the vessel checked her way, and advancing slowly and steadily, enabled me to contemplate the scene, undisturbed by the noise of paddle or engine, those antidotes to every kind of sentimental enjoyment. The stillness was again interrupted by the firing of a signal gun on board the vessel, answered by innumerable echoes from the hills, and by a loud chorus of crowing cocks and barking dogs from the shore. A few minutes afterwards, the splash of oars and the motion of one of the lights towards us, betokened the approach of a boat from the quay, into which I was lowered, together with my equipage and the despatches. The vessel then reset her paddles, put about ship, and continued her outward course.

The captain and others in chief authority were below, and their representatives above board had not favoured the party in the boat with any particulars relative to my person, or the object of my visit to their island; so that, on rowing towards the shore in the dark, I had to explain for myself to the coxswain, who spoke Italian fluently, who and what I was. On proceeding so to do, I was interrupted by his assurance that he both knew and expected me. Although nothing could be more gratifying to the vanity of a classical tourist, than to find that his fame had preceded his arrival in so illustrious a spot,

yet knowing it to be impossible that any notice of my intended visit could have reached it, I ventured, in as far as the profusion of complimentary interruptions on the other side would admit, to follow out my statement to the effect, that I was an English gentleman from Corfú, with letters to the Resident, and at the same time mentioned my name. All this was perfectly satisfactory to my new acquaintance, who assured me that both my name and character were quite familiar to him, and that he had been for some time expecting my arrival. There appeared, therefore, to be no longer any doubt on the subject, and, surrendering the remainder of my modest scepticism, I went on to make some enquiries as to the mode in which the report of my approach had reached the island, when the mystery was cleared up. It turned out that a new superintendent of the department of sanitary police, in which this individual was second in authority, had lately been appointed, and for some time past expected from Corfú, in the person of a gentleman of the name of More or Moore. The discovery, however, that I was not his future commander, caused no change of behaviour towards me on the part of my companion—a man of some small importance in his way, and whom I found, throughout my dealings with him, in various little matters where his good-will was necessary, a most friendly and obliging person. Indeed, I had reason to complain of the excess rather than the deficiency of his zeal for my service. Finding that I was addressed to the Resident, with that over officious but sincere *bon-homme* common to persons of this class of life, both in Greece and Italy, he assured me on landing, that his excellency would not yet have retired to rest, and would be delighted to see and accommodate me. This I doubted, considering the lateness of the hour, and requested him rather to conduct me to his own office, or to any

other place where I could find a floor on which to lay my mattress, being all I required till daybreak. He acquiesced, as I supposed; but, on arriving at our destination, I found that he had persevered in his original intention. Before I had time to remonstrate, he had roused one of the Resident's servants, a surly John Bull, who soon settled the matter by informing us, that his master had been in bed, and sound asleep for several hours, and could see nobody till the morning. I was then conducted to my guide's own office, where light was still burning. On the floor above was the public reading-room, about as primitive a literary establishment as I have chanced to meet with, containing one or two Corfuote and Athenian newspapers, partly in the Greek, partly in the Italian tongue. These I amused myself in perusing for half an hour, and then made my bed on a rush-bottomed sofa, the most elegant piece of furniture in the apartment.

Early the next morning I received an invitation to breakfast from the Resident—Captain W—— of the artillery. I remained five days under his hospitable roof, and have seldom spent as many with so great pleasure or profit. My reception was of that nature which places a guest at once at his ease, and in my host I found an instructive as well as a most agreeable companion. With no pretensions to deep antiquarian science, he had paid that attention which every well educated man ought to do, to the objects of interest within the district over which he presided—was familiar with its classical topography, and even with the details of much of the controversy on the subject. He was by consequence as competent as he was a kind and attentive cicerone; while his skill and taste as an amateur artist, rendered him as valuable a guide to the picturesque as to the classical scenery of the island. Free from those prejudices which,

while they too often unfit the English to judge of the character of the foreign nations among whom their lot may be cast, lead them at the same time to depreciate or despise them, he seemed to enjoy with all classes in the island a well deserved popularity, and was to me a most useful informant in every thing relating to their social condition and habits. His lady was worthy of him, both in respect to person and manners; and a fine family of children, of different ages, completed the charm of their social circle.

The town of Vathý extends in one narrow stripe round the extremity of the horseshoe port, or “deep,” (βαθύ) from whence it derives its name. This bay is but a recess in the larger gulf of Molo,* which, running up into the heart of the island, divides it into two nearly equal parts, connected by a narrow isthmus, on which stands the palæócastro of Actó, commonly called the Castle of Ulysses. The houses are for the most part whitewashed, and of cleanly exterior, but small: a large proportion of them consist of but a single floor, and the place offers no church or other public building making the least external show. About the centre of the range is the Residence, a neat edifice of two stories, the most respectable of the town. Its exterior front is encased in verandas; the interior fitted up with every English comfort. The view from the windows was, indeed, very much that with which one is familiar in a snug little English watering-place; and but for the bolder character of the surrounding hills, I could have fancied myself in the house of the resident engineer of a small military station on the coast of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. Between the house and the water is a small esplanade,

* The numerous small harbours or recesses in the great gulf of Molo, may be alluded to by the expression λιμένες τε πάνορμοι.—*Odys.* xiii. 195.

with a flagstaff, and the customary testimonial to "King Tom,"* which in this instance is a column, surmounted by a bronze bust, presenting a tolerably faithful likeness of his severe and coarse, but penetrating and commanding countenance. On the pedestal, some reliefs, from the chisel of a native sculptor, perpetuate by allegorical emblems the glories of his sceptre, and the gratitude of those who experienced its benign sway. Beyond, is displayed nearly the whole circumference of the amphitheatre formed by the port of Vathý, flanked on each side of its entrance by projecting headlands, of which that to the left is fortified by a circular tower. Full in front, in the distance, rises the lofty Mount Neriton, now called Anoí, bearing, in form, size, and colour, a considerable resemblance to Benlomond, as viewed from the southern extremity of the lake.

* The familiar sobriquet of Sir Thomas Maitland during the period of his viceroyalty.

CHAPTER V.

CRIME, AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ITHACA.

OUR arrival at Ithaca took place at a moment when the minds of its population were under the influence of an excitement, unequalled perhaps, in the annals of the place, since that consequent on the destruction of the flower of the native nobility by the arrows of Ulysses, and like it, produced by the commission, within the bounds of their own little island, of a mysterious deed of blood. The interest excited by this occurrence was not confined to Ithaca itself, but had spread throughout the septinsular republic. The crime, indeed, was one of those to which, in point of complication and horror, it would perhaps be difficult to find a parallel in the Newgate Calendar, or the *Causes Célèbres*, and, occurring in the bosom of a small and simple community, possessed a special claim on my attention, which induced me to note its details. As they tend also to throw a curious light on the social condition of the island, a brief statement of them may perhaps not be uninteresting to others.

Upwards of twenty years ago, a Frank of the name of Soleure had established his domicile at Vathý, with a wife and only son. He was a person of some education, and of extensive knowledge of the world. Hence, as his character had been irreproachable since his settlement in Ithaca, he had been appointed teacher in the public grammar school, and had acquired considerable influence among the more intellectual class of the inhabitants. There was some mystery attached to his

early life, which, even according to his own account, had not been of the most creditable description. He gave himself out for a Frenchman, native of Avignon, yet he spoke Italian better and more fluently than French—a circumstance which might, perhaps, be explained by a residence of more than half his life in countries where the former was the prevailing dialect. He described himself as having held a captain's commission in the French imperial army in Spain, where he had been taken prisoner during the early part of the war, but had effected his escape in the disguise of a capuchin friar to Malta. To account for his not returning to his own country to resume his military duties, he pleaded a distaste for the service, and a constitutional nervousness and timidity, which disqualified him for the profession of a soldier. This latter statement, although in itself perfectly true, naturally suggested to those who were disposed to cavil at his story, the further question, how a person of such a temperament should have managed to attain the rank of captain in Napoleon's army. At Malta, and subsequently at Zante, he continued to support his character of capuchin. In the latter island, however, he attached himself to a female, with whom he eloped to Patras, where he threw off his canonicals, abjured the Catholic for the Greek persuasion, and married his mistress. Afterwards he kept a school at Sta Maura, from whence he removed to Ithaca, where he was now settled under the circumstances already stated.

For some years past, freemasonry had been much in vogue in the Ionian islands, and more especially in Ithaca. As it comprised many British members, the society was viewed without suspicion by the government, and thus afforded opportunity to the more enlightened classes for private convivial meetings to discuss matters of public interest, without the suspicion which would

attach to organized political clubs, or other secret associations. Soleure from the first took a lead in the affairs of the lodge, and for several years past had officiated as its master. During this period the society had fallen under the displeasure of the clergy, who saw in it but a medium for the dissemination of principles calculated to open the minds of the people to the absurdity of their own system of superstition, and, by consequence, a conspiracy against their authority and influence. They therefore took every means to inflame the minds of the lower orders against it, and their exertions were crowned with complete success. To such an extent was the popular feeling carried, that the council of the lodge, during the early part of the year 1837, fearing disturbances or acts of violence against their own persons, had deliberated on the propriety of its dissolution. Some of the leading members, however, objected to this plan as a mean subserviency to popular clamour, and an act of injustice to the people themselves, by still further countenancing and confirming their foolish prejudices; and so it fell to the ground. Soon after, a violent sermon was preached by the bishop against masonry, and the same night the lodge was broken into, and robbed of arms and other articles used in the ceremonial of the society. Soleure, as the head of the establishment and a foreigner, was the chief object of popular odium. He was frequently mobbed in the streets; and, as he resided at some little distance from the town, he requested and obtained from the superintendent of police, (a retired British officer of great respectability,) a constable to guard his house by night until the excitement had subsided. A few nights afterwards, several hours before daybreak, the superintendent was roused by the servant maid of the Soleure family, who announced that the work of murder was going on in the house; she could

give no further particulars, as, on hearing a tumult and screams in the family apartment from another part of the dwelling where she slept, she had fled for assistance. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where the unfortunate woman and her son were found lying quite dead and fearfully mutilated on the floor. Soleure himself was stretched on the bed in a corner of the room, also apparently lifeless from terror, but with no other bodily injury than a slight wound in the flesh of the arm. His account was, that when the assassins broke in, the family were preparing to retire to rest; that, becoming aware of their purpose, he instinctively took refuge in the bed, where he had swooned from terror; and that the wound in his arm had been inflicted by a random thrust, aimed at him as he lay enveloped in the clothes. Nothing tending to afford any trace of the murderers was found, but the scabbard of a sword lying on the bed by his side.

By a coincidence which appeared almost too singular to be the effect of accident, the constable appointed to guard the house, was, upon some pretext, absent from his post that night. Soleure, although he did not pretend to recognise his person, which was disguised, denounced as the murderer a man formerly a freemason, but who had been expelled the lodge, by his sanction and authority, for disreputable life. This individual had since become a sworn foe of his former brethren, and of Soleure in particular, identifying his cause with that of the priests, by whom he had been absolved from his previous crime of participation in the profane mysteries, and received into special favour and confidence. The superintendent proceeded, therefore, at once to the house of this man, who was not found within; and it was afterwards proved that he had been seen that morning at three o'clock, in company with the son of a priest

distinguished for the violent part he had taken against the freemasons. The only reason he could assign for this circumstance was, that he was an early riser, and fond of exercise in the morning; and he was accordingly placed under arrest. Suspicion, however, at the same time, fell upon Soleure himself, and, as will appear in the sequel, not altogether without reason. Public feeling ran, as might be expected, strongly against him—partly from his previous unpopularity, partly from a patriotic anxiety on the part of the Ithacans to shift the odium of so horrible a crime from their own shoulders upon those of a foreigner—and he was also taken into custody.

The office of crown prosecutor for the island about this time became vacant, and, owing to the importance and mystery of the case, a lawyer of distinguished ability was sent from Corfú to follow out the investigation. During several weeks, nothing more was elicited tending to throw light on the affair; and, according to the usual custom on such occasions, a solemn procession, partly of a judicial, partly of a religious nature, was held, in which the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, paraded the streets of the town, headed by the bishop, summoning all those who had any information to give, to come forward, and pronouncing unqualified excommunication on all who, after this invitation, should hold back. Upon this an individual appeared, and deposed—"That on the night of the murder, while passing along the quay near the shipping, he saw a man come down as if from the direction of Soleure's house, and throw something into the water, and that he resembled Soleure in stature and general appearance." A search was immediately instituted at the place pointed out, and a sword found smeared with blood, which on trial exactly fitted the scabbard discovered in the apartment where the murder was committed. The appearance of the weapon, however, was

such as to render this evidence very suspicious; for, although it must have been already seventeen days under water, its general surface was comparatively bright and free from rust or corrosion, while the traces of blood exhibited a freshness which it was scarcely possible they could have preserved during so long a period of immersion. On the witness being questioned as to what he himself was doing in the streets at that late hour, he answered, that he was on his return from a visit to a sick friend. An epidemic fever, it is true, was prevalent at the period, and the friend in question was then afflicted by it. On enquiry, however, it turned out that no such visitor had been admitted that night. The explanation given was, that on arriving at the door of the house, and finding it closed and the family retired to rest, he had not cared to disturb them. Another suspicious circumstance was, that the spot from whence he stated the sword to have been thrown, was not in the direct road from his own house to that of his friend. Soon after, a person who kept a small shop in the town came forward and stated, that, some time before the murder, Soleure had come to his house, and showing him a sword he held in his hand, had asked him its value, adding, "that it was a good weapon, and before this time had killed both a mother and son!"—that he weighed the sword and entered the weight in his books, and that the weight of the one found in the water corresponded with his entry. On inspecting the books, however, the style of the entry showed it to have been made subsequent to the date under which it was inserted. His explanation was, that he had neglected to make it at the time, and that, when it afterwards occurred to him to do so, he had, for the sake of regularity, assigned it a place under the proper date. Why he should have thought it necessary to record the weight at all, did not appear, as he had not

purchased the sword. The servant girl was next brought forward with a statement tending to implicate Soleure; namely, that during the tumult in the room, while the crime was committing, she heard the young man call out—"What! wilt thou murder me?" The distinction between *thou* and *you*, which with us is but one of usage, is, it need hardly be observed, of considerable importance in most other European tongues, in regard to the sense of the expression; the former mode of address being customary only between relations or very attached friends, while the latter is that of ordinary social intercourse. This statement, however, was found to be broadly at variance with her deposition as formerly made before the superintendent of police, where she had no less distinctly and emphatically ascribed to the young man expressions of a very different nature. This was, in fact, so clear a case of perjury, that the witness was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which she was undergoing at the period of my visit to the island.

Such was the cream of the direct testimony against Soleure—lame enough, no doubt, and bearing much in its own face tending to show the existence of a conspiracy against the unfortunate old man. On the other hand, there were certainly some strong points of circumstantial evidence of an unfavourable nature. In the first place, it seemed strange that a plot on the part of his own enemies, and of those of freemasonry, should have been so managed as to wreak its malice on the wife and son, while he himself escaped comparatively uninjured. Hence it was assumed by the party unfavourable to him, that the flight to the bed, the terror, and the swoon, were mere pretexts, and that the wound in the arm was inflicted with his own hand, the better to avert all suspicion from himself. And yet no reasonable motive was ever suggested that could have instigated him to so monstrous

an act. Something, indeed, was said of a feeling of jealousy having been occasionally expressed by him towards his wife; but no weight was attached by impartial persons to this circumstance. The parties were both well past the period of life when conjugal harmony is exposed to much risk of interruption from any such cause, and there was every reason to believe that whatever had passed between them on the subject was but in jest. Nor would this have accounted for the destruction of his only son, whom there was abundant proof he tenderly loved, and with whom there was no evidence of his ever having had a quarrel. Many, too, of those who knew him best, ridiculed the notion that so weak, nervous, and timid an old man, even had he been ferocious enough to form the design, should have been able to muster sufficient energy, either of mind or body, successfully to carry into effect an assault of this kind against two persons much more active and able-bodied than himself. It was moreover proved, that his right arm, from the effects of an old hurt, added to constitutional debility, had for many years been incapable of any great exertion; and it was hence argued by his counsel, that it would have been impossible for him to have thrown the sword to the distance at which it was found from the shore.

The newly appointed advocate, considered a man of great talent, but apparently altogether devoid of principle, on observing how strong the tide of popular feeling set against the prisoner, had, shortly after his arrival, thrown aside even a semblance of impartiality, and completely identified himself with his enemies; exerting himself, with a zeal almost amounting to enthusiasm, to fix the stain of guilt upon him, and remove it from others on whom suspicion might have fallen. The freemason who had been arrested at the commencement, and against whom so much circumstantial evidence

existed, was released by him shortly after his arrival. Immediately on being set at large the man started for Constantinople, but returned two or three months afterwards; when, hearing that the servant-maid had been imprisoned for perjury, he again decamped after a two days' stay in the island, and had not since been heard of.

For a long time the feeling, not only of the populace, but of all classes, even of the English residents, was unfavourable to Soleure, owing to the apparent plausibility, at first sight, both of the testimony and of the circumstantial evidence against him. But upon more full investigation, a change took place; and, although opinions were still divided, the conviction of the majority of impartial persons of the upper class, including most of the English, seemed now to be, that a foul conspiracy existed to involve the unfortunate man and his family in the cruellest species of destruction. It was conjectured, to explain the apparent singularity in the selection of the two principal victims, that the plot had been to kill the wife and child before the father's eyes, and then to fasten the guilt of the action upon himself, and bring him to the scaffold. This, however, seemed a refinement of iniquity scarcely conceivable, and hence others preferred the supposition, that the plan had been to murder the whole family, but that its authors had been prevented, by some sudden alarm, from the complete execution of their purpose. The perjury of the servant girl, of the tradesman, or of other witnesses for the prosecution, did not in itself seem to be considered as necessarily implying the existence of a conspiracy; it being, as I was informed, not altogether inconsistent with the principles of modern Greek morality, where a firm conviction prevailed of the guilt of an individual, and an excessive anxiety for his conviction, to promote the desired object

even by false testimony ! This, at least, was the mode in which the more intelligent believers in the guilt of Soleure proposed to set aside the argument which the palpable falsehood of a great part of the evidence supplied of his innocence.

The crown advocate's own fate furnished a striking episode in this tragical history. In the full ardour of his zeal against the prisoner, and while basking in the sunshine of popular favour, he suddenly became deranged, and was sent off and placed in confinement at Corfú. The circumstance was naturally turned to account by the friends of Soleure, as a Divine judgment against his persecutor; and there was reason to believe it had not been without its effect on the minds of the superstitious populace. Owing to this and other incidental causes of delay, upwards of a year had elapsed before the opening of the trial, and the process was now at one of its most interesting stages. The prisoner, if deficient in physical courage, displayed no small degree of that mental firmness which might be the result either of philosophy or of despair. He was entitled by law to claim his release, if not brought to the bar within the year. But he disdained to avail himself of this privilege, asserting that, if he were to live, he would not live under the odium of so horrible a crime; and if he were to die, it mattered but little, as he had lost all that made life dear to him. The newly appointed advocate—himself a native of the place, a personal friend of Soleure, a mason, and engaged as a witness for the defence—was incapacitated by these causes from performing his functions, which were transferred to the individual holding the same office in the neighbouring island of Cefalonía. This person, a man of honour as well as of ability, made no secret of his conviction of the innocence of the accused; and it was even said, that so strong was his sense

of the futility of the charges against him, that it was not his intention to reply to the speech of the counsel for the defence.

It rained hard the whole morning—I therefore the more readily acquiesced in Captain W——’s proposal to accompany him to the court, where the proceedings promised to be interesting. In approaching the Ithacan agora, the mind instinctively reverted to the description of the second book of the *Odyssey*; and the contrast between the scene which now presented itself, and the image long familiar to my fancy of that where Telemachus, like this poor schoolmaster, the victim—with his family—of a cruel conspiracy of his fellow-citizens, expostulates with his oppressors, added much to the interest of a first view of the humble council-hall, and the assembly that filled it. It was a small two-storied edifice of the most homely architecture, with a wooden staircase outside, according to the prevailing fashion of the islands, and of the whole of continental Greece, in the few cases where access to an upper floor is required. The tribunal offered much the appearance of the room set apart for the meetings of justice courts in a second-rate English market town. The judges, three in number, sat at one extremity, on a platform considerably raised above the level of the floor; the crown advocate in the corner below, to their right, near whom Captain W—— and myself were accommodated with chairs; on the other side, the clerk of the court. The prisoner, who was also allowed a seat at the bar, was a thin infirm-looking old man, with a haggard, care-worn countenance, in which a naturally mild and placid expression was nearly effaced by one of deep and poignant grief. Behind him, the remainder of the floor was filled with spectators, who, though very attentive, displayed little of that intense interest in the proceedings which their rancorous prejudice against him might have

led one to expect. The pleadings were in Italian, in which language the whole business of the court was conducted, unless in the case of witnesses of the lower and less educated class, who were examined in their native Greek. The form of process differed in no great degree from that of our own tribunals. When we entered, the counsel for the defence, a young Cefalonian lawyer, was speaking to the evidence of the discovery of the sword, which he impugned with some ability. The sword itself was produced, and handed round the court for inspection. After he had concluded, testimony was brought forward to the character of the prisoner. The most important and interesting was that of the crown advocate of the island, a remarkably pleasing, good-looking young man, an intimate friend of my host, and who dined that afternoon at his table. He recapitulated with much eloquence and feeling a number of proofs, which he himself had witnessed, of the fond affection borne by the unfortunate old father to his murdered son, who it seems had been a youth of remarkable promise; of the pride he had taken in him; how often he had boasted of the excellent education he had given him; and with what delight he looked forward to the honour that would crown his own gray hairs, from the distinction he was destined to attain in whatever civil or literary career it might be his lot to pursue. The countenance of the old man, who had hitherto listened in mute apathy to what was going on, here became slightly convulsed, and torrents of tears rolled down his cheeks; but he remained silent, and in other respects motionless. It certainly was a most affecting scene, and ought to have gone far to convince of his innocence even those among his bitterest enemies whose hearts were not as hard as the rocks of their native island. It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a more horrid destiny than that of the poor sufferer, assuming him to

be guiltless: after having witnessed the murder of a wife and only son, the joy and hope of an otherwise forlorn and comfortless old age, to be impeached and exhibited in public as their assassin; to lie in prison in a foreign land during a year, under so odious an imputation; and to have, from day to day, all the revolting details of their massacre forced upon his recollection, by enemies unremitting in the exercise of every art of ingenuity or treachery to fasten the stigma of it on himself.

During a pause in the proceedings, the judges retired to a small side apartment, where coffee was handed round, of which we also partook. Their appearance and conversation gave a favourable impression of their character; and as there was no real ground to suspect their impartiality, it was the more amusing to observe how necessarily it seemed to be assumed, even by the more intelligent of the prisoner's friends, that their decision might be influenced by motives such as with us no one would ever imagine could interfere with the rectitude of a verdict. One, it was said, was a Catholic, and would bear ill-will to Soleure because he was a renegado from that persuasion; another was a native of Ithaca, and connected by blood with some of the parties most hostile to him; a third had a great dislike to freemasonry, and so forth. Groundless as these assumptions might be in the present case, they did not speak much in favour of the general character of the Ionian tribunals, or at least of the esteem in which they were held among the lieges. The only species of external influence which there seemed to be any plausible ground for apprehending, was the fear of popular outrage in case of acquittal; and the general belief was, that the verdict would be of that ambiguous and unfair description, which in England is unknown, but in Scotland is admitted under the name of "not proven;" and which, without too rudely clash-

ing with the prejudices of the community, would at the same time evade the sin of punishing an innocent man. Soleure, however, had declared he would be satisfied with nothing less than a full acquittal, and in the case of any decision of the nature above mentioned, would appeal to the Supreme Court of Corfú for a new trial. On my return, I heard that the verdict had been in his favour, but whether by the full or half species of acquittal, I could not ascertain. The real perpetrators of the mysterious crime remained still undiscovered.

The weather improved towards the afternoon, and I had time for a walk in the town and its environs. I was struck with the apparent commercial activity of the port, where I counted lying about a dozen of ships or two-masted vessels of considerable burthen, besides numberless others of inferior size and denomination; yet the harbour was said at this moment to be comparatively empty. If we remember that Ulysses, with the whole force of the Cefalonian group of islands, could only muster twelve vessels as his contingent to the force before Troy, it must be admitted that Ithaca has no reason to complain of any falling off in her naval establishment since the heroic age.

CHAPTER VI.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ITHACA

ἀλλ' ἄγε, τοι δείξω Ἰθάκης ἔδος, ὅφρα πεποιθής.—*Odys.* xiii. 344.

“Come, view the land of Ithaca with me,
If thou thy breast from sceptic doubt would'st free.”

THE impressions which a personal visit to this island can hardly fail to leave on the mind of the impartial student of Homer is, that, so great is the general resemblance between its natural features and those of the one described in the *Odyssey*, the difficulty is, not so much to discover in each case a bay, rock, cavern, or mountain answering to his description, as to decide, among the many that present themselves, on the precise one which he may happen to have had in view. In estimating the amount or value of this correspondence, he will also bear in mind how unreasonable it were to exact from the poet of any age, although possessed of the closest personal familiarity with the district selected for his scene of action, the rigid accuracy of the land-surveyor, or to deny him the privilege of his profession, even in his description of real objects, to depart a little from the truth, where a slight variation of site or appearance was necessary to their full effect. To pronounce, therefore, as some have done, in the face of so great a mass of general evidence to the contrary, that Homer had no personal knowledge of Ithaca, because

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(after Leake.)

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the more fastidious commentator may find difficulty in arranging on his classical atlas, consistently with existing appearances, the hut of Eumæus, the fountain of Arethusa, or the port of Phoreys, were almost as unreasonable as to deny the "Author of Waverley" any personal knowledge of Scotland, because of an equal difficulty of identifying the bay of Ellangowan or the castle of Tillietudlem.*

Equally unwarrantable, on the other side, are the attempts of the more orthodox school of Homeric interpreters, to force on existing objects or localities a closeness of harmony with his descriptions, such as was, doubtless, as little congenial to his own taste as conducive to the interest of his poem; and this over subtilty, as displayed in the elegant but not very critical work of Gell, the patriarch of modern Ithacan topographers, is among the chief causes that have led some of his successors into the opposite extreme. For my own part, I confess that, while nothing can be more delightful than to recognise a strong general resemblance between the descriptions of scenery contained in any poetical work of deep interest, and the real localities to which they refer, it would tend but little to enhance this pleasure could I be convinced of the accuracy of all their minutest details, even to the back-door, kitchen-offices, and draw-well of the hero's dwelling. To take a less extreme case of illustration—the poet describes the suitors with their galley as laying their ambush for Telemachus, when on his return from Peloponnesus, behind an island called

* The arguments on the sceptical side have been collected and arranged in a very subtle and elaborate manner, by Professor Voelcker of Giessen, in his *Geographia Homerica*; (Hannov. 8vo. 1830;) but have been met and successfully confuted in a pamphlet by the Prussian general Rühle von Lilienstern.—*Ueber das Homerische Ithaka*; Berlin, 1832.

Asteris, in the strait between Cefalonía and Ithaca, provided with a good port on each side, and in every respect favourable to their design. There is still visible in this channel a rocky islet, now called Dyscallio—a correspondence which is in so far satisfactory. According, however, to the prevailing system of topography, where the palæócastro, or “ancient fortress” of Aetó, is laid down as the citadel and palace of Ulysses, Dyscallio, owing to its situation towards the northern extremity of the strait, would but ill have served the suitors’ purpose as a place of ambush for a vessel coming from the south.

Hence the supporters of this system have been at their wits’ end to discover how the blank was to be filled up in their chart of the channel, and all the shifts common in such cases have been resorted to.* The difficulty has, on the other hand, been well turned to account by another party, who place the city of Ulysses, not at Aetó, but in a small bay to the north, nearly opposite the existing islet. Dyscallio, however, it must be admitted, in no respect corresponds with the Asteris of the poet. Instead of having two ports, as in his description, it has no harbour whatever, and is in fact but an insignificant rock, too small and low to have afforded

* It seems not altogether improbable that the island may have been called into existence by the poet, merely for the sake of his narrative, and that *Ἀστέρης* may be a fictitious term, like *Καλυψώ* and others similar, compounded of the root *ΣΤΕΡ* with *A* privative, and denoting “unsteady” or “inconstant.” This conjecture may receive support from the circumstance that Delos, the most celebrated of all floating islands in the Greek mythology, is said anciently to have borne the title of Asteria.—*APOLLOD. Rhod. i., 4, 1.* *PLIN. Hist. Nat. iv. 12.* Strabo, who, after Apollodorus, speaks of Homer’s Asteris as still existing, says it was also called by the variety Asteria. Asterion was the name of a river of Argolis, sacred to Juno, equally remarkable for “inconstancy,” being engulfed or absorbed in the soil below the temple of the goddess.—*PAUSAN. Cor. c. xvii.*

either the necessary concealment or shelter to the galley of the suitors. The want of a real Asteris, therefore, certainly supplies a good argument, on the sceptical side, of a general failure of correspondence between the present Ithaca and the Ithaca of the Odyssey. So lax are my own principles as regards poetical topography, that I am disposed to feel grateful to Homer for the pittance of matter-of-fact which he has allowed us, in the existence of a small island between the two larger ones; and would readily allow him in return the full exercise of the license claimed by his profession, to convert it into a Plota or a Planota, and thus to shift it to any part of the strait, and swell its harbours to such a capacity as may best suit his convenience. Apart from the controversies relative to the general correspondence between the Ithaca of Homer and that of the septinsular republic, the adherents of more orthodox principles are far from being at one as to the claims of the individual localities of the latter island to an identity with those described by the poet. Consistently with the views expressed at the commencement of this chapter, I shall not range myself as a partizan on any side, but shall be content with a simple statement of my own observations, for the benefit of those who may be disposed to follow my example of examining the ground and judging for themselves.

The first part of the island which I visited in commencing my own survey of its interior, was the district of Amarathía, assigned by Gell as the site of the swineherd's establishment. Amarathía is a small hamlet of straggling cottages, spread over a piece of table-land on the summit of a cliff, laid down by the same traveller as the rock of Korax, at the foot of which springs the fountain bearing the classic name of Arethusa. This group of objects lies towards the southern extremity of the

island, about five miles distant from Vathý. A good road, the work of the British government, leads up the valley extending behind the town and port nearly to the hamlet. The valley is bounded on the right by Mount Stefano, or Meravugli—the Neius of Homer according to Gell—and the loftiest summit in the island, with the exception of Anoï, the Neriton of the poet. The open arable land, of which there is, for Ithaca, a considerable extent just behind the town, gradually contracts as we ascend, until lost in the rocky declivities that close in upon both sides. Just where the blending of the fertile and barren soil takes place, the industrious peasantry were busy in extending the frontiers of the cultivated region, by extirpating rocks, gathering loose stones, and building up terraces, on which the good soil is accumulated, and planted with vines and olives. This is an operation common throughout Greece and Italy, and indeed in all other rugged districts where a fine climate and a favourable exposure render the value of the land obtained more than an equivalent for the price of its redemption. It assumed, however, a more especial interest in the present case, from having been so pointedly noticed by the suitor Eurymachus, in one of the insolent harangues addressed by him to Ulysses in his disguise of mendicant, where, bantering the hero as a sturdy beggar and lazy vagabond, he tells him, that were he willing to work he would provide him plenty of profitable employment:—

“ Friend, if to labour thou would’st turn thy hand,
Upon the outskirts* of my own best land,
A fair day’s wages thou might’st earn with ease,
In gathering stones and planting goodly trees.”

Odys. xviii. 357.

* As evidence how little the most esteemed translations are often to be depended upon, as representing the *spirit* of the original, it may be observed that the phrase of v. 358, ἀγροῦ ἐπ’ ἐσχατῆς, which here

At a distance of about four miles from the port we struck off to the left, towards the fountain, along rocky steeps overhanging the sea. Some of our party carried guns, and found in the brushwood several coveys of the red-legged partridge, a bird which abounds in the island. Hares are also plentiful, and Captain W—— informed me that during the winter his larder was well stocked with presents of this animal from his insular acquaintance. Hence Pliny has been taken to task by Gell for saying that hares imported into Ithaca die, (*lepores illati moriuntur* ;*) as if that author had meant to assert that the animal could not live in the island. Little weight can in many instances be attached to these laconic notices of the Roman natural historian, especially when referring to the unusual or marvellous properties of the objects he describes. The terms of his text, however, in the present instance, if taken by the letter, do not imply that there were no native hares in Ithaca, but merely that such as were imported from abroad would not thrive there. The truth of the fact would not be very easy to put to a fair test.

Correspondence of names is certainly a good *primâ facie* argument of the identity of any existing object with one described by the ancients as similar in character or situation. This argument, however, the cautious enquirer will only admit in cases where he can be satisfied that the name in question was found prevalent in the popular usage of the district, by the traveller who first explored it. Whenever any country presenting a fertile field for historical or antiquarian research has become the habitual resort of tourists, the popular appellatives are liable to be gradually supplanted, even in the native vocabu-

forms the whole pith of the allusion, has been entirely overlooked by both Pope and Cowper in their version of the passage.

* H. N. viii. c. 58.

lary, by those with which they have been baptized by the classical topographer, in deference to some text of Strabo or Pausanias. In Greece—especially since its exterior has been more completely opened up to the European public, owing to a variety of causes—the desert condition of most of the ancient sites, and consequent uncertainty of the titles they bore among the natives; the comparative scantiness of the population, and the far greater curiosity excited by the visits of strangers; the revolution which, in compliment to them, has lately been taking place in the names of such objects, is more rapid and more observable than in Italy, or other countries possessing similar sources of attraction. For example, the only term by which, in most cases, the ruins of a Hellenic city used formerly to be known among the country people, was that of the palæócastro, or “old castle,” of the village or district in which it was situated. Now, many of them are familiar, even to the peasantry, under their classical titles. Mycenæ was formerly but the palæócastro of Karvâta; but there are probably few intelligent natives of that village, who, if asked the name of the ruins to which the gate of lions belongs, would now be at a loss for the answer most congenial to the ears of the learned enquirer. The great subterranean vault which forms a chief object of attraction to that celebrated site, was known in primitive local usage by the very homely but expressive name of the “Oven.” It now bears, even among the mountain herdsmen, (on the authority perhaps of Dr E. D. Clarke,) the somewhat indefinite, but certainly very classical title of “the Agamemnon.” On some occasions I observed this revolution in progress. The fine ruins on the banks of the Acheloüs, to be described in the sequel, still among the least known and visited in Greece, when first explored by Leake, and identified by him as those of Cœniádæ, bore

no other appellation than that of Tríkardo, which has attached to them since the beginning of the 15th century. By this term they are still exclusively designated by the lower class of peasantry. But the more intelligent inhabitants of the neighbouring village now call them Tríkardo Ēniádæ, or simply Ēniádæ. Something may here have been done towards the restoration of the ancient name by Leake himself; more probably by General Church and his staff, who were for some time quartered in the village. The demarchus, or chief magistrate, in whose house Church lodged, told me that he had first received it from him; and, under these joint military and magisterial auspices, we may presume it will soon become firmly established in the improved vocabulary of the place.

Although Ithaca, when first visited by Gell, might be considered a virgin soil for the exercise of antiquarian speculation, I had yet happened to hear of an instance, to be mentioned in the sequel, where he had been himself imposed upon in a case of this kind, and had thus become the innocent means of duping others. I was therefore doubtful what degree of deference might be due to his statement, that he found the name of Korakapetra, or "Raven-rock," inveterate in popular usage as that of the cliff which he identifies as the rock Korax of the Odyssey. As we approached, however, evidence of a very simple but forcible nature was supplied of the value of his testimony, by several ravens soaring and croaking over the summit of the cliff, in a manner which seemed plainly to indicate that they had their nest or favourite haunt in its recesses. Such coincidences speak home to the conviction with greater force than many pages of learned quotation or argument.

The cliff itself, of which Gell's drawing is, it must be

allowed, a very sorry representation, forms the extremity of a precipitous glen, the sides of which are beautifully clothed with evergreen timber and aromatic shrubs. This ravine gives issue to the waters collected on the summit and base of the rock, which, with those of the fountain below, form a small stream, discharging itself into the sea, after a course of less than a mile. Halfway down, on the left bank of the streamlet, is the spring now baptized as the "fountain of Arethusa," but which Gell himself describes as simply bearing the name of Pegáda, or the Well, when first explored by him. It has a basin, surmounted by an arched recess excavated in the solid rock, with some remains of masonry, apparently of no very ancient date. The little bay called Port Lia or Parapegáda, at the extremity of the glen, was the scene of an adventure of some notoriety during the Greek war of independence. A Turkish frigate, hard pressed by some small vessels of the insurgents, was run aground on its shore by the crew, who fled into the interior of the island, pursued by the Greeks. The alarm spread to the presidency, and a detachment of British troops was sent up, on seeing whom the insurgents made off and set sail, after destroying the frigate. For this violation of the Ionian territory, the then lord high commissioner, Sir T. Maitland, exacted a heavy penalty in money from the patriot government; and as it tended, at the same time, to increase the unfriendly feeling which he all along showed towards the cause of the insurgents, the destruction of the frigate was but a poor equivalent for the damage that accrued to themselves from their gallant exploit.

On the summit of the cliff is a small rocky plain, interspersed with olive groves and straggling "kalyvia," or farm cottages. As a site for the dwelling of Eumæus,

the spot corresponds well with the Belvedere, or “place of open prospect,”* which Homer assigns to that establishment. The face of the cliff is also hollowed out at its summit in various places, partly by nature, partly perhaps by art, into open cavities or sheltered terraces, where we might figure the swineherd reposing as the poet describes him:—

“Encircled by his cloven-footed flock,
From Boreas safe beneath the hollow rock.”†

The proposal to place the residence of Eumæus on the little plain above the precipice, also realizes in a very lively manner to the apprehension the spirit of Ulysses’ protestation‡ to the old man, that if his tale turned out to be false, he might punish him by throwing him from the top of the neighbouring cliff. Gell’s account of the exact correspondence of the present generation of rustic dwellings to the poet’s description of that of the swineherd, is probably itself a little poetical. Yet even those I saw presented, it must be allowed, some curious points of resemblance. They consist of one, or at the most two oblong cottages, sometimes with a “circular court”§ contiguous, surrounded by a fence, which, although neither “lofty,” “large,” nor “beautiful,”|| corresponds closely in other respects to that described by Homer; being a rude wall, “built with loose stones,” and “crowned” with a *chevaux de frise* of “dead thorns,” or other prickly plants.¶ The same style of fence is still very generally used both in Greece and Italy; in the latter country, for

* περισκέπτω ἐνὶ χώρῳ.

† *Odyss.* xiv. 533.

‡ *Odyss.* xiv. 396.

§ αὐλὴ περίδρομος.—*Odyss.* xiv. init.

|| ὑψηλὴ, καλὴ τε, μεγάλῃ τε.—*Odyss.* xiv. init.

¶ ἦν ῥα συλώτης . . . αὐτὸς δείμαθ’ ὕεσσι . . .

ῥυτοῖσιν λάεσσι, καὶ ἐθρίγκωσεν ἀχέροδω.—*Odyss.* xiv. 7.

example, it is common round the vineyards in the retired parts of the interior of Rome.

Admitting the Palæócastro of Aetó, as is generally assumed, to have been the city which Homer had in view as the residence of Ulysses, its site, as compared with that of Amarathía for the farm of Eumæus, would harmonize well with the poet's allusions to the relative position of the two places. Telemachus had been ordered by Minerva,* on his return from Pylos, to avoid the channel between the two islands, where the suitors lay in wait for him, and after making a circuit at a distance from both, to disembark on the nearest point of Ithaca, and proceed direct to the dwelling of the swineherd, which must consequently have been situated on the opposite or east coast of the island. Accordingly, the young hero,† after making a sweep to the north, past the group of Echinades, disembarks (it may be presumed) in the little bay of Parapegáda, and walks up to the establishment of Eumæus, after directing his vessel to proceed to port. On his arrival, after some conversation with his host, he sends him to the town to inform Penelope of his safe return. Eumæus sets out, and reaches his destination before the vessel had entered the harbour. All this is in close unity with the relative site of the existing localities. The walk to Aetó, by the shortest road, over Mount Stefano or Neïus, is from four to five miles, which distance a Greek mountaineer would perform in about an hour—a much shorter period than would have been required for the vessel to reach the nearest point of the shore below Aetó.

The landing-place of Ulysses was identified by Gell,‡ with equal plausibility, in the little horseshoe-formed

* *Odys.* xv. 27, *seq.*

† *Odys.* xv. 296, *seq.* 495, *seq.*—xvi. 154, 321, *seq.*

‡ *Topogr. of Ithaca*, ch. 5.

bay of Dexiá, on the coast between Vathý and the inner extremity of the great gulf of Molo. At the period of his visit, there still existed on the rocky shore the remains of a cavern, presenting a close correspondence with that of the Nymphs, as described by Homer. It had then been already mutilated by persons quarrying stones; and, although its site is still pointed out, all vestiges of it have since been effaced by the new line of road carried round the cliffs, close to the water edge. Exactly opposite the entrance of this little bay, on the other side of the gulf, rises abruptly from the sea the loftiest mountain of the island, now called Anoï—the Neriton of the poet there can be little doubt; so that a person standing on the declivities, in the neighbourhood of the cave, would have had it full in front of him. Hence the emphatic terms in which Pallas mentions * that mountain among the visible objects pointed out to the hero in her dialogue with him on this spot, as evidences of the reality of his restoration to his native land.†

The ruins of the city of Ulysses are spread over the face of a precipitous conical hill, called Aetó, or the “eagle’s cliff,” occupying the whole breadth of the

* τοῦτο δὲ τοι σπέος εὐρὺ κατηρεφές

τοῦτο δὲ Νήριτόν ἐστιν ὄρος καταειμένον ὕλη.—*Od.* xiii. 349, *seq.*

† At some distance from this bay, in the interior of the island, I was informed there still existed a cave, which, from its resemblance in form to that mentioned in the *Odyssey*, was considered by the native antiquaries as the Cave of the Nymphs. As, however, it was obvious that the site in no way corresponded, I did not consider it worth a visit. This I afterwards had occasion to regret, as Professor Thiersch of Munich, a most competent authority, has since described it to me as one of the most interesting objects he saw in Ithaca, from its exact similarity, in every respect except its inland position, to the original of the poet. The fact is at least interesting, as proving, in addition to other evidence, the existence of caves of this peculiar form in the island.

narrow isthmus which connects the two main subdivisions of the island, and which is here not more than half a mile across.* The walls stretch from N.W. to S.E.; their form is that of an irregular triangle, the apex of which is the acropolis, or castle of Ulysses by pre-eminence, crowning the extreme summit or peak of the mountain, and about as bleak and dreary a spot as can well be imagined for a princely residence. There can, therefore, be little doubt that this is the place to which Cicero† so emphatically alludes as the city of Ithaca, in eulogizing the patriotism of the hero: “ut Ithacam illam, in asperrimis saxis tanquam nidulum affixam, sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret,”—“that wisest of men, who preferred his own Ithaca, perched like a bird’s-nest among the most rugged of precipices, even to immortality.”

On each side of the isthmus is a port.‡ That of Opíso Aetó, towards Cefalonía, is the best which the channel shore of the island supplies. The hill of Aetó is separated by two small valleys, connected by a narrow neck at their upper extremities, from the ridge of Stefano, already noticed as the highest of the southern division of the island, and identified by Gell with the ancient Neïus.

* This simple fact is sufficient to vitiate a long train of sceptical argument, in Voelcker’s *Geographia Homerica*, as resting on his subtle analysis of the question—whether the town of Ithaca was on the east or the west side of the island? It was, in fact, on both.

† *De Orat.* i. 44.

‡ Here we have another incidental evidence of identity between Aetó and Homer’s city of Ithaca. Telemachus, as we have seen, on quitting his vessel, orders the crew to proceed direct to the city. This they do, unperceived by the suitors, stationed in ambush within the channel to intercept his passage. It is obvious, therefore, that they could not have returned to the same port from whence Telemachus started. They would naturally, in obedience to his orders, make for the nearest, that, namely, on the east side of the isthmus.

Admitting the accuracy of this view, nothing can be more appropriate than the epithet "Under-Neïus," (*ὑπὸ νηΐον*), applied by Telemachus to his residence; for the mountain, in fact, covers Aetó to the south and east, which consequently may be said to "lie under it," both as regards shade and shelter.

In this way, too, a singular degree of reality attaches to a fine scene of the *Odyssey*,* where, during the debate in the agora, a pair of eagles suddenly descend from the mountain, and, after hovering with ominous cries and gestures above the assembly, rush screaming through the air, over the habitations of the city to the right. The right hand, in the primitive language of Hellenic divination, is synonymous with the east or south-east. Supposing, therefore, the agora to have been situated in the centre of the city, the course of the eagles over the houses to the right would have lain directly towards their native mountain, whither, after executing their divine commission, they might naturally be expected to return.

The walls are in many places well preserved, especially those of the citadel, which remain to a considerable height in almost their whole circumference. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, with a tendency here and there to the ruder Tirynthian or Cyclopiian style.† In several portions of the area both of the city and acropolis,‡ the line of the streets, and the form of the build-

* ii. 146, *seq.*

† For the explanation of these terms, see additional note at end of volume.

‡ I had both heard it said, and seen it written, in the journals of subsequent travellers, that the foundations laid down by Gell, as still visible in the interior of the acropolis, and on which he endeavours (*Topogr. of Ithaca*, chap. vi.) to engraft a plan of the palace of Ulysses, were altogether the creation of his own fancy. Having been from the first somewhat prepossessed against his subtle attempts to overstrain iden-

ings, are also distinctly traceable, in rows of contiguous square compartments, chiefly of the last-mentioned ruder style of structure.

The peculiarities of this situation seem to mark it out by nature as the spot which the lord of the Cefalonian isles, if he preferred Ithaca as his place of residence, would have selected as, in a military point of view at least, the most appropriate for his seat of government. On a narrow isthmus, connecting, or rather separating, the two subdivisions of the island, it commands the channel, together with a prospect of the whole east coast of Cefalonía, and possesses a tolerable port on each side, giving ready and speedy communication with both the eastern and western portions of his little empire.

To the modern traveller, however, there may seem something passing strange in the notion of a distinguished monarch, of a comparatively civilized and luxurious age, having been, under any circumstances, contented to fix the seat of his domestic comfort on the bare bleak summit of an almost perpendicular mountain, where so much as a square yard of level ground could only be won from the surrounding precipices at the expense of substructions

titles, I was the less disposed in the present case to see any thing more than really existed. I must admit, however, in justice to him, that the whole, or the greater part of the foundations, marked on his plan as actually preserved, are still to be seen. There is also the smaller excavation or cistern at the upper extremity of the platform, and the arger one, supposed by him the Tholus, at the lower end. That the latter really was a structure of the kind which in later times bore that name, seems to be confirmed by the remains of massive blocks of stone on its margin, indicating its having been formerly covered in with a vaulted roof. As for the ingenious topographer's own supplementary architecture, his colonnades, halls, armouries, and dormitories, they are no doubt—but then they profess to be—nothing more than a conjectural attempt to reduce the space comprized within the existing limits of the citadel, into the form and arrangement described by Homer.

and embankments. The present name of Aetó, or "Eagles' cliff," harmonizing so curiously with Cicero's description above quoted, is indeed most appropriate. After spending a full hour in clambering up its rugged sides on a windy day, and being obliged, on arriving at the top, by the fierceness of the blast, while inspecting the remains of the castle, to hold fast by the stones of its broken walls, or the stunted shrubs that with difficulty vegetate in its desert courts, lest I should be precipitated over the rampart into the sea, I could not but be sensible that the existing features of the place correspond far better with those of the *Nephelococcygia*, or City of Birds, in Aristophanes, than with the picture I had formed to myself, from the descriptions of the *Odyssey*, of the favourite residence of the Laertian royal family. One figures, indeed, the palace of Ulysses, a strong and commanding, but at the same time a commodious residence; nor is it easy to realize among these ruins the poet's descriptions of the easy and hourly passage and repassage of the inmates of the establishment from palace to port, and from port to palace, or of the suitors amusing themselves with quoits or javelins on its terraces and esplanades.

Here, however, we must free our minds for a moment from the prejudices of modern civilization. We must remember that few of the patriarchal chiefs of the heroic age, assuming them, as there can be little doubt was the case, to have occupied the acropolis of their respective cities, could have been much more conveniently lodged; and the same was the case, to a great extent, in our own middle ages. The avenues to the dwellings of the lords of Argos or Corinth, as to many a princely castle of Western Europe, were little, if at all, more commodious than that to the Eagle towers of Ulysses; and if the poet had been obliged, from any such consideration, to

modify his description of the luxury of his hero's domestic habits, many an agreeable passage of his works, as of our own popular romances, must have been suppressed. It would have been most unfair of Homer to have deprived Penelope of her proper number of suitors, or the 108 which he allows her of their dinner, and of their favourite sports of archery or quoits, because, in point of fact, the premises of the Ithacan royal palace were not conveniently situated or constructed for such amusements, or its hall roomy enough to accommodate so large a party. As regards the approach to its gate, we must also bear in mind the athletic powers of the race of Greek mountaineers, of which we have little or no conception, and which were as great, no doubt, in those days, among all ranks, as they now are among the peasantry and shepherds of these rugged steeps, who will run up and down, with all the nimbleness of their own goats, precipices which even a well-trained English tourist finds some difficulty in mounting upon all fours.

One of the days I spent in the island was employed in visiting the ruin near its northern extremity, baptized by Gell* as the "School of Homer," together with a rival tract of localities, which here advance the same pretensions to identity with the scenery of the Odyssey, as those which we have already examined on the other side of the isthmus of Aetó. We sailed from Vathý round the point of S. Elias, and passing the pretty bay and village of Kíoni, arrive at the port of Phrikes, where we disembark. After a walk of a mile and a half through the most open district I had yet seen in the island, we discover the ruin which bears this illustrious name. It is situated at the lower extremity of the village of Oxoæ, the chief part of which stands on a commanding

* Ch. ix.

situation above. The existing remains appear to be a portion of the cell of a small temple, converted into a Christian church. The site is very picturesque, on the summit of a cliff embosomed in olives and evergreen shrubs. At one side are steps leading down to a little platform, cut, like the steps themselves, in the solid rock, with a few niches hollowed out in the back wall of the excavation. I was assured at Vathý, that the title of School of Homer was invented by the Papa, whose hospitality Gell enjoyed on occasion of his visit, for the purpose of amusing his guest. The old gentleman, I understood, was still alive, and often chuckled with delight over his ingenuity in outwitting the celebrated English antiquary at his own art; and still more at this creation of his fancy having been immortalized with so much pomp and circumstance in the standard work on Ithacan topography. This story seems to be confirmed by the circumstance, that Leake,* who visited the place in the same year as Gell, says nothing of any such name. Be this as it may, the title is now become inveterate in "popular" tradition; and the villagers point out with patriotic pride the platform below as the place of instruction, and the niches in the wall as the book-shelves, asserting that there had once been the remains of tables and benches. The ruined building above, they describe as the "Schoolmaster's house."

Immediately below the "School," in the fertile land among the olive-trees, are traces of tombs discovered by the peasantry in the course of their labours. From thence we proceeded upwards of a mile northward to another rock, also known at the present day by the name of Korax, to which it may possibly have as good a claim as the rival precipice to the south; since, in the year

* *Northern Greece*, vol. iii. c. 22.

1806, Leake already found the title in familiar use, although that cautious topographer, upon reasonable grounds, suspects its genuine antiquity. Beneath the rock springs a fountain, possessing, of course, its pretensions to be that of Arethusa. This whole group of objects offers, in fact, a counterpart in miniature of their name-fellows at Amarathia—a bluff cliff with a flat summit—below, a spring, from whence a rivulet flows through a little valley into the sea. There is this difference, however, that the sides of the valley, instead of forming a precipitous glen, are here a gentle slope, and the ground towards the sea, in place of a rugged bushy heath, is fertile and well planted. The fountain is also far more copious, and has lately been adorned with a showy architectural front, in a very barbarous style of art, with copious troughs for washing clothes and watering cattle.

Leake, in his work on Northern Greece,* gives several other details relative to the classical pretensions of this district. In confirmation of the genuine antiquity of the name Korax attached to the cliff, he was further informed that, on the flat land on its summit, there formerly stood a hamlet called Korakini, the inhabitants of which had removed to the more secure position of Oxoæ for fear of pirates.† Besides their rock Korax and fountain of Arethusa, the Oxoïtes have also their pretensions to a port of Phorcys and cave of the Nymphs. Leake was informed that the proprietor of a little bend in the coast, called Perivolia, immediately below the fountain, in attempting to establish a more convenient

* Loc. cit. I was not fortunate enough to obtain a sight of this valuable publication before setting out on my tour; a want which I had frequent reason to lament.

† Stephanus de Urb., v. Κόρακος περὰ, implies that there was in ancient times such a village in Ithaca, by his mention of Κόρακο πέτρας as a Gentilic epithet.

harbour for the benefit of his estate, had broken down a fine cave, which an old man present at the work assured him had two openings, like that described in the *Odyssey*.

From Oxoæ we crossed over a ridge, separating the hill on which that village is situated from the lower declivities of Neriton, to the bay of Polis, on the west coast of the island. On the rocky slope above this bay are vestiges of a small fortress, of the same primitive masonry as that of Aetó. This is the place selected by what may be called the northern faction of Ithacan topographers, as the site of their city of Ulysses. The arguments they urge are plausible. The name Ithaca was evidently common, both with Homer and with the later Greek geographers, to the island, and to the actual residence of the hero—the Polis or City of Ithaca; in familiar usage, simply—Polis, the city. The fact, therefore, that this place has preserved the title, as a proper name inveterate in popular usage, is certainly a good argument that it was formerly the metropolis of the island. In this way the northern faction, besides their city—their rock Korax—fountain of Arethusa—and cave of the Nymphs, would also have their island—such as it is—of Asteris, the want of which is the great flaw in the system of their opponents; and if, in pushing identities still further, we conjecture, with Leake, that the rocky range of heights beneath which Polis is situated may have been mount Neïus, we should have another very complete system of Odyssean topography. All this tends to confirm the remark formerly made, that the difficulty is not so much to discover in Ithaca the originals of Homer's descriptions, as to fix, amid the various objects to which they will apply, upon those which he is most likely to have had in view. Gell, though he visited this extremity of the island, does not seem to have been

aware of its claims to the possession of any Homeric localities besides the "School." Perhaps he may have suppressed any further gossip of the Oxoïte Papa on the subject, in order to ensure more unity and solidity to his own system, which, upon the whole, I consider much the more plausible of the two.

On our return we had a beautiful walk along the western coast, through the rich and fertile community of Leuka, where Gell places the farm of Laertes. A good carriage road—the work of the British government, like that towards Amarathía on the other side—extends from Vathý along the gulf of Molo, and across the isthmus as far as this village. As there is not, I believe, a single wheel-carriage in the island, the improvement is—for the present, at least—somewhat superfluous.

There is one respect in which modern Ithaca may be said to differ essentially from the island described by Homer: its almost total want of forest timber. The poet describes the flocks of Eumæus as fattened with acorns; he applies to Mount Neriton the epithet "clothed with wood," and styles it the mountain "of the rustling leaf." It is now altogether bare of timber trees. How far some of the above expressions are to be taken by the letter, may perhaps be questioned. The Greek term here usually rendered wood, might denote equally the low brushwood that still covers the mountain slopes in most parts of the island, rising in many places to a considerable height from the ground. But, even assuming Ithaca to have been formerly a woody country in the strict sense of the term, the change would not warrant any reasonable scepticism as to the poet's personal familiarity with its scenery in his own time. The nakedness, at the present day, of many mountain districts, which are described by the ancients as once covered with forests, is a phenomenon of familiar occurrence both in Greece and

Italy, and indeed throughout Europe at large; and may be accounted for by causes connected with the vicissitudes, both of civilization and barbarism, too numerous and varied to require to be here recapitulated.

On the morning of each of the last two of the five days I spent in Ithaca, I made, accompanied by Captain W——, an attempt to cross over to Cefalonía. Our chief object was to undertake an excavation on the site of the ancient city of Sáme, on the immediately opposite coast, the cemeteries of which are well ascertained, and rich in archæological treasures. On both occasions our wishes were frustrated by the violence of the wind. The Resident had nothing at his disposal but a light six-oared cutter, little adapted to bear the brunt of the fierce squalls by which we were assailed, and which on our second attempt, when we thought fit to persevere beyond the bounds of prudence, forced us back into port with no little risk of an upset. All that I could glean of Samian antiquity was a copy of a very curious inscription,* on a sepulchral stela, found by Captain W —— in an excavation lately undertaken by himself, together with a strigilis of gilt bronze, stamped with the name of the maker Pisis-tratus, in letters of the best period, and in rather unusual style.† This relic was brought to light on the same occasion, and was presented to me by a gentleman of the Residency.

* See additional note at end of volume. No. 1.

† Ibid. No. 2.

CHAPTER VII.

VOYAGE TO PETALA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CONTINENTAL GREECE—
MOUTH OF ACHELOÛS.

ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τέων αὔτε βροτῶν ἐς γαῖαν ἰκάνω!
ἦ ῥ' οἴγ' ὑβρίζεται τε καὶ ἄγριοι οὐδὲ δίκαιοι,
ἦε φιλόζυνοι, καὶ σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεουδής;—*Odys.* vi. 119.

“ Ah me! what men are they whose land is near?
Relentless savages, without the fear
Of God, or human law, before their eyes—
Or pious souls the stranger's rights who prize?”

DISCONCERTED by our late failure, and the loss of time it had involved, I determined, in the prosecution of our course towards continental Greece, to leave as little as possible to the caprice of winds or waves. I therefore bargained with a shipmaster, whom the Resident recommended as an intelligent and trustworthy person, to the following effect: that he should take us, if the wind set fair, to the port of Mesolonghi; that if not, he should endeavour to make the nearest point of the opposite coast, where he assured us there would be no difficulty in finding a safe landing-place, and where Nicóla engaged to procure horses among the shepherds, to enable us to pursue our journey into the interior.

We sailed about eight on the morning of the 27th, and for the first few hours were becalmed, being indebted for what little progress was made to the oars of three men and a boy, who composed the crew of the caique. The water at first was level and smooth as glass; but on

advancing a mile or two into the open sea, although there was still not a breath of wind, the tranquillity gave place to a heavy-rolling swell. While considering what could be the cause of this sudden agitation of the water amid the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, I observed towards the south, at some miles' distance, a dark line on the surface of the sea, gradually spreading in the direction of our vessel, and in a quarter of an hour a fresh breeze filled the sails. This phenomenon was new to me, and I was the more struck with it, from its bringing home to my mind at once the full power of a fine simile of Homer, which hitherto I had never properly understood or appreciated. The veteran hero Nestor, while engaged with a wounded comrade in his tent, hearing the tumult of battle thickening around the Greek intrenchment, goes forth to reconnoitre; and the effect produced on his mind by the dismal spectacle of national discomfiture that presents itself, is thus figuratively illustrated:—

ὥς δ' ὅτε πορφύρεη πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,
 ὁσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα,
 αὐτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδ' ἐτέρωσε,
 πρὶν τινα κεκριμένον καταεήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὔρου.—*Il.* xiv. 16.

“ So doth the darkly-rolling sea presage,
 With hollow swell, the coming tempest's rage;
 While yet nor here nor there its waves are driven,
 Till Jove send down the threaten'd gale from heaven.”

The effect here described is precisely what I now witnessed. It is one of familiar occurrence in narrow seas and archipelagos. The wind which freshens in one portion of a maritime region of this nature—often, perhaps, behind a cape or island, and at such a distance as to be unobserved by the navigator in another—sends across the otherwise smooth surface of the water, the sort of undulation so aptly described by the phrase rendered *hollow swell*, literally *mute wave*, in the above

passage. The whole phenomenon has been dramatized, as it were, by Homer, under the admirable figure of the sea itself darkly foreboding, by the heaving of its bosom, the coming disturbance of its waters, while yet uncertain as to the direction in which they are to be impelled; as the old hero gloomily presages the approach of the adverse tide of war, though as yet doubtful as to the mode in which he may be affected by it, or the measures to be adopted for stemming its course. It was the more gratifying to have the full value of this fine image realized to the senses on the very spot, perhaps, where it may have been first presented to the poet. The same phenomenon is observable in mountain lakes, and affords the explanation of one of the wonders for which the Scottish Loch Lomond is celebrated—waves without wind. The sudden squalls which come down the glens from the surrounding hills, produce a partial agitation of the waters, which is communicated in the shape of a swell to those portions of the lake where no wind is felt at the time. The omen, however, in the present case, was but delusive for good as for evil; and in half an hour we were again completely becalmed. The voyage to the opposite coast, a distance of about fifteen miles, lasted nearly four-and-twenty hours. The day, however, was fine, and I amused myself with drawing panoramic sketches of the beautiful and varied outlines of land, which on every side bounded the horizon; Ithaca—Cefalonía—Leucadía—the whole range of the Taphian and Echinian islands, backed by the snowy mountains of Acarnania and Ætolia, with the still loftier summits of Peloponnesus in the extreme distance to the south. There was something in the calm placidity of the bright but hazy atmosphere, which added much to the interest of the scene; and, as darkness set in, I was lulled to sleep by the wild and plaintive song of our Ithacan mariners.

At daybreak the next morning, (February 28th,) on issuing from the hold, in which I had passed the night, I found we were lying at anchor, apparently about a mile distant from the nearest point of the mainland, under one of the numerous small desert isles that here line the coast of Acarnania, a portion of the group of Echinades. The mariners were preparing a little nutshell of a flat-bottomed boat for taking us on shore, into which we descended with the luggage, accompanied by the master and one of the men, while the two others were left in charge of the caique. On enquiring why it was necessary to quit our vessel at so great a distance from port, I was told that she could neither float over the mud banks, nor make head against the current, which set strong from the land side between them. Both these obstacles, as they further informed me, proceeded from the mouth of the great river Aspropotamo, the ancient Acheloiüs, which, although distant several miles to the south, extends its current far along the coast in this direction; and, in fact, the water was much discoloured by the admixture of a yellowish mud. All this was interesting as bearing on the very ancient and much agitated question relative to the influence of this river in the formation of new land at its mouth.* As we advanced, I observed the sea to consist of an extensive range of shoals or lagoons, with narrow channels here and there, affording often scarcely sufficient depth of water to float our little vessel, while the intermediate mud banks were in many places overgrown with reeds, sometimes in so dense a mass, and to so great a height above the surface, as to present the appearance of low marshy islands. The shore itself consisted partly of extensive flats, very similar in aspect to the reedy banks among which we rowed, partly of

* SCYLAX, *Peripl.* c. 34. HERODOT. ii. 10. THUCYD. ii. 146, *seq.*
STRAB. x. 2. PLIN. *H. N.* iv. 2. PAUSAN. *Arcad.* 24.

rugged promontories extending from the mountains of the interior, and covered with forests of oak. I asked our boatmen whether these mud banks ever increased to such an extent, or assumed so solid and permanent a consistency, as to form new land; and more particularly, whether, in their own experience, the accumulation had ever had the effect of joining any of the other islands of primitive formation to the continent. They replied in the negative, that they had no recollection of any island having ever been joined to the terra firma, or of ever having heard of such a thing; and that the force of the current, during the rainy season, or when the river was swollen by the melted snows or occasional storms, carrying off in its turn each successive deposit, kept the channels open, and prevented any permanent accumulation of the mud. As I saw no spot of land, at least on this part of the continent, the natural features of which could justify the hypothesis of its ever having belonged to the group of islands that extend along its shore, existing appearances would seem to corroborate the testimony of our mariners, in spite of the strong argument which the general conviction of the ancients, and the amount and nature of the alluvial deposit, afford to the contrary.

We continued to wind our course, with some difficulty, for a mile or two through these channels, frequently running aground on the banks; and after passing some lesser islands, and the larger one of Petalá, entered a small hollow bay or cove of deep water, formed on each side by projecting headlands, or rather rocky mountains, covered with straggling masses of old oak forest. This was our landing-place, situated on one of the most barbarous and inhospitable shores of Greece or of Europe; and a wilder or more picturesque scene can hardly be imagined. The atmosphere was perfectly calm and clear, with the exception here and there of the morning mists

floating on the sides of the mountains. Nothing was to be heard but the occasional bleat of a goat, or the wild cry of the herdsmen calling to their flocks, or to each other, upon the neighbouring heights. The only visible sign of human life was a small column of smoke rising from among the woods of the interior, indicating, perhaps, the site of one of their folds. On disembarking at the extremity of the cove, I dispatched Nicóla, with the master of the caïque, up the country to look for horses. The other sailor also disappeared with the boat, and occupied himself in fishing or mending his tackle in a distant part of the bay, leaving me sitting alone, eating my breakfast on the shore. Here I remained for nearly three hours, without seeing or hearing any thing more of the rest of the party; and, I must admit, I began to feel a little anxiety as to what was become of them. Nor were the surmises that naturally arose, of their having met with some unexpected disaster among the natives, rendered the more agreeable by one or two specimens exhibited on the surrounding rocks of their personal appearance. They, in their turn, seemed to eye me with some attention; and no doubt a Frank, sitting all alone on their coast at that hour, must have been to them an object of quite as much interest and curiosity as they were to him. The whole scene brought home in a lively manner to my recollection Homer's description of the arrival of Ulysses in the port of the Læstrygonians; and the coincidence between the two cases thus far was certainly curious enough, as will appear from the following free translation of the passage:—

“ The port of Læstrygon we now descried,
Where lofty capes, projecting on each side,
With narrow space between, a basin form,
For ships to ride secure from every storm;
No breeze disturbs its glassy face serene,
No sound is heard nor human work is seen,

Save where the herdsmen, driving forth their flocks,
 Salute each other on the woody rocks ;
 Or smoke, slow curling o'er the forest glade,
 Of man's abode a doubtful sign display'd.
 Our bark safe anchor'd off the rugged shore,
 I send two trusty comrades to explore
 What race of men these barren heights command,
 Or eat the scanty produce of the land."

Odyss. x. 81. seq., 87. seq., 93. seq.

The sequel of the adventure, also, in so far tallied, that my two messengers reappeared at length, followed by a barbarian "of mountain stature and horrible aspect,"—(ὅσον τ' ὄρεος κορυφὴν κατὰ δ' ἔστυγον αὐτὸν,*) master of three ragged steeds, upon which we forthwith disposed our persons and goods. I appropriated the most active-looking beast; the strongest was saddled with the luggage. The third was Nicóla's right; but he shared it from time to time with our Ithacan shipman, who accompanied us into the interior, for the purpose of visiting a cousin settled as an agricultural colonist at the village of Katochí, on the Acheloüs, half-way between our landing-place and Mesolonghi. The *agoghiates*,† being themselves excellent pedestrians, seldom care to bestride their beasts; and, when so inclined, make no ceremony of adding their persons to the load, however great, with which they may be previously burdened. These animals, although little familiar with any pace but a walk, which rarely and with much difficulty can be accelerated into a limping jog-trot, are for the most part as indefatigable as their masters.

My baggage I had endeavoured to restrict within the

* *Odyss.* x. 113.

† The word muleteer, usually applied in English to persons of this class, would here be inaccurate, the Greek travelling hackneys being exclusively horses. As our own language offers no appropriate equivalent, I shall be content to use the Greek phrase. The term ἀγωγίον signifies the same thing as the Italian vettura; its derivative ἀγωγιάτης, a vetturino.

narrowest limits prescribed by the actual necessities of the road, and the small degree of smartness it might be necessary to put forth at Athens, or other places where a sprinkling of European civilization had been imported. The only bulky piece of furniture it comprehended was a mattress. In place of sheets, for the few occasions where it would have been possible to use them, I was provided with a large linen dressing-gown which was set apart for this purpose. The remainder of the luggage, properly so called, consisted of two carpet-bags, strapped across the back of the pack-horse in the style of saddle-bags, and of a writing-desk, which was deposited, rolled up in the bed, between them. Among the commodities with which I had been recommended by friends experienced in Greek travelling to provide myself at Corfú, was a saddle, owing to the excessive inconvenience of the equipage which the country itself supplied. This precaution, however, Nicóla had pronounced to be superfluous—advising me not to burden myself with so cumbersome an article, and assuring me that I should find the country packs every where tolerable, and that for a considerable part of the route he had little doubt of procuring a real saddle. As it turned out, I had no great reason to regret having followed his advice, although scarcely justified by the facts on which it was grounded. I had, however, fortunately brought with me a good supply of cloaks—*M·Intoshes*—dreadnoughts, &c., a species of travelling stock which combines great and varied usefulness with equal facility of transport, and here supplied the only means that could have rendered a seat on a Greek pack-saddle tolerable. This piece of furniture, which admits of no variety of form in its adaptation to the use of either man or baggage, consists, besides the small quantity of stuffing necessary to protect the spine of its bearer, of a few pieces of wood, forming what with us would be con-

sidered but the first skeleton or framework of the rudest article of its class. Two of these, running lengthwise at about six inches apart, and connecting the others which form the pummel and bow, are destined as the seat of the rider, who, in order to use it in its natural state, would require to have his hinder parts composed of the same material as those of the young King of the Black Isles, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Upon this substruction therefore, itself elevated considerably above the back of the animal, it was necessary, in order to provide against excoriation, to raise a pile of the loose drapery above mentioned to so great an additional height, that when fairly packed and mounted, my charger and self presented somewhat the appearance of a very gigantic man upon the hump of a very dwarfish camel. For supporting the legs, I used a portion of a long rope, serving both for halter and rein, and which, when twisted round the two projecting sticks of the pummel into a loop on each side, offered as good a substitute for stirrups as the rest of the apparatus for saddle and bridle.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORAL HABITS OF GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

τόσσα μὲν ἄμφ' ἵπποισιν· ἀτὰρ κατὰβηθι, φίλη φρὴν,
οἶμον ἐπὶ σκυλάκων.—OPPIAN, *Cyneg.* i. v. 368.

“ So much for horses ; let us now, O muse !
Of dogs the praises tell.”

THUS equipped, we made the best of our way over the declivities of a rugged barren heath into the interior, hoping to reach Mesolonghi, called seven or eight hours' march, before nightfall. In about a quarter of an hour, we arrived at the community to which our cavalcade belonged—an encampment of small low reed wigwams, of nearly the same form as the pastoral capanne of the Roman plain, but vastly inferior in size and structure. The best of them seemed barely sufficient to supply the shelter absolutely necessary for the proprietor or his family, by night or during inclement weather. The household apparatus was arranged in front of the entry, where sat also the women and children in the open air, or under mats supported on sticks, engaged in their domestic avocations. As we approached, however, roused by the noise of the dogs and of our voices, there crawled forth, out of some of the nearest huts, two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions, as I had hardly supposed possible the den from whence they issued could have accommodated. They were joined by several others, as we rode past, from the extremity of the encampment, all

nearly of the same stature; none of them appeared to me less than six feet high, and several were equally remarkable for manly dignity and beauty, both of person and feature. One more especially, a man past the prime of life—whom, from his stopping our caravan with an air of authority, to give some instructions to the *agoghiate*, I discovered to be one of the chiefs of the community—was a most magnificent-looking barbarian.

This colony, together with some others spread along the coast, are neither natives of the district they occupy—which indeed seemed totally devoid of indigenous inhabitants—nor of genuine Hellenic blood; but are nomad shepherds of Wallachian race, who come down annually with their flocks, when the herbage fails in their native mount Pindus on the Thessalian frontier, to the warmer region and extensive grassy plains on the sea-shore. For the use of these they pay a tax to the proprietor or the Greek government. In spite of the squalid misery of their habits, they possess considerable wealth in live stock of all kinds. This encampment, consisting of sixteen families, occupied with its herds not only the hilly region in its own immediate vicinity, but the rich though swampy and uncultivated plains on the banks of the neighbouring Achelöus, which were covered with oxen, sheep, and horses. Their wanderings, however, are not confined to this part of Greece, or to the north side of the Isthmus. We fell in with troops of them even in Peloponnesus, invariably characterized by the same athletic powers of body and rude simplicity of manners, which, together with their Wallachian tongue, and some peculiarities of dress, distinguish them from the lively race among whom they sojourn. I might have been inclined to distrust the impression produced by the first view of a novel and picturesque costume, worn by a people of strange and ferocious appearance, had I not afterwards

found them, both from my own further observation and on the authority of others, to be generally distinguished by the same Patagonian peculiarities that fixed my attention on first acquaintance. Their appearance, however, is no true index of their character; for they are said to possess as little of the martial spirit of the Greek mountaineers as of their lawless disposition; but are a quiet inoffensive race, whose chief or only care is to husband their store, and live in charity with the population of the countries they frequent. Struck by the classic beauty of their persons, I would fain have supposed them to be descendents of the old Pelasgic aborigines of their native mountains; but this is belied by their Wallachian tongue. They are said, however, to possess another claim to our classical sympathies, as representing the Roman colonies settled by the later emperors in Dacia, and afterwards blended into one people with the natives of the districts they occupied. The features of those with whom I made acquaintance, certainly partook more of the Italian than the Grecian character. The strong Latin element in the Wallachian tongue seems also to support this view;* and their dress, consisting of a tunic and loose pantaloons, instead of the Albanian jacket and fustanella, has been not inaptly compared to that of the Dacian captives in the triumphal monuments of Rome.

On approaching the encampment, being the best mounted, and eager to prosecute my acquaintance with the interior of the country, I was considerably in advance of the rest of the party, when I found myself on a sudden surrounded by a fierce pack of dogs, of size and appearance proportioned to those of their masters, and which

* Vlak-Wallachian, in the Slavonic tongue, of which this language is a dialect, signifies a Roman or Italian, and corresponds to the epithet *Welsch*, used by the Germans in a similar sense, as also to that of *Welch*, applied by the Anglo-Saxons to the provincials of Britain.

rushed forth on every side, as if bent on devouring both myself and beast, proceeding to every extremity except the last, springing up into the air and snarling in my face, preparatory, as I supposed, to a gripe of my person. Being altogether unprovided with any means of defence but the rope-end of the same halter that supplied my stirrups, I was, I confess, not a little disconcerted by the assault of so unexpected an enemy, when one or two of the inmates of the establishment came to my succour, and pelted off the animals with the large loose stones that lay scattered over the rocky surface of the heath.

The number and ferocity of the dogs that guard the Greek hamlets and sheepfolds, as compared with those kept for similar purposes in other parts of the world, is one of the peculiarities of this country which not only first attracts the attention of the tourist, but is chiefly calculated to excite his alarm, and call into exercise his prowess or presence of mind. It is also among the features of modern Greek life, that supply the most curious illustrations of classical antiquity. Their attacks are not confined to those who approach the premises of which they are the appointed guardians, but in many districts they are in the habit of rushing from a considerable distance to torment the traveller passing along the public track; and when the pastoral colonies, as is often the case, occur at frequent intervals, the nuisance becomes quite intolerable. Their assaults, however, when thus unprovoked, rarely proceed to extremities, seldom beyond biting the heels or tail of the horse; but a single stranger, off his guard, and happening to penetrate unexpectedly into the interior of one of these establishments, might be exposed to greater risk.

The usual weapons of defence employed in such cases by the natives, are the large loose stones with which the soil is every where strewed; a natural feature of this

region, to which, as will appear in the sequel, also belongs its own proper share of classic interest. Greece is a country intersected in every direction by mountain ridges of a peculiarly rugged character, consisting chiefly of a class of rocks, which, though of iron-hard consistency of texture, are found at the surface broken, whether in their primitive formation or by the effects of natural convulsions, into detached fragments of infinitely varied dimensions. The plains or open districts, on the other hand, are for the most part narrow, and, besides being themselves occasionally of a somewhat rugged character, are exposed to the perpetual inroads of these enemies to their fertility from the surrounding heights. Hence an important element of agricultural industry in most parts of the country, is the collection and accumulation of these loose fragments from the arable land; and it is certain that many of the circular mounds which are noted in the popular itineraries under the rubric of "ancient tumulus," have been heaped up in this manner. This operation, together with that still common of rooting out the embedded rocks, has been in this country, as we have already seen, an important office of good husbandry ever since the days of Homer. It is to these stones that travellers, and the population at large, instinctively have recourse, as the most effectual weapon of defence against the assaults of the dogs. Those selected are seldom smaller than a man exerting his full force can conveniently lift and throw with one hand—a class of weapon by consequence most aptly and concisely designated with Homer by the term *Chermadion*,* or Handful, and which the *agoghiates* and peasantry, like the heroes of

* *χερμάδιον*, Interpreted by Lucian (*De Gymnas.* 32.) λίθος *χειροπληθήης*. Hence the same author calls dumb-bells, *μολυβδοδαίνας χερμαδίους*.—*Lexiphan.* 5.

old, are in the habit of hurling with great force and dexterity. The weapon is the more effectual, owing to the nature of the rock itself, broken as it is in its whole surface into angular and sharp-pointed inequalities, which add greatly to the severity of the wound inflicted. Hence, as most travellers will have experienced, a fall among the Greek rocks is unusually painful. This property is also very aptly described by the epithet "rugged" or "jagged,"* which Homer familiarly applies to the Chermadia of his heroes. The assailants, however, in ordinary cases, with the exception of some districts, Laconia and Messenia for example, where they are remarkable above others for determination and fierceness, seldom expose themselves to the risk of such a blow; and the lifting of one of these stones in a threatening manner,† or even the act of stooping for the apparent purpose, is in most cases a signal for retreat. Nor is the use of this primitive weapon confined to engagements with the brute species, but also extends to those between man and man, in extreme cases, when none of a more convenient nature is at hand. It was a personal familiarity with this joint feature of Hellenic nature and Hellenic manners, that first conveyed to my mind a clear and vivid impression of that perpetually recurring incident of Homer's battles, where the combatants, when momentarily unprovided with their regular missiles, at once resort to the substi-

* ὀκρίσεις.

† Hence the humorous allusion of Aristophanes, *Equit.* 1028.

Λέγε δῆτ' ἐγὼ δὲ πρῶτα λήψομαι λίθον,
ἵνα μὴ μ' ὁ χηρημὸς ὁ περὶ τοῦ κυνὸς δάκη.

It has been observed, with perhaps as much of satire as truth, that dogs are never seen within the walls of the Greek churches, owing to the terror inspired by the frequent bowing of the congregation in the course of their devotions, which the animal mistakes for the attitude of lifting a stone to throw at themselves.—*Spon. Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 365.

tute which their native soil so abundantly supplies.* No poet of our own, or any other country but one whose natural features and social habits were similar, could ever have given the same extent or importance to such incidents, in a narrative either of real or fabulous events; and no reader can either understand or appreciate the full force of his descriptions, who has not had personal opportunity of bringing them into connexion with the circumstances that immediately suggested them. In my own case, I may say that this was the result, not of observation alone, but in some degree of experience. Not long after the commencement of our land journey, our course happened to lie through a district much infested by petty bands of robbers; not brigands on a grand scale, but knots of idle or desperate peasants, who combined occasionally for the purpose of waylaying and plundering parties of unarmed and unsuspecting travellers. In reflecting on what might be the best mode of defence in such an emergency, it instinctively suggested itself, that the one we had found so effectual against the dogs, might be turned to equal account against an attack of biped enemies; and I meditated a scheme (which, however, to say the truth, I never thought worth while to carry into effect) for arming each of our party, on arriving at any dangerous pass, with one or two of these formidable chermadia, and on the approach of the foe dashing them at their heads. All this passed through my mind at the moment, without the least reference to Homer; but afterwards, when the train of ideas extended itself in that direction, it brought home the spirit of this class of adventures to the apprehension in the liveliest manner.

* Even in more civilized ages this weapon does not seem to have fallen altogether into disuse among the Greek military. See LUCIAN, *De Gymnas.* 32.

We have here, also, an apt illustration of the otherwise not so obvious point of a simile of the Iliad, where the thick cloud of dust that envelopes the advancing host is likened to the morning mist on the mountain side, through which the shepherd's eye "cannot penetrate further than he can hurl a stone: "* This image, in the spirit of our own vernacular idiom, has but little point; for a shot of several hundred yards were no great feat for a country lad, well skilled in the art of stone-throwing in the ordinary sense of the term. But the cloud of dust to which the poet alludes, was certainly of a much denser description than to admit of the view extending to such a distance. In the Homeric, however, or rather the Hellenic sense of the phrase, as allusive to the hurling of the ponderous chermadion, the figure is correct and expressive.

Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherds' encampments scattered here and there over the face of the less cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the illustrative imagery of the Iliad and Odyssey. Accordingly, the passage of Homer, to which the existing peculiarity above described affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene of the latter poem, where the hero, disguised as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the Swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment, who pelts them off with stones.

* τόσσον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσσει ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λαῶν ἦσι.

Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions, * here conveys, with tolerable fidelity, the spirit of the original:—

“ Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew ;
 Down sat the sage, and, cautious to withstand,
 Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand ;
 Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls,
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls ;
 With showers of stones he drives them far away,
 The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay.”†—*Odys.* xiv. 29.

This whole scene, together with many others that follow, both as regards the character of the establishment, and the habits of its inmates, corresponds very closely to many a one which I myself have witnessed in the course of my journey. But there is one curious point in the description which more especially demands attention; where Ulysses, alarmed at the fury of the assault, is said to have “sat down cunningly, dropping the stick from his hand.” I am probably not the only reader of the poem who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre on the part of the hero.‡ I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner. At Argos, one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commanding-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number

* Mastiff is not a good term for a sheep-dog; nor is the phrase “showers” of stones very appropriate.

† This passage has been closely imitated by Theocritus, in his description of a precisely similar scene.—*Idyll*, xxiv. v. 68. *seq.*

‡ Pliny, indeed, (*H. N.* viii. c. 40,) and Plutarch (*de Solert. Anim.* xv.) inform us, that “the fury of a dog is mitigated by a man's sitting down;” and the scholiast appends a similar remark to the passage, but with the usual qualification of *φασι*—“they say;” so that, apart from any appeal to facts or experience, the commentary in each case seemed to offer little more than a paraphrase of the text.

and fierceness of the Greek dogs; when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening, on a journey, to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequences might have been serious, had he not been rescued by an old shepherd, (the Eumæus of the fold,) who sallied forth, and finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveller, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remark on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency; that he ought to have stopped and sat down, until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveller, he made some further enquiries, and was assured that, if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that as long as he remains quiet, they will follow his example; but that as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the Odyssey, with which it had not connected itself in the mind of the narrator, at once brought home to my own the whole scene at the fold of Eumæus with the most vivid reality. The existence of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience. I never, myself, happened to be under any necessity of putting its efficacy to the test.

Besides the attacks of these animals, their incessant noise in the towns and villages is itself an intolerable

nuisance. The whole day long in these otherwise quiet communities, where noise of cart or carriage is never heard, bursts of barking or howling are perpetually succeeding each other in some quarter or another. The appearance of an unknown person, especially of a Frank, beyond the immediate bounds of the bazar or principal thoroughfare, even of a large town, is sufficient to call forth the anger, not only of the special guardians of the profaned district, but of all their neighbours within sight or convenient distance; while even from the remotest points, the remainder of the colony seldom fail to send forth at least a few sympathetic responses to the complaints of their fellow-citizens.

CHAPTER IX.

RIVER ACHELOÏUS—ECHINADES—RUINS OF CENIADÆ.

ἐρημία μεγάλη 'στίν ἡ μεγάλη πόλις.—*Fragm. Comici ap. STRAB.*

“ A mighty desert is this mighty town.”

AFTER passing the encampment, we gain the brow of the eminence on which it is situated, from whence a magnificent view opens up of the course of the Acheloïus for about ten miles inland from its mouth.* It is really a noble river, by far the finest in Greece, and well worthy of the distinction it enjoyed of old, as the patriarch and eponyme hero of the whole fresh-water creation of Hellas. Its waters are of a whitish yellow or cream colour, similar to those of the Tyber, or perhaps somewhat lighter. This colour, although perhaps at the present moment arising in part from the melted snow, would seem to be natural to the stream, from the title it now bears—Aspropotamo or the White river. The ancients characterized it by epithets of similar import; and if we may trust Dodwell, the river god Acheloïus is represented in vases under the figure of a white bull.

The vast flat plain which it here traverses, called after itself the Paracheloïtis, though swampy and uncultivated, is of great natural fertility, and richly studded with copsewood and forest-trees, which in many places form a continuous fringe to the banks. As the stream hides

* See Plate II.



J. Van

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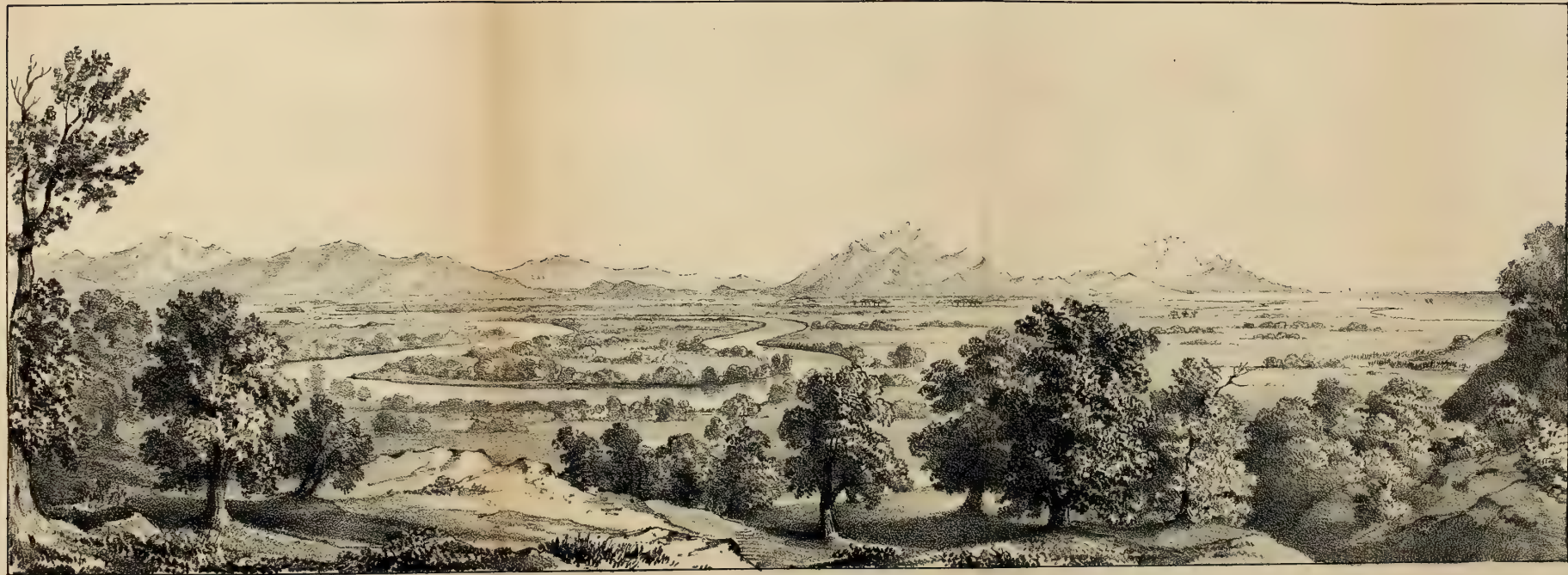
* See Plate II.

Ozia

Kursolari

Mouth of Achelous.

Pl. I.



J. Walcott Lithog

MOUTH OF THE RIVER ACHELOUS.

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itself here and there in the course of its windings, and again presents itself to view, the plain assumes very much the appearance of an extensive wooded park, relieved here and there by ornamental pieces of water. The foreground of the prospect is an open forest of knotty old oaks, scattered over the face of the rocky banks down which lay our course to the vale below. To the right the view is bounded by the sea, into which the river is seen to empty itself, and by the loftiest and most prominent of the group of Echinades; to the left or east, by the mountains of Ætolia. In the centre is the plain. From its outskirts rise here and there detached rocky heights, which tradition assumes to have been formerly islands. In the distance opens out another distinct view of the sea towards the Corinthian gulf; behind which the mountains of Peloponnesus form the extreme background.

The course of the river here presents the most extraordinary series of windings that I ever recollect having seen in any stream of equal size; offering in every direction—to use the classic phraseology of Dante—the figures of S, C, and occasionally, to the eye at least, very nearly of a complete O. These deflexions are not only so sudden, but so extensive, as to render it difficult to trace the exact line of its bed—and sometimes, for several miles, leaving its direct course towards the sea, it appears to flow back into the mountains in which it rises. The signification of the mythical combat between Hercules and Acheloüs, here forced itself at once upon the attention.* According to the fable, the river god first assaults the hero in the form of a serpent, and on being worsted assumes that of a bull. His adversary, seizing him by the horns, wrenches one of them from his

* SOPHOC. *Trachin.* v. 9. OVID. *Metam.* ix. APOLLOD. *Bibl.* ii. 7, 5.

forehead, which forthwith becomes a Cornucopia. The whole adventure alludes obviously to the efforts of some primitive improver of the district, by alterations on the course of the river, to check the ravages which in those days, as in the present, its inundations committed on the otherwise fertile region watered by its stream. The figure of the serpent assumed by the serpentine river speaks for itself. The bull, in Greek mythology, is the familiar type of a river god—emblematic of the impetuosity of his flood; while the horn is an equally apt symbol of any such sinuosity as that which here forms the prominent feature of the landscape. Deianeira, the name of the heroine for whom the contest takes place, signifies literally “Ravager of men,” and is probably but a symbol of the power of destruction asserted by the river, in opposition to the hero, over the works of human industry on its banks. A cut across the isthmus, with an embankment to restrain the outbreakings of the stream, while it would sever this horn from the body of the river, would at once convert it, together with the land it encloses, into a horn of plenty.*

Next to the river itself, the most striking feature of this noble prospect are the two lofty mountains, broken each into a number of sharp peaks, which rise immediately on the sea-shore beyond its mouth. One of them

* Hercules is, throughout the Greek mythology, the prominent actor in adventures of this kind. His combat with the Lernæan Hydra is a no less palpable image of the works undertaken to bring into tillage the marshes at the southern extremity of the Argolic plain, intersected by streams, and studded with deep pools and copious springs, figured by the heads of the monster. To the same hero is usually ascribed the piercing of the Katabothra, or subterranean emissaries, common in every part of Greece, by which the superabundant waters of her land-locked marshes and lakes find vent through the mountain sides to the sea, or which in some cases preserve her most fertile plains from being similarly swamped or inundated.

is completely an island, being separated from the terra firma by a channel of deep water. The other, though not altogether insulated, has much the same appearance, being surrounded on the land side by a stretch of low marshy ground. Hence in the later Greek geography they bore in common the name of Oxiaë,* or the "Sharp islands," which they retain to this day, under the slight variety of Oxiés. The one still possessing an insular character has the proper name of Oxiá. Their joint appellation, together with the feature from whence it is derived, affords the interpretation of that which they bore in the primitive geography, in common with the others extending along shore to the north: Echinades—or, as Homer has it, Echinæ. Echinus is the Greek proper name, both of the common hedge-hog, and of the curious shell-fish which we familiarly call sea hedge-hog or pricklyback. As transferred to these islands, it most aptly denotes their pointed or prickly outline.

On descending into the vale, we continued our course up the right bank of the river. Wild and uncultivated as it now lies, there is no want of animal life on the surface of the plain. Besides the herds of the Wallachian pastors, we saw numerous flocks of ducks and other wild-fowl, together with some white herons—a bird of great beauty, and a novelty to me. After a ride of about an hour and a half, I observed to the left, along the summit of one of the broadest of the insulated eminences that rise out of the plain, within a mile of our route, extensive vestiges of walls, indicating the site of an ancient city. No satisfactory account of the nature of these ruins could be obtained from any of my attendants. Nicóla knew nothing of them; and the Wallachian

* STRAB. X. c. 2. STEPHAN. DE. URB. in v. *Αγρέμιτα*. The epithet *θοαί* given by Homer to these islands, is also interpreted as a synonyme of *ὀξεῖαι*.

agoghiate, who was a good-humoured but very unintellectual sort of a barbarian, although he had often been on the spot, had not even one of the vulgar titles to apply to them—such as Palæókastro—Ta Helleniká, &c., by which the Greek peasantry are in the habit of designating all buildings, the epoch of whose destruction goes much beyond their own memory. Nicóla asked him if they were built without mortar, a favourite criterion among his own class of archæologists (and no bad one, it must be admitted) for distinguishing Hellenic from modern structures; but neither to this query could any satisfactory answer be elicited. Convinced however, as we advanced, of the truth of my first conjecture, I determined, if practicable, to explore them. Finding that the village of Katochí, for which our boatman was bound, was not far distant, and would afford lodging for the night, I sent on Nicóla with the rest of the equipage to prepare our quarters, and proceeded with my Wallachian attendant to the ruins.

I was well rewarded for my trouble, as I found the remains of an ancient city, offering, upon the whole, both in point of extent, preservation, and architectural peculiarities, the most interesting specimen of the kind I have seen, either in Greece or Italy. Not having made any special preparation for this portion of my journey, which I had not previously contemplated, I had no very distinct notion, while on the ground, either of the name or history of the place. But on referring afterwards to the chapter of Thucydides descriptive of the mouth of the Acheloiüs, I saw at once that it could be no other than Cœniadæ,*

* These ruins have been visited and described, with his usual accuracy, by Colonel Leake.—*Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 556, *seq.* But his description is unaccompanied by plans or drawings of their architectural peculiarities—without which, they can scarcely be understood or appreciated. This want I have endeavoured to supply in Plate III.

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Fig. 2.



Fig. 1. b.



Fig. 1. a.

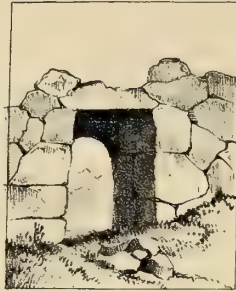


Fig. 5.

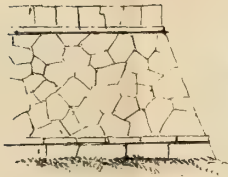


Fig. 3.

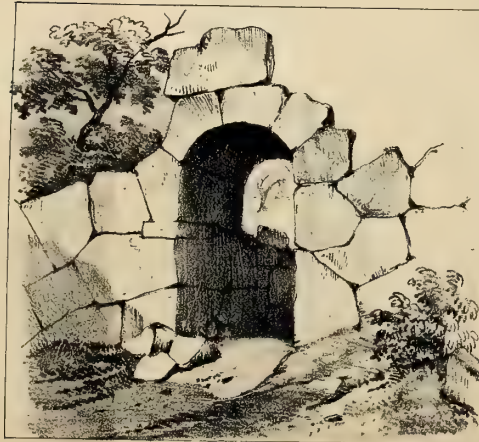
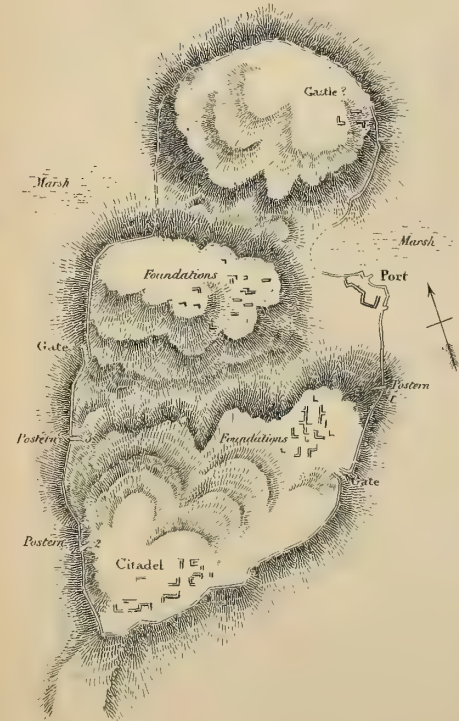
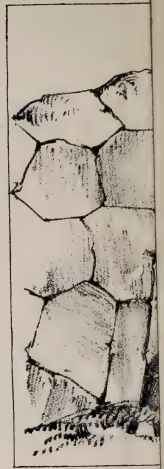


Fig. 6.



Fig. 4.





a chief city of Acarnania, and considered one of the strongest fortresses in Greece, partly from its situation, partly from its artificial defences. The modern name of the site is Tríkardo.

The hill over which the walls extend, with the exception of its southern extremity, where a long slope (no part of which is comprehended within the city) stretching out in the direction of the Acheloüs, connects it with the terra firma of the plain, is surrounded by morass on every side.* To the north, these swamps deepen into a reedy lake or marsh, now called Lesini, by the ancients Melite. The upper surface of the hill presents three distinct rocky eminences, stretching in a line from S. W. to N. E. The ground within the enclosure is for the most part an open forest of oaks. The circumference of the walls, which are of polygonal masonry, is of irregular form, both as regards ground line and elevation, but cannot be much less than three miles. With the exception of one or two places where they descend into marshy ground, they are in a fine state of preservation, often to a height of from ten to fifteen feet. The town was further strengthened by two citadels: one occupied the height at its southern extremity; the other, on a lower level to the N. E., comprehended also the port,† communicating with the sea by a deep river or creek running up through the contiguous marsh. Some of the massive square towers of these forts are nearly entire. They are of irregular Hellenic masonry, connected by curtain walls of polygons. Several of the gates, sallyports, and salient angles, also present beautiful specimens of Greek military architecture.‡ On parts of the interior area of

* See Plan, in Plate II. fig. 4.

† The best preserved part of the interior front of this fortification is given in Plate III. fig. 6.

‡ The projecting angle which the wall forms immediately to the

the town, are extensive traces of domestic buildings. In some places the lines of street, and the subdivisions of the houses, may be distinctly recognised. Although the masonry of the walls is every where compact and solid, none of the blocks are of very extraordinary size; not equal to those I had lately seen in the fortifications of Cossa, Norba, and other Pelasgic cities of central Italy.

The earliest notice we have of Cœniadæ is preserved by Pausanias,* who describes it as having been besieged, taken, and for a considerable time possessed by the Messenians, when driven out of Peloponnesus by the Spartans in the year 670 B.C.; and from his account, it would seem to have been already at that period remarkable for the strength of its fortifications. It was afterwards retaken by the Acarnanians, and attached itself firmly to the interests of Sparta, during the subsequent contests among the Greek states. Twenty-three years prior to the Peloponnesian war, it successfully resisted an attack by Pericles.† During the whole of that eventful struggle, it was the scene of much hard fighting, and was for long the inexpugnable, as it was the only bulwark of the Spartan cause in this district.‡ It continued to be a place of great importance during the Macedonian and Roman wars. In the year 219 B.C., it was taken by Philip, king of Macedon,§ who extended and repaired the works, and from this epoch may probably date some of the more elegant specimens of masonry which they still exhibit. The building of the port, more especially,

east of the great gate, situated between the port and the citadel, (Plate III. fig. 5.) is especially worthy of remark. It is in nearly perfect preservation. In form, it closely resembles the salient angle of a modern bastion.

* *Messen.* c. xxv.

† *THUCYD.* I., iii.

‡ *THUCYD.* ii. 68, 102; iii. 7; iv. 77.

§ *POLYB.* iv. c. 63, *seqq.*

is attributed by Polybius to Philip.* In 211 B.C., Æniadæ fell into the hands of the Romans.† The name Tríkardo or Trígardo, which it now bears, is at least as old as the fifteenth century, derived probably from the three summits of the hill on which it stands. Cyriacus of Ancona,‡ who travelled in Greece in 1436, describes it under that name very correctly, as having polygonal walls, two citadels,§ and a theatre. The remains of the theatre are mentioned by Leake, but I did not observe them.

The most interesting features of this fortification are its arched posterns or sallyports,|| which, together with a larger gateway in the same style, described by Leake as connecting the port with the town, but which escaped my notice, prove, as he remarks, the use of the regular arch of concentric layers to have been combined with polygonal masonry in Greece, and to have been known, as he further infers, in that country at a much earlier period than is usually supposed. Although this argument were not, perhaps, in itself conclusive in regard to Æniadæ, considering the late epoch at which some of its principal works were constructed, my own further researches have convinced me, on evidence to be more fully adduced in the sequel, that the Greek masons were acquainted with the art of throwing an arch from the remotest period. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the peribolus, or outer wall of this fortress, is the work of a primitive age, whatever may be the case with some of its more complicated defences: and it can hardly be questioned that postern No. 3 in the annexed plate is

* POLYB. v. 65.

† LIV. xxvi. c. 24. POLYB. ix. 39.

‡ *Apud* DODWELL, vol. i. p. 101.

§ There are less distinct traces of a *third* citadel or castle on the northern crest of the hill.

|| Plate III. figs. 1, 2, 3.

an original element of the masonry with which it is connected. The larger gateway of the port, as forming part of the works repaired by Philip, is of more doubtful antiquity. It will also be observed that these four posterns offer a distinct gradation of expedients for covering in such structures, from the simple flat architrave of No. 1 *a*, to the regularly vaulted arch; No. 1 *b*, and No. 2 are the developement of the principle; No. 3 its perfection.*

I regret much, that amid the necessity under which I was of exploring the ground for myself, I should have failed to observe the arched gateway of the port. The marshy nature of the soil, with the thickness of the brushwood, prevented any closer inspection of this part of the work. Neither my Wallachian guide, nor any of the members of another colony of shepherds encamped among the ruins, were competent to afford the smallest assistance in my researches, not to mention the absence of all medium of communication between us; their language being, with the exception of a chance word or two, as unintelligible to me as mine was to them. The sudden appearance of a solitary Frank in the heart of their settlement, caused, as may be supposed, some little sensation among these sons of the wilderness; and they contemplated my operations, especially when handling either sketch or journal-book, with wonder and astonishment. But for the exciting interest of the occasion, one might have felt a little uneasy at finding one's-self thus alone in the midst of so strange and uncouth a race. The only precaution I took, on discovering the city to be not altogether uninhabited, was carefully to conceal every article about my person bearing any resemblance to the precious metals—having been warned that the temptation which such objects hold out to the cupidity

* See Plate III.

of the rustic population in remote districts, is almost irresistible. Nicóla, indeed, as interpreter to the agogiate, had just before been regaling me with accounts of the recent murder of a Bavarian officer, near Vónitza, on the Turkish frontier; who, venturing alone and in uniform too far from his own quarters, was attacked and killed by some country people, who mistook his brass accoutrements for gold. Nicóla, however, expressed a more favourable opinion of the moral character of the Wallachians, and assured me that I might perfectly rely on the fidelity of my own attendant in particular, with whom he had already managed deeply to ingratiate himself, by showing a familiarity with his native mountains, and an acquaintance with several members of his family; good evidence of the extent of my valet's personal relations throughout the Turco-Greek continent, and of his tact in turning his advantage to account. The Trígardine pastors, however, were of Hellenic race; but I met with nothing but respect and good-will among them, as displayed more especially in their zealous efforts to allay the fury of their dogs at my trespass on their territory, which, but for their interference, would have put an immediate and effectual stop to all antiquarian research.

Throughout these remains, among the copious fragments of masonry scattered over the surface of the ground, not a single piece of sculptured marble or stone is to be seen—not even a scrap of painted pottery, a species of relic so thickly strewed over the site of many other Grecian cities as to form a large ingredient of the soil. If this apparent barrenness of elegant art convey but a poor idea of the politeness of the ancient population of the town, it invests its ruins with that other species of interest which belongs to primitive simplicity and grandeur. Every thing is rude and massive; rubbish there is little

or none; nothing but solid stone. Even the remains of what must have been common dwelling-houses, are composed of unwieldy blocks. These features may also be considered a reflection of the corresponding genius of the old Pelasgic race, as displayed on both sides of the Adriatic, wherever the later refinements of Hellenic civilization had failed to assert their full influence. The close resemblance in this and other respects between these ruins and those of the Pelasgic cities of Latium, which I had visited a few weeks before, struck me very forcibly, and affords living evidence of the handywork of a kindred race.

The site of Æniadæ is most picturesque, and the surrounding scenery as grand in all its natural features as in its classical associations. My wanderings were rendered the more interesting, if not the more commodious, by a tremendous storm, which raged at intervals during the greater part of the time I spent on the ground; the lightning flashing and the thunder bursting most terrifically over our heads, or growling among the dark-blue Acarnanian mountains, and across the wide expanse of reedy marshes, which, like green or yellow seas, extend close up to their base. While taking momentary shelter behind the wall from the torrents of rain that accompanied the storm, I observed on the top of a noble group of oaks that crown the rocky height of the citadel, six objects, apparently too large for birds, and which I at first took for clothes hung up by the shepherds to dry. On closer inspection, however, they proved to be eagles,* or perhaps rather vultures, a race of birds which I had never yet seen in a wild state; nor certainly could my first introduction to it have taken place under more auspicious circumstances. They

* ἐξέσθην, ὄρνισιν ἐοικότες αἰγυπιοῖσι,
 φηγῶν ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιοόχοιο.—*Il.* vii. 60.

seemed no way shy, and sat meditating, in all probability, a future meal on the progeny of the flocks, their fellow tenants of this desolate region. To my fancy, however, it appeared as if they were musing in melancholy sadness on the change of times, since the ruins they contemplated were the habitation of a race of heroes, who assigned their own so distinguished a part in the war of elements that was raging over their heads. It were not easy to imagine a combination of circumstances calculated more powerfully to act on the imagination of an enthusiastic Hellenist, during the first few hours after stepping on shore on the classic land.

Wild and desert as this enclosure now is in all that relates to industry or culture, it is no way deficient in animated nature; for besides the six eagles—the shepherds—their dogs—and their flocks, I saw two woodcocks, a fox, and a hare, within the circuit of the walls. Game of all kinds, indeed, seems to abound in the district; the marshes swarm with every variety of water-fowl; nor could there be a more agreeable mode of passing a few months, for a party combining, as our young gentry frequently do, a love of field sports with a zeal for classical pursuit, and an admiration of picturesque scenery, than to pitch their tents during the healthy season in this most interesting and little explored region.

The number of birds of prey, of all classes, sizes, and colours, that swarm throughout Greece, is one of the features of its natural history which most readily attracts the attention of the traveller arrived from more civilized regions. I have often, in riding over the beautiful but desert Campagna of Rome, reflected on the fable of Romulus and Remus, where the two brothers mount on the summit of opposite heights to gather omens relative to the future empire of their infant community; when a flight of six eagles presents itself to the one, and imme-

diately afterwards one of twelve appears to his rival. The Roman plain, as well as the mountains that bound it, are probably far less populous or cultivated at the present day, than they were at the period when this mythical story had its origin. Yet its glorious race of winged inhabitants has disappeared; and were the future destinies of the eternal city to depend upon some new Romulus or Rienzi beholding a flight of eagles hovering over its ruins, vain indeed, to all appearance, were its hopes of resuscitation from its present state of political debasement. One might now stand for many a day or month on the summit of the Monte Sacro, before a single messenger of Jove would offer itself to the view. The godlike bird would appear to have become extinct, with the godlike race of men over whose destinies it presided.* In Greece the case seems to be reversed, and in the ratio of the decline of the human species in number and excellence, has been the increase in the remainder of the more bulky portion of the biped creation. In this country I have often seen several dozen of eagles, or vultures, (for at a distance it is not easy to distinguish one from the other,) soaring in company, sociably crossing each other's course in majestic circles, far above some lofty mountain, or extensive range of wild sheep pasture. No less remarkable than their number is their tameness and familiarity with man. The human species seems to be with them, not as in other countries an object of fear or respect, but of indifference or contempt; and they will remain unmoved by the road-side, perched on the summit of a rock, on the look-out for their prey, or engaged on the level plain tearing in pieces a choice piece of

* The larger class of falcon and buzzard, it is true, abound in the Campagna; and are often to be seen collected in large flights. Possibly *eagle* may here in the tradition be but a poetical exaggeration of the inferior order of the same species.

carrion, while the traveller passes within pistol-shot. Perhaps the delicate meals, with which during the recent eight years' war they were constantly supplied from the flesh of both Musulman and Christian, may have tended to encourage the easy footing on which they now stand with the lords of the creation; and to have refreshed their recollection of the former empire which their ancestors of the heroic age are made to claim over our own species, by so many ingenious arguments, in the humorous play of Aristophanes, dedicated to the honour of their race.* But the meek spirit of submission in which their insults or injuries are endured, is a circumstance not so easily accounted for. Both vultures and foxes seemed to be objects of as great indifference to the shepherds of Tríkardo, as they were to the foxes and vultures;—although it is certain that the lambs of their flocks must have been a chief article of subsistence with both animals. Perhaps the benefit to be derived from their destruction would scarcely be an equivalent to these poor people for the expense of powder and shot, or other apparatus necessary for the purpose.

* *Aves*, v. 481. *seqq.*

CHAPTER X.

KATOCHÍ—ACARNANIAN PEASANTRY—VILLAGE DÉMARCHUS.

“ὄρῶ γῆν πολλήν, καὶ λίμνην τινὰ μεγάλην, καὶ ὄρη, καὶ ποταμούς, καὶ ἀνθρώπους πάνυ μακροὺς, καὶ τινὰς φωλεοὺς αὐτῶν.”

“ πόλεις ἐκεῖναί εἰσιν, οὓς φωλεοὺς εἶναι νομίζεις.” —LUCIAN. *Dial.*

“ I see much land, and a great marsh, and mountains, and rivers, and very tall men, and certain burrows which they inhabit.”

“ These are cities which you call burrows.”

WE reached Katochí before dark. This village, the first I had seen on the soil of Greece, described by the last generation of travellers as a respectable small town, appeared to me about the poorest collection of human habitations I had ever seen, bearing pretensions to the name of houses. Perhaps the impression would have been less unfavourable, had our visit taken place after my eye had been already familiarized to one of the most melancholy features in the face of this unhappy land. The site, with rare exception, of every Greek city, town, or village, from Athens down to the poorest mountain hamlet, presents in fact one confused mass of rubbish—ruins they can hardly be called—among which the new dwellings are interspersed, often at wide intervals, and little distinguishable from the remains of their predecessors but by the bright glare of their red tile roofs. During the exterminating war of which this country was lately the theatre, a war as much (or more) of fierce

devastation as of martial exploit, every group of houses within the sphere of military operations was reduced to ashes or to rubbish, often several times in rapid succession. The Greeks destroyed their towns when forced to abandon them, in order to deprive their Turkish occupants of shelter; the Turks, from rage against their revolted vassals; frequently, in the vicissitudes of the contest, from the same cause as the Greeks. Even before the war, the houses of a Greek town or village would seem, as well from the accounts of travellers, as from the few extant examples, which, in retired nooks beyond the immediate range of hostilities, have escaped the general havoc, to have been objects of no great value to their proprietors. A small oblong area, between two gable ends connecting side walls of mud, or the poorest kind of masonry, with a roof of thatch or tile, through the crevices of which the smoke escaped, and a portion of daylight was admitted, without window, chimney, flooring, or pavement of any kind, seems then as now to have been the common habitation of the lower class. Even those of a better description, and boasting of more than one story, were then, as they are still, with some exceptions at Athens and other chief towns, light flimsy structures of rubble, stucco, or mud, encased in wooden frameworks, and as rapidly and cheaply rebuilt as they were easily burned or destroyed. Hence one is able to understand what at first sight appears a sort of contradiction in the narratives of the war, how, after being told in one chapter that a certain town had been taken and demolished, we find it not many pages below again alluded to as in existence; and, perhaps after an equally brief interval, as once more sacked and destroyed. At present, some of the larger towns contain a few tolerable houses, and Athens has many both elegant and substantial edifices; but nothing certainly can be more dismal

than the aspect of those masses of hovels or rubbish, which, under the barbarous appellations of Skripú, Kókla, Karváta, &c., have succeeded to the classic sites of Orchomenus, Plataea, or Mycene. In few cases are they relieved by any structure presenting, even as compared with its neighbours, the appearance of a public edifice. The church itself is often one of the most miserable sheds of the place, and frequently without roof. The best looking villages are those situated like Kastrí, (Delphi,) or Katochí itself, on the face of steep acclivities, where a lower floor, usually a stable, is in some measure rendered necessary for one-half the length of the building; so that where the roofs have but little slope, the gables project at right angles to the vertical section of the hill, and the approach to the entry, as frequently happens, is from a sort of terrace, supported by a retaining wall, the effect is not inelegant. Upon the whole, however, the wretchedness of these clusters of red-tiled hovels, scattered here and there over the surface of the land, detracts sadly from the picturesque beauty of Greek scenery; more especially in the eyes of one accustomed to the broad masses of building, and the varied outline of tower, terrace, and pavilion, which, in almost every village, harmonize so finely with the graceful undulations of the Italian landscape. There attaches, however, a sort of melancholy interest to the very contrast between the abject misery of the haunts of the present population, and the gigantic remains of the dwellings of their ancestors, or the never-failing splendour of nature, by which they are surrounded. The same remark may apply to the general desolation of the face of the country, as regards husbandry and every other feature of civilized life, which, in proportion as it mars the amenity of the prospect, enhances the power of the classical associations it inspires. A redeeming point, however, is the really

classical costume, and in many places manly beauty of the race by which it is worn,—the only features, perhaps, of modern Greece, which, apart from its mountains, seas, and ruins, recall to the mind, through the medium of the external senses, the glories of its former state.

The greater part of the village of Katochí is situated on a sloping bank overhanging the river, across which it supplies a ferry-boat.* I found my quarters prepared in one of the best houses it contained, occupied, whether as lodger or proprietor I did not ascertain, by the young Ithacan, our boatman's cousin, settled here as an agricultural colonist, and who was exceedingly anxious to obtain from me some instruction as to the culture of the potatoe, a vegetable not yet familiar in this region. Partly, however, from the defect of our means of communication—neither his stock of Italian, nor mine of Romaic, being sufficient for the discussion of so knotty a subject—partly from my own limited knowledge of the science of green-cropping, I much fear that my lectures will not have tended greatly to spread the growth of this valuable plant on the banks of the Acheloüs. My host's dwelling, being situated on the declivity of the hill, comprised two stories in the style above mentioned. The upper floor was approached by a wooden staircase, giving

* Colonel Leake (*Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 556) describes the Acheloüs as here *four hundred yards* in breadth. With the sincerest respect for the general caution and accuracy of this valuable geographer, as well as for the fine river itself, I cannot but think that, if there is no error in the text, either his notes or his memory must have betrayed him. I am confident it is not half that breadth. As the stream is here confined in a deep bed between banks of considerable height, the difference of our impression cannot be owing to any incidental extension of its waters, from inundation or otherwise, at the period of his visit.

access to a balcony of the same material, upon which opened the doors of the two rooms his lodging comprised. One of them was filled with dirty women and children, in the midst of whom Nicóla was busily engaged by the fireside preparing my supper. The other was the apartment of the master. Here another feature of oriental manners, which forcibly strikes the attention of a Frank on first arrival in this country, presented itself, in the total absence of chair, table, bedstead, or any other article of furniture, with the exception of a wooden chest or two. This trait of Turco-Greek barbarism, though common to almost every house whose proprietor ranks below the first aristocracy of the land, among whom European politeness has gradually begun to spread, was, however, the less to be expected in the case of my Italo-Greek host, as a native of a region where such luxuries are familiar even to the middle and lower class. It may be presumed that, like a prudent man, he had thought it best to conform to the customs of his place of settlement. Among the discomforts of Greek travelling, one of the most grievous is this want of table and chair. Nothing could be more irksome or disappointing, than on arriving at the halting-place after a long and fatiguing day's march, to find one's-self altogether precluded from indulging the instinctive impulse to sit down and take a rest. The difficulty of eating a meal is another serious inconvenience. I was too old to adopt on so short a notice the native fashion of squatting on the hams, and had as little turn for the classical refinement of reclining with the body supported on the elbow. This, indeed, is a luxury which I could never figure to myself as other than exceedingly irksome; for, apart from the comparative difficulty of helping one's-self, the danger is great of an attack of the disagreeable complaint called *pins*

*and needles.** My host's apartment was, however, comparatively cleanly, with a fireplace in the Turkish fashion, —a rare luxury in a Greek cottage—the hearth slightly raised above the level of the floor, projecting far into the room, and covered with an alcove for concentrating the current of air into the chimney. It seemed, however, more for ornament than use, as there was little trace of fire having burned in it during the winter, and my attempt to light one was abandoned on account of the smoke.

While supper was preparing, I availed myself of the few remaining minutes of twilight to walk out with my host, and take a survey of the place. Scrambling up the bank behind his house among the ruins, we reached an open terrace of green turf, commanding a fine view of the sea and the surrounding country. Here we found two elders of the village enjoying their evening walk, one of whom was presented to me by my companion as the Démarchus or chief magistrate, the other as his friend, also a leading personage of the community. Both were evidently on the look-out for the Frank stranger, a rare phenomenon in these parts. The Démarchus was a fierce warlike figure, of great breadth and robustness of person, with a neck like a bull, and a coarse, but intelligent and penetrating countenance; the other, a tall, lathy, active-looking veteran, of somewhat graver appearance, was introduced to me as one of the heroic band that cut their way through the Turkish lines on the last fatal day of Mesolonghi. This qualification was sufficient at once to render its possessor the object of my profoundest respect. These Katochian primates, in common with

* This inconvenience seems not to have been felt by the initiated. Hence: τὸν ἀγκῶνα ἐρείδειν, "to fix the elbow," came to be a sort of proverb for sitting down to supper. ATHENÆUS, *Lib.* iv. p. 142. A.—LUCIAN. *Leapiph.* 6: καπειδὴ καιρὸς ἦν, ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος ἐδειπνοῦμεν.

the inhabitants of this region in general, struck me by their fine athletic persons and martial bearing, which gives to the commonest villager the air of a chief of banditti rather than a peasant. First impressions of a strange people, in a picturesque dress, are, as already observed, always to be mistrusted. But I was convinced of their correctness in this instance, by the contrast offered in the appearance of the peasantry of the vale of Delphi, to which district I was transported after a ten hours' sail two days afterwards. I also found it generally admitted, on the part of those who possess the most extensive knowledge of the present Greek nation, that the Roumeliotes—that is, the population of Southern Acarnania and Ætolia—were not only the finest race of men in continental Hellas, but the one which, in point of language, character, and the small traditional evidence of purity of descent that can in any such case be obtained, had the best claims to be considered as the genuine representatives of the ancient stock.* Although the Greeks in general are fine athletic men, yet there can be little doubt that they are indebted to their dress for a large share of the admiration bestowed on them by Frank travellers; and that a body of Palikars,† culled from the flower of the Roumeliote chivalry, if stripped of their classic accoutrements, and measured by the side of an equal number of picked yeomen from Northumberland, or the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, would be found wanting.

My new acquaintances were both equipped in the full Albanian costume—even to the huge shaggy goatskin pelisse slung over their back and shoulders—although

* See additional note at end of volume.

† Palikar is a word of uncertain origin; common, I believe, to the Indian and several other Oriental languages, and denoting among the Greeks—hero or warrior.

the weather was scarcely such as to require so formidable a protection. There is nothing, indeed, which tends more effectually to evince the muscular strength and activity of these mountaineers, than their power of taking exercise, or even performing long journeys, with this enormous mass of leather and hair dangling over their backs. This is the same article of attire known among the ancients by the name of *Sisyra*, or *Diphthera*, and used by them as now both for cloak and blanket.*

Both these personages treated me with great courtesy, and invited me to visit them in their houses. In this proposal I the more readily acquiesced, when I found that a building, which from the first distant view of the village had attracted my attention, was the residence of the hero of Mesolonghi. It was, in fact, the only remnant of the ancient Turkish splendour of the place, and, situated on the crown of the eminence, with the remains of an exterior coat of whitewash, had a striking effect in the general landscape. It had formerly been the *pyrgo*, or castle, of some Turkish governor or great man, a class of edifice between a tower and a cottage, with a square substruction of stone, beyond which projected two upper stories, composed chiefly of wood and plaster, so as to have something the appearance, at a distance, of the body of a large windmill without sails. The upper portion of its exterior was also relieved by wooden balconies or parapets. It had probably owed its preservation, amid the general ruin of every other object in its neighbourhood, to its convenience as a military post for the victorious party. Each floor contained one or two small rooms, for the most part unoccupied, or filled with lumber. After having sufficiently administered to the vanity of the proprietor, by expressions of admiration for the architecture and fitting up of his dwelling, I next

* ARISTOPH. *Av.* 122. *Nub.* 72. conf. Schol.

accompanied the Démarchus to his seat of government, and a very miserable dirty hovel it was. It consisted of but one room, divided by a black curtain into two compartments—one of which was devoted to domestic purposes, and to the accommodation of a family consisting of a wife and six children; the other was the reception chamber of the proprietor, narrow, dark, and empty, with nothing to relieve the bare walls but the projecting Turkish fireplace. Coffee and pipes were produced, and my host seating himself in the usual squatting position on a mat, in front of the hearth, on which some embers were placed, invited me to do the same on another similar rug appointed for my use, and on which I reclined with the best grace I was master of. No Lord Mayor of London could be more perfectly satisfied with the state of his domestic accommodation in all respects than was this worthy magistrate; and I readily sympathized in the honest pride with which he announced, that the seat assigned me had formerly been habitually occupied by my old friend Sir Richard Church, who, during his campaign in that district, had done him the honour to accept of quarters in his house. He had visited *Æniadæ* in the general's company, and knew it, consequently, by its classical name. He also seemed to have some knowledge of the remaining antiquities of the district, and counted over to me on his fingers the names of a number of other ruins of similar character in the neighbourhood, which I would fain have visited had my arrangements permitted. Our interview was brought to a somewhat more hasty conclusion than I could have wished, by a general assault on my person from the live stock in the mat, which rendered my seat, irksome as it was from the first, altogether intolerable; and I rose and took my leave accordingly.

The vermin that swarms in the modern Greek dwell-

ing-houses, would appear to be no new evil in this country. If we may trust Aristophanes, the mats with which the pupils of Socrates were accommodated were little preferable, in this respect, to those that adorned the hearth of the Démarchus of Katochí. The following pathetic, but only half translatable complaint, put into the mouth of Strepsiades, in "*The Clouds*," when seated on one of those pieces of furniture, bears a ludicrously close application to my own case:—

ἀπόλλυμι δείλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμποδος,
 δάκνουσί μ' ἐξέρποντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι·
 καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδάπτουσιν,
 καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
 καὶ τοὺς ὄρχεις ἐξέλκουσιν,
 καὶ τὸν πρῶκτον διορύττουσιν,
 καὶ μ' ἀπολοῦσιν.

"Alas, I'm done for ! from this rug
 What fierce assault of flea and bug !
 My sides they lash, my blood they suck,
 My very vitals out they pluck ;
 My body full of holes they bore,
 My life runs out at every pore . . ." &c.*

Another verse of the same comedy (37) would imply, that the connexion between these creepers and Démarchi is also of no modern date :

"Some Démarchus doth bite me from this mat."†

On my return to our lodging, my frugal meal was served up on a large round tin tray, of two or three inches in height, placed on the floor. This piece of furniture is adapted by its form to occupy the centre of the company at meals, who squat around it. After supper, I arranged

* *Nubes*, 709—conf. *Ran.* 439. *Nub.* 634, et alibi.

† δάκνει με Δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.

The pun is here upon the word Demus, (ΔΗΜΟΣ,) which in Greek signifies either *people*, or *rich fat meat*.

my mattress in a corner of the room, and lay down for the night. My host, who during my repast had respectfully left me to myself, then came in and settled himself in another corner, and soon after, his other guest entered and followed his example; while Nicóla, wrapping himself in his capotte, lay down like a large watch-dog on the open balcony in front of the door.

The next morning (March 1st) the Démarchus waited on me by appointment, for the purpose of acting as my cicerone to the remaining curiosities of his seat of government. This office he performed with much ceremony, strutting before me, as on the previous evening, with a military air from place to place, through mud and rubbish, stopping and turning round for a moment when I addressed him, to give his answer, and then resuming his line of march with the previous order and formality. The only object worth a visit is a church of considerable size, apparently of some antiquity, and in a good style of Byzantine architecture, but ruined and roofless. He then attended me to the ferry, where our equipage was in waiting, surrounded by a crowd of less distinguished members of the community, and bade me farewell with a hearty shake of the hand, and expressions of regret that my stay had been so short among them. All these compliments I most cordially returned. Apart from the man's friendly disposition towards myself, and the mere novelty and curiosity of his person and manners, there was something very engaging in the combination they exhibited, of martial pride, rustic simplicity, and natural good breeding.

CHAPTER XI.

ÆTOLIA—ANATOLIKÓ—MESOLONGHI—RUINS OF PLEURON.

ἔχεται δ' Αἰτωλία,
 ἐν ἡ πόλιν Πλερώων.—DICEARCH. *de St. Gr.*

“ Into Ætolia now we cross, where lies
 A city, Pleuron call'd.”

OUR course on the Ætolian side of the river lay for some distance across the flat land on its banks, which, though still for the most part swampy, here showed greater signs of cultivation. On quitting the plain, and traversing some higher tracts of irregular forest ground, we came in sight of the town of Anatolikó. This place is situated on a low island, in the middle of a long oval gulf or salt-water lake, a branch of the same line of lagoons which extend along the coast to some distance beyond Mesolonghi. It is a point of great natural strength, was the scene of much hard fighting during the war, and repeatedly taken and retaken by the belligerent parties. The water is so shallow on the western side, that a mole of stones, projecting from the shore, brings the traveller half across the intermediate space towards the island; the remainder is crossed by a ferry-boat. Anatolikó is, like other Greek towns, a mixture of ruins and straggling new houses; but showed some appearance of population and commercial activity. A Turkish minaret of considerable height still remains entire, and has an imposing effect, rising in solitary dig-

nity from the surrounding rubbish. The mean aspect of the Greek towns is much increased by the style of the shops or warehouses which line the bazar and principal thoroughfares—low wooden sheds, not unlike the moveable booths set up at fairs or markets in the towns of western Europe. In fact, the main street of a populous Greek city very much resembles the double line of these temporary edifices, which, during the few weeks of their annual fair, cumber the streets of Frankfort or Leipzig.

As we halted for a moment at a shop in the centre of the bazar, a violent altercation commenced between two respectable-looking individuals and our Wallachian agoghiate, in which Nicóla occasionally took a part. On enquiring the cause of the disturbance, I found that our passports had been demanded by the police, and found not to be in order. The only document intelligible to them was a small scrap of paper signed by the Démarchus of Katochí, with which he had presented us at parting. It had never occurred to me, nor does it seem to have occurred to the Démarchus, honest man, that we had been guilty of a great irregularity in thus unceremoniously landing in a remote corner of the country, where was neither port, custom-house, nor lazaretto; a sin against the dignity, as well as the laws of the new kingdom, which, in some of the old ones on the other side of the Ionian gulf, would infallibly have brought us into serious difficulties, or even exposed us, if detected in the act, to the risk of being shot by the coast-guard as smugglers or pirates. The Hellenes, however, although not quite so apathetic as their old masters, the Turks, on the subject of quarantine, are not altogether so fastidious as the Italians, either as to passports or bills of health; and, after a quarter of an hour of to me unintelligible vociferation, we were allowed to pass. The chief brunt of the discussion was borne by the Wallachian, as

having supplied the offenders with means of further encroachment on the interior. He, poor fellow, who knew or cared as little about such nice points of civilized government as the beasts he drove, seemed quite bewildered at being called to account for breaking a law, of the existence of which he was altogether unconscious. He defended himself, however, with all the eloquence which a naturally phlegmatic temper, and his barbarous vocabulary, placed at his disposal; while Nicóla, evidently much more amused with the predicament in which the poor Nomad was placed, and his awkward efforts to extricate himself, than apprehensive of any ulterior obstacles to our progress, did little or nothing at first to help him out of the scrape. At length, on a more distinct representation, on his part, of the peculiarities and necessities of our case, and of my rank and importance, we were permitted to continue our route.

On disembarking from the ferry-boat that transported us across the eastern arm of the lagoon, our course lay for a few miles through a low swampy jungle of very dismal character, although a considerable portion of the coppice that covered it consisted of wild olive, showing evident symptoms of a former state of high cultivation. On emerging from this wilderness, we ascend a rocky ridge of no great height, extending towards the sea from the lower declivities of Mount Zygos, (the ancient Aracynthus,) which here rises immediately to the left. From this point we obtain a view of Mesolonghi, its plain, and lagoons, with the entrance to the gulf of Patras, and the distant mountains of Ætolia and Achæa. Scattered over this height are the remains of a small fortress of regular Hellenic structure. A little further on, looking up to the left, I observed the walls of a city of considerable size, in the same style of masonry, occupying the summit of one of the most precipitous of the lower ridges

of the mountain. Judging it would be more convenient to visit these ruins from Mesolonghi, we continued our route to that place, which we reached soon after mid-day. For about a mile before entering the gate, our track lay across a sandy plain, studded with the black stumps of olive-trees, once celebrated for their size and luxuriance, but which had been cut down by Reshid Pashá during the siege, and their roots seared with fire—the only mode of paralysing the reproductive powers of this energetic plant, or at least of permanently checking its vegetation. Mesolonghi takes its name from the forests, chiefly of olives, by which it was formerly surrounded on the land side; *longhos* denoting, in the low Greek dialect, a wood. The title may now be classed under the rubric of *lucus a non lucendo*, since neither grove nor tree is at present to be seen within a circuit of several miles.

After crossing the lines of defence—always of the most wretched description—now ruined and dismantled, behind which a few thousand barbarous warriors offered so long and so heroic a resistance to the combined force of the Ottoman empire under its ablest commanders, a wide scene of filth and misery presented itself. The esplanade, of considerable extent, between the walls and the first houses of the town, for the most part a desert of mud and ruins, was studded with low wigwams of the same structure as those which formed the moveable encampment of the Wallachian shepherds, though somewhat larger. The only advantage they derived from their superior size was, that while the Wallachian dwellings were adapted for the shelter of men alone, these were evidently the promiscuous habitation of both men and cattle. Towards the extremity of this dreary suburb, we pass on the right a new, large, and substantial stone edifice, several stories in height, which I recognized at once as a barrack. In front were exercising bodies of

regular troops in Bavarian uniform, remarkably fine young men, and displaying all the order and neatness of European discipline and equipment. At first I took them for part of the German force in the service of the king, but found, on enquiry, that they belonged to a native regiment, recently formed in terms of the new law of conscription, which ordains a contingent of a certain number of men from each province, in the ratio of its population, to be raised and disciplined in the European manner.

As Mesolonghi is a leading military depot, its population was greatly swelled by the influx of these new levies, and the various functionaries, civil and military, engaged in their training and outfit. It seemed also, from the numbers of people in the principal thoroughfares, to be market-day. The places of public accommodation were consequently full; and we wandered about for some time through crowded streets, mud, and ruins, looking in vain for a lodging of any kind. The only one offered me was an open wooden loft, constructed under the roof of a long dark shed pierced with numerous holes admitting a view of the heaven, and over the heads of an assemblage of the lower order of natives, drinking, smoking, and gambling in the area below, and had so uninviting an appearance, that although I have since been contented with worse, I declined to take possession. On Nicóla's suggestion, we then proceeded to the police-office, to show our credentials, and try what the authorities could do for us. The proposal was a fortunate one. My passport was from the Foreign Office, enjoining, in the French tongue, according to the usual form, "the authorities of all countries in amity with his Britannic Majesty, by all means in their power to provide for the welfare and comfort of the bearer." No sooner had the head of the office read this formidable

paragraph, with an unintelligible pronunciation but a loud voice, in order evidently to show myself and his establishment his proficiency in the language, than he began to shower down honours on my head. He forthwith instructed one of the clerks, a remarkably handsome agreeable young Greek of about eighteen, with large sparkling black eyes, to accompany me to a lodging, on which he gave me a billet. He next appointed to attend me, as a sort of orderly or *laquais de place*, during my residence in the town, another subordinate of the establishment, (also one of the heroes of the siege,) and who, unless when sent on commissions, stuck to me like a leech during the whole of the afternoon and next morning, strutting before me wherever I went, precisely in the same manner as the Démarchus of Katochí.

The house on which we were billeted belonged, as it turned out, to the father of the young clerk of police, and was comparatively a comfortable dwelling. Our landlord, though a native of the place, had passed the greater part of his life at Constantinople, where he exercised the profession of schoolmaster, but had re-settled in his own town on the conclusion of the war. Accordingly, both his dress and the arrangement of his apartment were after the Turkish fashion, with a good fireplace, glazed windows, and a row of divans or sofas along the wall, but without either table or chair. My own lodging, a small square room at the head of the stair, here, as usual, on the outside, showed no symptoms of having been recently occupied otherwise than as a roosting-place for fowls, so that a little sweeping made it tolerably clean. My host was upon the whole the most unfavourable sample of regenerate Hellenism that I have met with in the course of my travels—a poor, cringing, whining, mercenary creature. His abject shrunken form, and servile manner and address, were yet not

without their value, as reflecting the contrast between his Constantinopolitan habits, common probably before the war to the mass of his countrymen, at least to the dwellers in towns or civilized districts, and the ordinary deportment of the same race at the present day, who, since the emancipation, affect to bear their heads high, with the conscious arrogance of tried warriors and free-men.

Being unprepared for the total deficiency of the ordinary conveniences for even the most homely toilette in this country, I had neglected to make sufficient provision against it, and was consequently here, and on some other occasions, under the necessity of placing myself in the hands of the native barbers. I found them most skilful operators, although their cutlery seemed but indifferent, and their only strop was a coarse leather thong suspended to their girdle. But my fancy was tickled by observing that each man brought with him, as a part of his apparatus, a round portable mirror with a long handle, precisely the same in form as the ancient Katoptron or Speculum.

It had been hinted at the police-office that I ought to pay my respects to the governor, a person of some importance, as Mesolonghi is the metropolis of a large province. I accordingly proceeded to his house, where I found a fine portly-looking man, richly attired in full Greek costume. He received me with much dignified politeness, in a room fitted up in the European manner. He spoke no Italian; but his secretary, who, though a native Greek, wore the Frank dress, was fluent in that language. Coffee and pipes, as usual, were produced. The luxury of smoking in this country is carried to a high degree of perfection. The tobacco is delicious, and every respectable household is provided with a stock of pipes sufficient for the use of the guests, as well as of

its own members. These are straight tubes of about five or six feet long, made of a particular kind of nut-wood, with amber mouthpieces of large size, and often richly decorated with gilding and other ornaments. The pipe-head is the same small cup of red clay commonly known in Germany by the name of Turkish. Each guest is presented with a pipe ready lighted by the servant on taking his seat, and, as soon as it is finished, another is handed to him similarly prepared for his use, while the one removed is forthwith put in order for the next relay. Fastidious objections to the use of the same mouth-piece are still less common here than in Germany; and the servant who brings in the fresh pipe generally gives it a puff or two as he approaches, to ensure its being well lighted, wiping the point with his sleeve before presenting it to the guest. In houses of distinction, where much company is seen, a domestic is kept in constant attendance for the performance of this duty. These customs are adopted generally in the houses of the Germans, and other resident Philhellenes, especially those in the military service. The Greek pipes have the inconvenience, to inveterate smokers, of not being serviceable in taking exercise or in any active occupation, like the short German tubes, with heads better secured, and mouth-pieces adapted for being held, when necessary, between the teeth or the lips. A tolerable cigar is not to be found in Greece, but a substitute is provided, by enclosing a little loose tobacco-leaf in a roll of paper. This is the customary mode of supplying this primary want of human life among all classes when in motion, either on foot or on horseback; and bunches of white slips of paper, of a size and shape adapted to the purpose, hung upon pegs, are among the articles of commerce that chiefly attract the eye of the traveller in the shops of the towns and villages as he passes along.

The conversation turned on the ruined city I had observed in the neighbourhood, which I found the learned of Mesolonghi had, with a proper regard for the credit of their own environs, very naturally, though erroneously, baptized by the name of Calydon, the ancient capital of Ætolia. In the course of the discussion Homer was incidentally quoted, when the Governor showed his acquaintance with the patriarch of his national literature, by producing a volume of the Iliad, with the Greek text on one page and a Romaic version on the other. I requested some information relative to the line of route by land towards Delphi, along the shore of the Corinthian gulf, but could obtain none of a satisfactory nature. It is one which has been little explored; and for that reason, as well as to avoid a repetition of the delays and disappointments already experienced on our sea voyages, I was inclined to prefer it. The chief difficulties it presents are the passage of the river Fídari, the ancient Evenus, and a pass called the Kakè-skala, or “Bad ladder;” both within a day’s journey of Mesolonghi. The bed of the river, always difficult to ford, often during the rainy season interrupts for many days the communication between the opposite banks. The road at the Kakè-skala runs along the face of a precipitous cliff overhanging the sea, half way up the mountain of the same name, (the ancient Taphiassus;) and if the weather or any other accident should produce a trifling change in the surface of the ground, often becomes impassable. The pass, however, derives its name as much from its bad repute as a haunt of banditti, as from its natural difficulties. The secretary said something of danger on this account, which the Governor did not altogether dispute; but, jealous apparently of the credit of his own province, contented himself with assuring me that he had no recent intelligence of brigandage within its bounds.

On my return to my lodging, I was visited by a young officer of the garrison, a native of Ithaca, but holding a commission in the Greek service, who, having heard of our arrival, had very politely come to offer me a bed in his quarters. This offer I as politely declined, being well satisfied with my present habitation. After the usual questions as to whence I had come, and whither I was going, he expressed his amazement at my foolhardiness in venturing without a strong escort through the region I had traversed, and remonstrated strenuously against my proposal to pursue my journey by land, supporting his advice by a fearful picture of the lawless state of the country. He assured me that he himself or his comrades seldom ventured willingly, unless in large parties and well armed, far beyond sight of the walls of the garrison. That the conscription law had much increased the evil, the strong aversion to the service of the regular army having induced many of the recruits to abscond or desert, and, as usual in such cases, to take the hill and lead a predatory life. He dwelt on the lawless habits of the villages along the line of route, which he represented as so many nests of banditti, and assured me that a large proportion of the picturesque figures I had seen lounging about the streets of the town, were characters of the most desperate description; that Mesolonghi was a central depot of the veteran palikars of the old irregular army, who, disappointed of place or promotion on the final establishment of the national independence, which they had believed was to shower down gold on the heads of its valiant assertors, were now living from day to day in idleness and profligacy, on the remnants of the plunder amassed and secreted during their former campaigns, or on the fruits of occasional acts of outrage. He even went the length of expressing his conviction of the probability, that at that moment some plan of attack

on our party was forming among them, to be carried into execution at the first convenient pass on the road, should we continue our journey in the same careless manner. This account was evidently so exaggerated, that it was the less easy to conjecture what might be the real basis of fact on which there could be little doubt it was founded. On his departure I mentioned what had passed to Nicóla, who, as was to be expected, turned the whole matter into ridicule, rating me soundly at the same time for listening at all to such idle gossip. He assured me that he had as good means of information as to the danger or safety of the routes, as any young coxcomb of the new conscript army, and that, if I would only trust to him, he would guarantee me against all risk. Although (as will appear in the sequel, and as he himself afterwards admitted) he somewhat overrated his own penetration, I felt certainly more disposed to confide in his judgment than in that of the Ithacan lieutenant.

It had been suggested to me that a visit to the town-commandant as well as the governor would be proper. On arriving at his quarters I was agreeably surprised to find, in the fine tall military-looking man to whom I was introduced as the present occupant of this post, Colonel F——, a distinguished German Philhellene. It was my lot to be indebted to the Universities of Germany for a considerable share of my education, and I have since been thrown much into the society of natives of that country; so that, in addition to the friendships formed among them at that more youthful period, and maintained, however imperfectly, through the medium of partial correspondence, or meetings at long intervals, I have been enabled to extend my circle of acquaintance in many new and interesting directions. The advantage of an early intimacy with this excellent people I have had numberless opportunities of appreciating in after life;

and at no time more than during this journey. There is no nation whose heart warms with such ready sympathy, in a distant region, not only towards a countryman, but also towards a foreigner who shows a knowledge of—or interest in—their native land and language. Upon the whole, the Germans must be admitted to be inferior to both the English and French in the quality commonly called national spirit; but in this especial branch of it they certainly surpass both their rivals. Englishmen, although proverbial, when collected in numbers at any of the great resorts of continental travellers, for their tendency to herd together, are often, especially those of the upper rank, cold and distant, or even distrustful towards each other, when they happen to meet as unknown individuals on a distant shore; and instead of being gratified when addressed by a foreigner in their own language, are apt perhaps rather to discourage it as a medium of conversation, being often more anxious to display or to improve their knowledge of other tongues, than to enjoy the advantage they derive in their intercourse with strangers from a fluency in their own. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is so perfectly satisfied how indispensable an intimate acquaintance with France—or rather perhaps with Paris—its language and usages, is, to constitute the smallest amount of excellence in human character, that even a large share of such qualifications can hardly be expected to have much effect on his feelings towards their possessor. With the Germans the case is different. Wherever it has been my lot to be thrown into their society in the course of my travels, I have invariably found a few words addressed to them in their own tongue an immediate passport to favour and cordiality; and that we soon became, through this medium, on as intimate a footing as one could wish to be with a countryman; especially if, as rarely failed to

happen, the conversation turned on persons or things of common acquaintance or interest to each, in their own romantic land.

Such was the case at present, and in various other instances in the sequel of my Hellenic tour. I was politely received by the Colonel, who, according to the usual courtesy, addressed me on first entrance in French; but no sooner had I asked him in his own language whether he was not a native of Germany, than his manner changed at once from courteous to friendly. He immediately placed such accommodation as his quarters supplied at my disposal, an offer which, for the same reason as formerly, I declined: but I readily accepted the invitation to drink tea and spend a portion of the evening with himself and lady, a very pleasing young person of good family in Holstein, several of whose connexions had been among my own intimates at Göttingen and Heidelberg. The Colonel did not admit the full extent of the Ithacan lieutenant's report as to the state of the country, although he did not deny it a certain foundation in fact; while another German officer, chief of the medical staff, who happened to be present, pronounced it to be very little exaggerated. The Commandant, however, upon the whole, strongly dissuaded me from the land journey, especially if my time was limited, urging, apart from the risk of warlike adventures, the difficulties of the country, and the state of the roads and rivers. He assured me that the passage up the Corinthian gulf to Skala di Sálona, the port below Delphi—besides its own beauty and interest—could hardly, making every reasonable allowance for contingencies of weather, last half the time that a land journey would necessarily occupy. I therefore decided upon once more trusting the fickle element.

Before breaking up for the evening, a party was made

for a visit to the Hellenic ruins in the neighbourhood on the ensuing forenoon; the colonel, and his friend the staff-surgeon, who were both familiar with the ground, offering to act as my ciceroni, and the former to mount me on one of his horses. I gave orders to Nicóla to engage a bark for the voyage, to be in readiness against our return, in order that, going on board in the evening, we might be enabled to start at latest with daybreak on the next morning.

As the remains of Pleuron, the more recent city, that is, of the name—for so Leake on satisfactory grounds has established them to be—have been very fully described by both that traveller and Dodwell, I shall confine my remarks to such peculiarities as appeared to myself more especially deserving of notice. Our party was joined in riding out of the town by another German officer, chief of the engineer department. We left our horses at the base of the hill, as the site of the city is not accessible otherwise than on foot. The ruins occupy the broad summit of one of the precipitous rocky heights which bound the plain of Mesolonghi to the north. On the sides of another lower eminence on the right hand, nearer Mesolonghi, are some lines of wall in the Cyclopian style, but not of very massive structure. The walls of Pleuron, which are in a tolerable state of preservation in almost their whole circuit, are of Hellenic masonry, with square towers at unequal intervals. The circumference of the peribolus, which is in the form of an irregular oblong quadrangle, may be near two miles. Over nearly the whole extent of the site, traces of buildings are observable. A little to the east of its centre is an esplanade of considerable extent, which there can be little doubt was the agora, offering foundations of edifices of considerable compass and symmetrical arrangement. The theatre has the peculiarity of being excavated in the rock, immedi-

ately within the rampart, in the centre of the western side of the peribolus, so that the stage must have been identical with the interior parapet of the wall; while the battlements, and one of the towers comprehended within the space it occupied, may have afforded the groundwork for the decorations of the scene and the working of the stage mechanism. It commands a noble prospect across the plain below, and the sea, bounded by the Echinean mountains. Not far from the theatre, towards the centre of the city, is a deep excavation in the rock, of large size, and somewhat singular form. It was probably a cistern, and presents some close points of analogy to the Sette Sale on the Esquiline hill of Rome. Like them it is divided into partitions, by parallel cross walls perforated with arches, or rather with triangular openings formed by the approximation of horizontal courses, the common Hellenic substitute for the arch. No marble fragments, nor any other remains of ornamental architecture, are visible on any part of the ground, except a few massive blocks of stone pilaster on the site of the agora, the capital of one of which was decorated in low relief with an elegant species of volute.

Dodwell has endeavoured, in a very diffuse and uncritical dissertation, to prove these ruins to be those of *Æniadæ*, in the face of the positive testimony of various passages of the ancients, which he himself quotes and misinterprets, showing that city to have been situated among the marshes on the other side of the *Acheloüs*. Gell is in the same error. Leake,* with his usual re-

* *North. Greece*, vol. iii. p. 539.—His conjecture as to the site of the more ancient city, if, as I presume, his remarks apply to the vestiges of Cyclopiæ wall already mentioned, in the immediate neighbourhood to the eastward, is less plausible; since the text of Strabo, his own principal authority, distinctly implies that the Homeric Pleuron was situated on the plain, near the Evenus or Fidari, at a much greater distance from the more recent settlement of its population.

search and penetration, has established them, on satisfactory grounds, to be the remains of the later town of Pleuron, built by the refugees from the old Homeric city of the same name, when destroyed by Demetrius Ætolicus in the year 235 B.C.

“Pleuron,” says Strabo,* “formerly one of the bulwarks of Hellas, now lies humbled in the dust.” If this description be correct, the state of the city in his day must have been very much what it is now.

Leake says that at the period of his tour he found but one individual in Mesolonghi who had ever visited these ruins. Taste for archæological pursuits seems to have made progress in the place since that time. Besides my German friends, both the governor and his secretary spoke at least as if they were familiar with them; and my young host, with whom, as being tolerably versed in the classical Greek, I was enabled to carry on a good deal of conversation, assured me he had often been on the ground. One of the evidences of the truth of his statement, if not of his competency to appreciate the object of his curiosity, was his further assurance, in answer to my question on the subject, that I should find a considerable number of inscriptions (*παλαιὰ γράμματα*) among the ruins. My anticipations of antiquarian discovery, which had been considerably raised by this piece of intelligence, were amusingly disappointed, on finding that these epigraphic monuments consisted of the names of the colonel, the doctor, and various other curious persons, for the most part Philhellenes, scratched in their best orthography, on the smoothest stones in the neighbourhood of one of the principal gates, and other more prominent parts of the masonry of the wall.

CHAPTER XII.

MESOLONGHI—ITS DEFENCE AGAINST THE TURKS—CHARACTER OF
MODERN GREEK NATION.

εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε τύχη.
'Ελλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίην περιθεῖναι,
κεῖμεθ' ἀγερῶντι χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.—SIMONID. *Epigr.*

“ If glorious death be virtue's brightest crown,
That boon to us no envious fate denied;
No time can tarnish our dear-bought renown,
Who true to Hellas and to freedom died.”

MESOLONGHI, in the midst of its ruins, wooden sheds, and straw hovels, contains, scattered here and there, a few of the better class of Greek two-story houses. The shops were well stocked with provisions and merchandise; and what with the garrison, the recruiting establishment, and the crowds of country people in the bazar, the interior of the town presented a lively bustling appearance. In the centre of each of the principal thoroughfares is a piece of coarse stone causeway, a relic of the Turkish period, scarcely broad enough to admit of two horses passing abreast. The interval between it and the houses on each side, was in most places a river of liquid mud. The natural strength of the fortress is great. On the land side it is separated by a flat plain from the lower declivities of Mount Zygos, which are at too great a distance to command any portion of its defences. Towards the sea it is protected by a stretch of shoals and mud-banks, called the Lagoons of

Mesolonghi, which, while they prevent the near approach of heavy vessels, afford great facilities for lighter craft, laden with provisions or reinforcements, to elude the vigilance of a blockading squadron. The key of the place on the maritime side is the small island or mud-bank of Vasiládi, situated in the centre of the lagoons immediately in front of the town, at from two to three miles' distance. These lagoons abound in fish, which supply the principal employment as well as subsistence of the population, and are exported in considerable quantities.

The resistance which Mesolonghi opposed to the Turkish armaments successively fitted out against it, supplies the most brilliant chapters in the history of the late eventful war. The great catastrophe of the siege of 1825-6, more especially, ought to be sufficient, in the eyes of every impartial admirer of true heroism, to invest its squalid ruins with an interest equal to any that can attach to the most splendid remains of Greek or Roman architecture; and entitles the band of warriors who defended them, to a place in the annals of valorous achievement, second to that occupied by no other body of men in any age or country. The very dilapidation, mud, and misery, in which the place is now sunk, is but an additional claim on our generous sympathies, as affording living evidence of the sufferings, as well as the prowess of the garrison.

Among the most familiar and oft quoted examples of the inconsistency of human nature, as displayed even in one of its noblest impulses, the pursuit of knowledge, is the zeal which impels travellers to roam into distant countries, in search of objects of wonder or interest, while many, perhaps equally deserving of attention, in their native land, are not deemed worthy of the few days' — or perhaps hours' — journey, which would be

required to explore them. This remark applies with little less force to historical than to geographical research. Remoteness of time and of place seems to be equally gifted with the power of magnifying the importance of objects; like the mists that cause mountains, or other prominent features of a landscape, to exhibit a greater bulk to the eye than they in reality possess. The mind of the young student of history is thus habituated to concentrate its enthusiasm for what is great or glorious in human conduct or character, around certain events of standard celebrity, as viewed through the dim obscurity of remote ages; while others possessing similar claims to his admiration, which are passing immediately around him, are little appreciated or disregarded.

An intelligent traveller would feel ashamed to return from a tour in Greece without having examined the fields of Marathon or Plataea. It may be questioned whether one in a thousand ever visits Mesolonghi, unless driven by stress of weather into its port, or that it happens to form a convenient stage in the progress of his classical researches.

I remember at Athens to have heard a veteran Philhellene, who had borne his share in the brunt of the war, and of whose name honourable mention occurs in the narrative of its vicissitudes, maintain, that the acts of prowess by which it was distinguished fell no way short of those which shed the greatest lustre on the most brilliant period of old Hellenic history—that of the Persian invasion. The remark, though acquiesced in by some of his comrades, struck me at the moment as a paradox or an exaggeration; but on a fair estimate of all the specialties of the two cases, it was difficult to see how it could be controverted. Apart from individual displays of valour or patriotism, it is necessary, in order to a just balance of the merits of any such comparison,

that we should consider, in each case, the whole circumstances under which the struggle commenced and was carried on. In the Greeks of the present age we find a people who, after having, at a remote period of history, passed through the successive stages of decline, decay, and death, to which the body politic, like the human frame, is inevitably destined—who, after having lain for upwards of a thousand years in a state of corruption and torpor, though in the enjoyment, it is true, of a species of mock independence—had been finally reduced to little better than abject slavery, by the most cruel race of foreign tyrants that ever planted its settlements in a conquered country. During more than four successive centuries, they had been habituated to be buffeted and spit upon, to see their laws set aside or violated, their religion trampled under foot, their industry blighted, and their substance absorbed by the most grinding system of taxation; and, under the influence of these accumulated causes of debasement, had become, perhaps not undeservedly, a byword among the surrounding nations for all that is contemptible and worthless in our species. That any people under such circumstances should have preserved a national character at all, is perhaps a rare phenomenon; but that they should at this last hour suddenly shake off the spirit of tame submission which had become to them a second nature, and rise to a man against the overwhelming power of their oppressors, with all the native energy of a young and vigorous race of fierce barbarians, is an event unexampled in the history of mankind.

How stands the case on the other side? The Greeks, at the period of the Persian war, were a people in the flower of youth and vigour, flushed with recollections of ancient glory, filled with the loftiest spirit of national pride and independence. The whole population was regularly trained to arms, and inured to the dangers and

duties of military life. Their lower classes were practised warriors, their upper ranks skilful commanders. Their armies and fleets were in a high state of discipline and equipment, and were opposed to comparatively undisciplined and unwarlike hordes. They were invaded, it is true, by the whole force of a mighty empire, of which their native country, in point of extent, would scarcely have furnished a petty province; but it was at that time fully peopled, and the single state of Attica probably contained a population little short of that of the whole of Greece proper at the present day. Their enemies were at a distance, and full time was given to prepare and concentrate their means of defence. In the case of the modern Greeks, all these favourable circumstances were reversed. In addition to the disadvantages already noticed, the wealthier classes were either merchants or servants of the Porte—a timid and time-serving race. Their warriors were brigands and outlaws, or raw unpractised peasantry; their mariners, fishermen or pirates. Commanders they had none, above the rank of a captain of bucaniers or of mountain banditti. Funds they could scarcely be said to possess at all. Their enemies were not only a race of approved valour and powerful resources, comparatively disciplined, experienced, and well equipped, but were cantoned in the heart of their country, and in possession of all its principal fortresses. In respect to numbers, the disproportion between the Christian population of Greece and the Turkish empire, may be considered virtually as great as that between the dominions of Xerxes and the states of the Hellenic confederacy. But besides this, during the two or three first years of the war, they had not only the force of their declared enemy to contend with, but the still more galling hostility of his European allies, many of whom, under the name of neutrality, used every means consist-

ent with the shadow of its maintenance, to favour the Turks and browbeat the Greeks. Driven from their fields and homes, to make their abode for months or years "in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth;" astonished and appalled to find themselves denounced as the common enemy of civilized Europe, in those very quarters to which they had most confidently looked for sympathy and support—under all these afflict-ing discouragements they never lost heart; and a few raw levies of squalid mountaineers or unwarlike fishermen, by the unaided resources of their own valour or conduct, successively overpowered the garrisons, dispersed the choicest armies, and baffled or discomfited the ponderous navies, of one of the mightiest empires of modern times.

While the history of the present race of Greeks supplies many strong internal evidences, amid all their degeneracy, of the justice of the claim they advance to a share, at least, in the blood as well as of the spirit of the ancient Hellenes,* it affords at the same time a striking proof of the *tenacity* of character which the Creator originally stamped on that favoured people, in appointing it the guide and instructor of the civilized world, in those arts and pursuits which tend chiefly to adorn and

* It is not my intention here or elsewhere to enter into the much-controverted question, as to the exact quantity of ancient Greek blood that may still flow in the veins of the modern Greek population. The strongest argument of their Hellenic descent, by however spurious a line, is the testimony borne by the most competent and impartial judges, whose opinions have been formed on personal experience, to the numerous points of resemblance which their disposition and habits, amid all the changes and corruptions they have undergone, still present to those portrayed to us in the pages of the popular writers of the best period of antiquity. See LEAKE, *Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 14, *seq.* 438. GORDON, *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 32, *seq.* Some of the traits of character or manner described from time to time in the course of this narrative, may perhaps, in however slight a degree, help to confirm this view.

ennoble our species. Long after the extinction of their own independence, their political subjection to the neighbouring powers that successively rose in the ascendant, was invariably accompanied by a corresponding subjection on the part of their masters to their own moral and intellectual influence. If Greece was obliged to yield to Macedon or Rome the palm of military or political power, both were proud in their turn to acknowledge her sway in every branch of art, science, and literature. On the break-up of the Roman empire, Greece was the only one of its constituent elements that continued to preserve a political status. Her talent had, it is true, degenerated into low cunning and intrigue—her learning into sophistry and pedantry; her art had become barbarous and grotesque. Yet she long continued, amid the still deeper intellectual darkness in which the rest of Europe was enveloped, to be acknowledged as the light that guided her states in the path of reviving civilization. It was this native intellectual superiority, such as it now was—this combined tenacity and elasticity of spirit, that enabled the Hellenic provinces, alone among the fragments of the Roman empire, to stem by whatever means the tide of encroachment from the new and vigorous barbarians who on every side surrounded and harassed them; to establish themselves as an influential member of the new European system; and to maintain a political independence for upwards of a thousand years, and the distinctive character and language which still belong to them for upwards of fifteen hundred, after the Romans themselves had forfeited all claim to a separate existence, either as a state or a nation. Nay, it is notorious, that the military and civil organization even of the Turkish empire, had been, for long previous to the late rupture, vested in a great measure in the hands of

Greeks; that while the name of some proud visir or pashá figured on the surface, some shrewd Greek secretary was the director of the hidden machinery; and in these latter days she has afforded an example, perhaps the only one upon record, of a nation politically dead rising phoenix-like from its ashes, and asserting its ancient independence, on the same ground where it had possessed it from the beginning of time, and forfeited it during two thousand years.*

The very vices for which the modern Greeks are chiefly notorious, cunning, deceit, and intrigue, are but an inheritance derived from those nobler talents for which they were formerly distinguished. According to one of their own proverbs, that "the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar," such defects are naturally greater in proportion to the original excellence of the genius of which they are a corruption. Habitually exposed to plunder and oppression from the lords of the soil—precluded from the free enjoyment of the fruits of their honest industry, the vassal was instinctively led, or rather driven, to avail himself, in self-defence, of those resources which his native superiority of intellect placed at his disposal: and all the arts of deceit and chicanery of which they were the hereditary proprietors, were put forth, in order to compensate the cruel disadvantages under which they laboured in their dealings with their oppressors.

Among the modes in which this *tenacity* of character has been displayed, there is none that ought to speak home more powerfully to the sympathies of Christian Europe, than the constancy of their adherence to their faith, amid the numerous tempting inducements to conform to that of their conquerors. The Mahometan religion is essentially one of proselytism, and there is none that holds out, to the Christian portion

* See additional note at end of the volume.

of the Sultan's own subjects more especially, so many temptations to apostasy. A Greek renegado at once passed from degradation to respectability, from the rank of a slave to that of a master, and, if a man of talent, had a ready path opened up to wealth and power. Yet even individual instances of conversion are comparatively rare among the Greeks, while no example of apostasy in the mass, on the part of any large province or community, is, I believe, on record. That this spirit is not characteristic of the Byzantine church at large, but proper to the essentially Greek portion of its communicants, seems to be evinced by reference to the very contrary conduct of their neighbours and cousins the Albanians—a race, generally speaking, of far greater pride and independence of character than the natives of Greece proper. Since their subjection to the Turks, whole tribes of that nation, tempted by the privilege and profit it secured them, have embraced the Ottoman faith; and what are now called Albanian Turks, forming a large proportion of the population of those provinces, are for the most part the descendants of apostate Christians. That the same pertinacity was inherent in the moral as well as religious element of the Greek character, when once roused to a sense of its dignity, seems also warranted by the fact, which I believe cannot be disputed, that although individual instances of treachery were of frequent occurrence, the whole eight years of the late war furnish not one example of desertion in the mass from the national cause, or formal submission to the enemy, on the part of any district or large body of men, amid the abundance of temptation to such conduct to which they were constantly exposed.

Apart, therefore, from mere classical association, the events of this war, from the very nature of the contest, afford matter of rare and deep interest to the contempla-

tion of the philosophic mind. Neither the revolutions of our own state of society, nor the page of universal history, offer any other instance of a naturally fine race oppressed with two thousand years of corruption, engaged in a desperate and united effort to shake the burden from their backs, and resume their place in the ranks of free and independent nations. It is in such a case more especially, that the student of human nature may expect to see all those mysteries of the heart, those strange anomalies, which the equal polish and refined mechanism of civilized life have effaced or smoothed down on the surface of our own state of society, displayed in their simple nakedness before his eyes. Hence, accordingly, the strange combinations which the vicissitudes of this struggle exhibit, not merely in the same people, but in the same individual, of the strength and the weakness of human character; of the meanest vices with the noblest virtues; of courage and cowardice; of treachery and devoted fidelity; of sordid avarice, and generous sacrifice of personal interest to public good.

But it might perhaps be urged, as indeed I remember myself to have experienced in former attempts to advocate Philhellenic principles, in opposition to the admirers of the Turkish character and government: How can any generous mind be expected to sympathize even with a good cause, the assertion of which is marked by such fearful acts of perfidy and cold-blooded atrocity? In reply to this question, it might again be asked, to return to our previous parallel: What sort of morality is that which can dwell with enthusiasm on the glories of those Spartans who, in defiance of the rights of nations and of the conditions of a treaty, swept off at one blow the place and nation of Plataea from the face of Hellas; who, under the most aggravated circumstances of treachery and contumely, butchered in cold blood a

band of the best and bravest of their fellow-countrymen—of a stock to whose valour and patriotism they themselves, in common with the rest of Greece, had not many years before declared themselves under an everlasting debt of gratitude, for its exertions in the common cause of Hellenic freedom—and all for no other reason than that they had, in the exercise of their just privilege of a free state, been faithful to the interests of old and valued friends, against their bitterest enemies? * What shall we say to the morality which can look with admiration or indulgence on the perpetrators of such deeds as these, but turns with sentimental nausea from the fierce out-breakings of long suppressed fury on the part of their unfortunate descendants, against a race of aliens and enemies, who had goaded them to the last extremity by nearly four centuries of grinding oppression?

Let us at least be consistent. If the massacre of a conquered foe, in defiance of the laws of nations or of equity, be a ground for extinguishing the glory that attends heroic exploit, then let the praises of Sparta, or even of Athens, be erased from the page of history. But if, in consideration of the general character of their citizens for valour and patriotism, we palliate such enormities in their case, where the motives were comparatively trivial, often scandalous, it were mere pedantry to refuse a similar indulgence to their unfortunate descendants, where the incitements were so powerful, so far beyond the bounds of ordinary human control—one might almost say, so just and reasonable. It were here almost superfluous to add, as a further ground of palliation, that our “ancient allies” showed themselves at least as great adepts in the arts of treachery and massacre as their revolted slaves. It is, however, after all, mere sophistry to attach the same importance to such practices in a contest

* See chap. xxi. of this Journal.

carried on between barbarous nations, (for such, in fact, were both the belligerents,) in a barbarous manner, as would belong to them in the campaigns of the civilized states of western Europe.

Among the various illustrations of the foregoing remarks supplied by the authentic annals of the war, we shall here be contented with a short outline of the fate of Mesolonghi, by which they were first suggested.*

It was in the month of June 1821, that this fortress, simultaneously with Anatolikó, first hoisted the standard of revolt, and became, during the whole sequel of the contest, the chief rallying point of the patriotic cause in north-western Greece. In the month of October following commenced the first siege of the place, on the return of the President Maurocordato—one of the staunchest patriots and bravest soldiers, if not one of the best generals, the insurgents possessed—from an expedition into Acarnania, the disastrous result of which was attributed mainly to the treachery and dissensions of some of the barbarous chiefs of that country. The defence of the town with his present means seemed now almost hopeless, and his officers objected to any further sacrifice in favour of a district on whose co-operation they could

* We shall prefer as our chief authority the work of General Gordon, the only one I have met with which has any real pretensions to be considered as a military history of the revolution. In addition to his own share in the contest, the author was otherwise favoured with sources of information, through his personal familiarity with the leading characters who figured in its vicissitudes, and his access to original documents, many of which have been cited in his appendices. Another reason for preferring his authority in the present case, is, that with an evident anxiety to exercise the strictest impartiality, he evinces at the same time a desire to counteract the exaggerated statements of the Greeks themselves, and their ultra admirers, relative to their military exploits; so that his narrative may, upon the whole, be considered as tending rather to underrate, than to exalt the deeds of the patriots.

place so little dependence. His answer was, that if he evacuated Mesolonghi, the province it commanded would submit to the enemy, who would thus have a favourable outlet for pouring troops through Patras into the Morea, already hard pressed by the Turks; and that he was resolved to defend its walls to the last extremity. "Nothing," says General Gordon,* "could at first sight wear a more desperate appearance, than this determination to stand a siege in a little town, built on a mud-bank level with the waves, protected merely by an unfinished ditch, seven feet wide and five deep, with a parapet of stones and earth, four feet high and two and a half in thickness; add to this, that the absurd development of its lines would have required a garrison of 4000 soldiers, and he had only 380, while his train of ordnance consisted of fourteen old iron guns, with but powder enough for one month's consumption." With this stock of troops and ammunition, aided by the counsels and tactics of six distinguished Philhellene officers, he succeeded in keeping at bay, and ultimately routing, an army of ten thousand men of the Turco-Albanian militia, the flower of the Ottoman troops. By a joint exercise of valour, stratagem, and political intrigue, he managed to amuse and perplex the thick-skulled Turkish commander, Omer Uriones, until he had gained time to improve the fortifications, and introduce supplies and reinforcements through the medium of the Hydriote navy; so that before any serious operations had commenced on the part of the enemy, the garrison had swelled to two thousand men. On the 5th of November, the Turks made their grand assault with great fierceness and determination; but were repulsed at all points, with the loss of five or six hundred of their best men. A few days afterwards the Ottoman general, setting fire

* *History of Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 157, seq.

to his camp, commenced his retreat. The Greeks sallying forth harassed his rear, and captured part of his baggage and ordnance. His army, in an attempt to cross the Acheloiüs, was repulsed with severe loss, by a corps of Ætoliæ and Mænotes, under a nephew of Maurocordato. After another interval, during which famine was superadded to his other disasters, he with difficulty succeeded in fording the river, with a loss of 600 men swept away by the stream. Upon this ensued a mutiny, and complete break-up of the force; and the pashá himself withdrew, secretly and in disguise, from the scene of his disgrace.

In October of the following year, another army of 15,000 men was fitted out ostensibly against Mesolonghi, under the same commander, while the capitán pashá blockaded the place by sea. Mortified, however, by his late failure, and impressed with an extravagant idea of the strength of the place, Omer never ventured to approach it, but occupied himself with the siege of Anatolikó. Here, again, a garrison of about 500 men, with a few old guns, in the working of which a British artilleryman of the name of Martin did good service, baffled all his attempts, and he was again forced to break up, and retreat into Epirus.

Mesolonghi soon after became the rendezvous of the leading English Philhellenes, who now began to take a prominent part in the cause, but whose co-operation had hitherto been directed to writing and negotiating funds, rather than fighting. Lord Byron arrived there on the 5th January 1824. His reputation and money at once obtained him an authority, of which the talent he displayed in a sphere of action so new to him showed him to be worthy. His unfortunate fate is well known. Mesolonghi was now the head-quarters of the turbulent militia of Northern Greece, as well as of the little less

wild and unmanageable spirits, who had collected from other parts of Europe, to gather laurels on the classic soil. Harassed by their dissensions and mutinies, and by the intrigues and plots which the jealousy of some of the native chiefs set on foot against his authority, or even his personal safety, his health declined. With characteristic recklessness, he neglected to adopt the ordinary precautions or remedies for its re-establishment, and sank into the grave on the 19th of April, at the moment of an awful thunder-storm.

On the capture of Navarino by Ibrahim Pashá, and after several disastrous engagements had shown the inability of the Peloponnesian mountaineers, with their wild and brigand-like mode of fighting, to keep the field against the disciplined Egyptian troops, the previous importance of Mesolonghi was still further enhanced, as the principal bulwark of the patriotic cause. The Turks, therefore, determined to make another grand effort for its reduction, and its lines consequently became the rallying place of the best and bravest combatants, native and foreign, from every portion of the Hellenic territory. The place was invested in the last days of April 1825, by Reshid Mehemet Pashá, considered one of the ablest generals and politicians Turkey has ever produced, and who had been appointed Roumeli-Valesi, or governor of Western Greece and Epirus, with unlimited powers, for the express purpose of carrying this great object into effect. The besieging force was reckoned in round numbers at 20,000, of which, perhaps, not above 15,000 were fighting men. As they had the command of the sea, supplies of provisions and artillery were introduced from Patras and Lepanto. The garrison was computed, at the outset, at something more than 3000, which number, when the Greek navy afterwards obtained temporary possession of the sea, was increased

to 4000, with about fifty pieces of ordnance, of various calibre. The fortifications were still of a very paltry description, in spite of the pains that had been taken under Byron's auspices to improve them, and of the imposing terms of modern military science by which they were dignified.

The operations on each side consisted for a while chiefly of fierce assaults on the respective lines of defence, in which the Greeks, though obliged to perform the double duty of pioneers and soldiers, were invariably successful. It were inconsistent with the limits of this notice, to detail the numerous bold feats or ingenious stratagems by which these rude warriors frustrated all the elaborate operations of their scientific and persevering adversary. Sometimes, sallying forth with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other, they slaughtered numbers of the enemy, annihilated their newly thrown up works, and carried back arms, standards, and prisoners to the place. On other occasions, trusting to their superiority of physical strength as well as courage, they allowed large bodies of assailants to mount a breach, and then suddenly rushing forth, drove them with terrible carnage back to their lines. The grand attack of the Turks was on the 2d of September, when, springing a mine beneath the principal bulwark of the place, called the Franklin battery, they advanced with their whole disposable force, and succeeded in planting twenty standards on the ruins; but, after several hours of desperate fighting, they were repulsed. In this affair alone the Turks are computed, according to the lowest estimate, to have lost 500 men. Soon after, the Greek squadron by a series of skilful manœuvres dispersed the unwieldy fleet of the capitán pashá, and gave freedom to the place on the sea side—most opportunely, as famine was just beginning to prevail in the garrison.

The wet season now set in, and hunger, disease, and desertion, so thinned the ranks of the enemy, that their force dwindled down to 3000 fighting men; and even these reduced numbers, harassed in the rear by the guerillas from the mountains, found difficulty in procuring subsistence. The pashá, determined rather to perish than abandon the siege, buried himself for the present in such a line of intrenchments, as he thought would suffice to resist any attack on the part of the besieged, who now naturally entertained thoughts of marching out in their turn, and cutting him off in his position. But the measures which they had already set on foot for this purpose were frustrated by the favourable change that speedily showed itself in the enemy's camp. In as far as his original force was concerned, the siege was now virtually at an end. But the Turkish government had staked its honour and its hopes of subduing Greece on the reduction of Mesolonghi; and after a short interval, the garrison found the whole energies of the Ottoman empire united against them. The capitán pashá put to sea with a fleet of 135 sail, seventy-nine of which were men-of-war. Ibrahim crossed from the Morea with an army of about 15,000 men, for the most part disciplined troops, with a large proportion of practised artillerymen; while Reshid himself received reinforcements which made up his numbers to 10,000; so that the whole besieging force, in the beginning of 1826, amounted to 25,000, with a vastly superior train of ordnance, and greater skill in its management.

So long as the manœuvres of the Greek squadron sufficed, partially at least, to keep open the communication by sea, and favour the introduction of provisions or of slight reinforcements, to make up, to whatever small amount, the perpetual thinning of their numbers, the besieged continued to look with contempt on the imposing

array of the enemy ; but these resources were now about to fail them. The overwhelming force of the Turkish fleet left little hopes of any further interruption of the blockade, and their condition was daily becoming more deplorable. "Invested for ten months," says their historian, "frequently on the verge of starvation, thinned by fatigue, watching, and wounds, they had already buried 1500 soldiers. The town was in ruins, and they lived amongst the mud and water of their ditches, exposed to the inclemency of a rigorous season, without shoes, and in tattered clothing. As far as the eye could stretch over the waves, they beheld nothing but Turkish flags; the plain was studded with Mussulman tents and standards: while the gradual appearance of new batteries more skilfully disposed, the field days of the Arabs, and the noise of saws and hammers, gave fearful warning of what was in preparation. Yet did these gallant Acarnanians, Epirotes, and Ætolians, never flinch for a moment; no thought of submission ever crossed their mind, and they carried as bold a front as in their hours of festivity." There could, indeed, be little chance of their capitulating with Reshid, whose habitual practice it was to put his male prisoners to death; but Ibrahim, who plumed himself—and with justice—on his good faith and humanity, supposed they might treat with him. He accordingly sent a messenger, (Jan. 13,) desiring the garrison to depute to him persons who could speak Albanian, Turkish, and French, with an offer of any hostages they might name. The Greeks replied, that "They did not understand so many languages, being illiterate men who were only used to handle the sword and the gun."

The works of the besiegers were now complete. Between the 23d and 27th of the month of January, they discharged 8000 shot and shells. The remains of the houses vanished; but as the garrison, taught by previous

experience, crouched in vaults and ditches, the loss of life was but trifling, and the majority of the sufferers were females. One of the noblest features of this struggle is, that the native population of the place, which, with the usual proportion of women, formed the bulk of its whole number, went hand in hand with the soldiers in all their labours, bore their privations with equal patience, and joined in all their desperate resolutions to persevere, and reject every offer of accommodation. Another circumstance, characteristic of this spirit of devotion, is the readiness with which, even at the last fatal extremity, when death stared them in the face, parties from without, whenever an opportunity offered for their introduction, volunteered to reinforce the garrison. A noble example of this species of self-sacrifice is that recorded of the Moreote Papa, Diamando Poulos, who, originally bred to the church, had officiated as municipal prefect of the town during the siege. Having found means in the month of February to effect a passage to Zante, for the purpose of raising supplies, he returned through all the dangers of the blockading force, at the eleventh hour, to die with his countrymen, and was accordingly one of the victims of the great catastrophe of the siege.

This fierce bombardment was followed by a repetition of the same series of impetuous assaults, sallies, and bloody combats, man to man, on the ramparts or in the trenches, in which the Greeks, as before, were constantly victorious. But the faint hopes which they still ventured to cherish were soon extinguished by the capture of Vasiládi, the key of the fortress towards the sea. The fall of this place now became inevitable, from the overwhelming superiority of the enemy's naval force, and their complete mastery of both sea and lagoons. It was gallantly defended with sixty men by a veteran Italian artillery officer, Captain Giacomuzzi, who succeeded,

with a portion of the survivors, in cutting his way, wading through the boats of the enemy, into the town. Another important outpost towards Anatolikó, called Dolma, was next carried by the Egyptian flotilla. It was defended by 120 Palikars under General Liaketas, who, with a loss of 300 men to the Turks, were all cut to pieces at their post. The last fatal loss was Anatolikó. This place, situated at the western extremity of the same line of lagoons that protect Mesolonghi towards the sea, and commanding one of their principal entrances, was, in fact, a sort of outpost or bulwark to the main fortress in that direction. Its inhabitants, inspired by the example of the Mesolonghiotes, had hitherto opposed an equally determined resistance to the besieging force both by land and sea. But now, discouraged by the fall of Vasiládi and Dolma, they capitulated.

Sir F. Adam, who had lately succeeded to Sir T. Maitland in the government of our islands, but whose generous mind contemplated with feelings very different from his predecessor the struggle between despotism and liberty that was going on under his eyes, soon after arrived in an English frigate, and offered his assistance in setting on foot another negotiation to save the garrison. But they again rejected all proposals of any kind that implied submission. The last bright gleam of success by which their spirits were sustained, perhaps the most brilliant affair of the whole siege, was the defence of the tower of the Holy Trinity, built on a shoal about half a mile to the south-east of the town, and garrisoned by 130 Roumeliotes, with four small guns. Following out their plan of reducing the out-posts one by one, the enemy attacked it with his whole disposable force, by sea and land, on the morning of the sixth of April. The combat lasted till late in the evening, when the Turks, after a series of desperate and persevering assaults, were

repulsed at all points with immense slaughter. No sooner was the retreat sounded, than the garrison, sallying from the tower, boarded and carried seven of the enemy's launches, and set up a triumphal pile of 1200 muskets and bayonets. The wild warriors of Roumelia delighted in such trophies of their contempt for European tactics. This was the bloodiest day Mesolonghi had yet witnessed. Reshid himself was wounded in the thigh. Hussein Bey, Ibrahim's second in command, was slain, with many other persons of distinction; and upwards of 1000 bodies of Turks and Arabs floated on the lagoons, the waters of which were red with blood in every direction. The loss of the Greeks was thirty-five killed, and about as many wounded. In the heat of the action, the Chiliarch Drosini, accompanied by his son, a youth of seventeen, and nine other warriors, pushed off from the town in a canoe, with a supply of water and cartridges for their comrades; and although four of the party were killed by a cannon ball, and the remainder lost heart, and turned back, the father and son made good their passage to the tower.

Such was the consternation of the Moslems at this disgraceful check, that had the garrison thought fit to evacuate the place during the night, it is supposed they might have effected their escape with little opposition. But although famine was now sore among them, their high sense of honour, and some faint hopes of relief from their navy, induced them to reject this scheme. And, in fact, although the general decline in the affairs of the insurgents was fearfully displayed in the reduced numbers and inferior equipment of their fleet, the gallant Miaulis had already commenced a series of manœuvres which in all probability would have tended to their relief; and could the place have been provisioned for a few months longer, there was reason to hope, that with the assistance of hunger, pestilence, desertion, or some other

of those accidents which, perhaps more frequently than gunpowder or steel, tend to the dispersion of Oriental armaments, they might ultimately have triumphed. But the succour came too late. For several weeks past no rations had been distributed; the firing had driven away every kind of fish; the people subsisted on cats, rats, raw hides, and sea-weed; and the earth was strewn with the sick, wounded, and famishing. Ibrahim, though aware of their sufferings, alarmed by the re-appearance of the Greek squadron, again came forward with an offer of the same conditions on which Anatolikó had capitulated, and which, to his credit be it said, had been honourably observed.* But they would not listen to him, resolved at least to die with arms in their hands.

To protract the defence, however, was impossible, as a few days more of starvation would not have left a living soul within the walls. In this last extremity, the native energy of Greek spirit disdained those suicidal expedients, which, in similar cases of desperation, have shed such lustre on the names of Saguntum or Numantia. On the 22d of April it was decided in the council of chiefs to cut their way through the enemy to the mountains, in such a manner as should give a chance of escape to the feeblest part of the population. Their disposition was, that the fighting men of every description, who, including convalescents and the slightly wounded, were still numbered at about 3000, should rush headlong on the besiegers' lines, and open a road for 1000 artisans, and 5000 women and children. They found means to

* It must be admitted, that whatever may be the reputation elsewhere of this remarkable person, the authentic accounts of his conduct in Greece are much in his favour. Unlike either of the other two belligerent parties, he faithfully observed his engagements, was generally disposed to treat his prisoners with humanity, and still more to appreciate and to honour valour and patriotism, even in an infidel enemy.

communicate this project to Karaïskaki, who commanded a body of guerillas in the interior of Mount Zygos, and on whose co-operation they reckoned, on the rear of the enemy's lines, at the moment of onset. There is great reason to believe, even judging from the comparatively disastrous issue of this exploit, that had their secret been kept, its success would have answered their most sanguine expectations. But their plans were betrayed by a Bulgarian deserter to the Pashás, who, though half incredulous, yet took every precaution to frustrate them, lining their triple entrenchments with artillery and infantry, drawing up their cavalry on the plain behind, and sending a strong force to occupy the lower declivities of the mountain.

At sunset, on the 22d, the muster commenced; the women put on male attire, and girt their waists with swords and daggers; weapons were also given to such of the boys as were of an age to use them; and the warriors forming the van of the phalanx, with their wives and children, crossed the ditch and lay quiet upon their faces, awaiting the preconcerted signal from Karaïskaki. In spite of their care to prevent noise or confusion, the enemy, aware of their intentions, poured incessant volleys of grape and musketry on the ramparts. During an hour the Greeks lay passive under this galling fire. At length, perceiving no demonstration on the part of their countrymen on the hills, their patience gave way; and as the moon shone bright, with a simultaneous shout, they sprang up and darted forwards, their muskets in their hands, and their swords slung to their wrists. Neither ditch nor breastwork, neither peals of cannon, volleys of small arms, nor the bayonets of the Arabs, could arrest the terrible shock. In a few minutes the trenches were passed—the infantry broken—the batteries silenced, and the artillerymen slaughtered on their guns. The

enemy seemed paralysed by the fierceness of the onset, and a wide space was cleared for the column, which pushed across the plain in a solid mass. The Turkish horse, unable to make any impression on its front, hung on the flanks and rear, slaughtering the women, children, and stragglers. As they began to ascend the mountain, and fancied themselves in safety, they had to sustain the assault of a large body of hostile infantry posted in ambuscade; but with the assistance of 300 of Karaïskaki's men who now came to their relief, they got rid of this impediment. On reaching the quarters of that commander, they found him sick in his tent, and provisions so scarce that they could hardly obtain a mouthful. They were therefore obliged, in this extenuated state, to continue their course towards Sálona, several days' journey through a barren and deserted country, their numbers melting away from exhaustion and starvation by the road. At Sálona the survivors at length enjoyed rest and refreshment.

Unfortunately, the crowd of Mesolonghiote citizens had lingered at the moment of onset, and were the victims of their own hesitation, and of a panic cry that arose of "Back to the ramparts." Supposing a retreat had been ordered, they hurried back into the town. The enemy simultaneously entered, and a promiscuous slaughter ensued. Many of the inhabitants of both sexes had, indeed, from the first refused to leave their native place, and together with those whom age, wounds, or sickness, disabled from taking a part in the sally, had shut themselves up in some ruined buildings, where the residue of their ammunition was deposited. A primate, named Kapsalis, retired with his family into the principal magazine, containing thirty barrels of gunpowder, by the side of which sat a lame veteran with a match in his hand, ready for the explosion, as soon as a sufficient

crowd of assailants should be collected about the building, to ensure them at least, in the moment of destruction, a bloody revenge. Throughout the night, screams of despair or of triumph were mingled with the roll of musketry, and repeated explosions, as the enemy successively forced the magazines, and their devoted inmates set fire to the ammunition. So great, indeed, was the carnage of the infidels in the course of this catastrophe, that the number of their slain is supposed to have been at least equal to that of the Christians. Among the more distinguished sufferers on the part of the latter were, (besides the other gallant churchman already mentioned,) a Greek bishop, three general officers, the chief engineer, Dr Meyer, editor of the Greek Chronicle, and six other German Philhellenes. The veteran Giacomuzzi escaped in spite of his infirmities, and was greatly instrumental to the success of the sally, by restraining when necessary the rash impetuosity, and directing the fire of these undisciplined warriors, in their successive encounters with the hostile bands. The following affecting letter, which the unfortunate Meyer managed to transmit to a friend not many days before the sortie, affords a lively testimony to the greatness of the sufferings, and the heroic spirit of the garrison :—

“ The labours we are undergoing, and a wound in the shoulder, (a prelude to that which will be my passport to eternity,) have hitherto prevented my writing to you. We are reduced to the necessity of feeding on the most unclean animals; we suffer fearfully from hunger and thirst, and disease is added to our calamities; 1740 of our comrades are dead; the shot and shells have overturned our houses and ramparts; we are in want of firewood, and pinched with cold. It is an exhilarating spectacle to behold the ardour and devotion of the garri-

son amid so many privations. In the name of our brave soldiers, of Nothi Bazzaris, Papa Diamondopoulos, and myself, to whom the government have entrusted the command of a corps, I declare to you, that we have sworn to defend Mesolonghi foot by foot, to listen to no capitulation, and to bury ourselves in its ruins. Our last hour approaches. History will do us justice, and posterity weep over our misfortunes. May the narrative I have drawn up of the siege survive me !”

The writer was sabred at the foot of the hills by the Turkish horse, his wife and child taken, and the wish expressed at the conclusion of his letter was never fulfilled.*

* See additional note at end of the volume.

CHAPTER XIII.

VOYAGE UP THE CORINTHIAN GULF—CRISSA—SACRED PLAIN OF
APOLLO.

παρὰ ναῦν δ' ἰθὺι τάχιστα δελφίς,
φιλόνορα δ' οὐκ ἔλιπεν βιοτάν.—PIND. *Fragm.*

“ Around the ship the nimble dolphin plays,
To man still friendly as in former days.”

ON our return from the ruins of Pleuron, bidding farewell to my kind German friends, I rowed out in a little flat-bottomed skiff to our caique, which lay at the extremity of the lagoons, under the shelter of the banks. This class of small boats, used for plying in rivers and smooth water, are called by the generic name of *monoxyla* or canoes; a somewhat unreasonable synecdoche, as very few of them are so in the strict sense of the term. Canoes, however, scooped out of the stems of large plane-trees, are not uncommon in the ports and rivers of Greece. On our way through the town to the shore, I was shown the ruins of the house in which Lord Byron died, and of several of the powder magazines, where the remnants of the garrison, who had been unable or unwilling to leave their native place with their more energetic comrades, had offered themselves a sacrifice to freedom. I landed, in passing, on the little island of Vasiládi, now dismantled and deserted; its surface strewn with fragments of artillery, unserviceable guns, rotten gun-carriages, cannon-balls, &c.; which, with heaps of rubbish, and a pile or

two of round shot still in their place, bore sad testimony to its late military importance and lamentable fate. Several pelicans, a bird which I here saw for the first and last time in a wild state, were fishing in the lagoons. They seemed to consider themselves at home, showing no symptoms of alarm at the approach of the boat, and enjoy, it appears, the same privilege of asylum as the stork in northern Europe; which is strange in a fishing port, considering the quantity of the staple commodity they must consume. We were unable to make any progress on our voyage that night, as a heavy gale from the south-east forced us to remain at our moorings in smooth water.

The next morning we were more fortunate, and a stiff westerly breeze carried us rapidly into the gulf. The day was fine but cloudy; and the sky, though bright and sunny overhead, was obscured towards the horizon by heavy mists, which effectually marred the enjoyment of the scenery of the surrounding coasts, so celebrated for its beauty and grandeur.

To the left, on quitting Mesolonghi, a long line of dark swampy plain, backed by a deep inlet in the mountains, marks the course and issue of the Fídari—the ancient Evenus—one of the fiercest and most treacherous torrents in Greece; the well-known scene of the fabulous adventure of Hercules with the centaur Nessus. There can be little doubt that this fable, like that above illustrated of the hero's combat with Acheloüs, is but a figure of the impetuosity of the river, and of the dangers to which unwary travellers in crossing its channel are exposed, from the rise of the waters when swoln by sudden showers. The Centaur is here out of place as a member of the fabulous community of the same name in Thessaly, and is probably, like the Bull of the Acheloüs, a type of the river itself. The horse, as the symbol of velocity and power, was the sacred animal of river gods,

as well as of Neptune and the marine deities; and hence the combination of the equine with the human form might the more readily suggest itself in the local mythology, as a personification of a stream so remarkable for these properties.* Deïanira, the heroine for whom, as in the previous case of Acheloüs, the contest takes place, is here still more obviously but a type of the right of devastation which the stream endeavours to assert, but which Hercules strove to restrain.

Immediately to the east of this plain, rises, in one dark gloomy mass, its base nearly perpendicular to the sea, the lofty pyramidal mountain of Chalcis, now called Varásova. The site of the old Ætolian city of the same name, mentioned by Homer, is doubtful; but the mountain, whose base is surrounded in great part by the waves, or by swampy lagoons, well merits the epithet of "sea-encompassed," assigned it by the poet. A little further on appears, on the same line of coast, separated by a stretch of lower ground from its neighbour, another huge rock of similar form, and nearly equal height and boldness—the ancient Taphiassus. As seen from the centre of the gulf, or from Patras, this mountain presents all the appearance of an enormous tumulus or barrow; hence possibly its name, and the fable that the centaur Nessus was buried below its base.† Along its precipitous sides, facing the water, is to be distinguished an irregular line of lightish colour, indicating the course of the Kaké-skala, or "Bad ladder," already mentioned. This is also the only modern name for the mountain itself that I could

* Nessus is the name of a Thracian river of some distinction. It is singular that, in Hesiod's catalogue of celebrated streams, this name occurs immediately after that of Acheloüs. Were it not that the Evenus is mentioned by its proper title in the sequel, it might have been inferred that, with Hesiod, Nessus was but another title of that river.—*Theogon.* v. 340.

† STRABO, ix. c. 4.

obtain from any of my companions.* It is common to the rugged pass of the Scironian rocks between Megara and Corinth, and I believe to others of equally bad repute in different parts of Greece. The combination of this unfavourable epithet with proper names in popular usage, which is as old as the days of Homer,† is still familiar in the Greek dialect. The most prominent feature of the Peloponnesian coast, immediately opposite to the Kakéskala, is the lofty Mount Panachaïcus, its summit white with snow. At its base, along the shore, are scattered the houses of the new town of Patras, among the ruins of the old Turkish and Roman cities.

We now enter the narrow strait, separating the gulf of Patras from that of Corinth or Lepanto, familiarly called by the Turks the little Dardanelles. It is, like that from which this title is borrowed, defended by two forts, one on each side, called respectively the castles of Roumelia and Morea, as the keys of the navigation between the two provinces. These forts, which are among the few modern edifices of any extent or dignity of appearance on the soil of Greece that have survived the ravages of the war, are apparently of Venetian structure, and in an elegant style of castellated architecture. They are situated on projecting extremities of the low land that extends from the base of the mountains on each side, leaving an intermediate channel of little more than a mile in breadth. The headland on the Peloponnesian side was anciently called Rhion, that on the Ætolian side Antirrhion, or the Molycrian Rhion, from a small town of Molycria, sacred to Neptune, in its immediate neighbourhood.‡ There

* At Patras it is called Palæovouni.

† As exemplified in the *Κακοῖλιον οὐκ ὀνομαστὴν* of Penelope.—*Odyssey*, xix. 260, 597; xxiii. 19. Suli in Albania, so celebrated for the ferocity and predatory habits of its population, is now familiarly known by the name of Kakosuli; besides other examples.

‡ THUCYD. ii. 84, 86; PAUSAN. *Bæot.* c. 31.

was also a sanctuary of Neptune on the opposite point.* Neither headland seems to have been fortified in ancient times. Such positions are indeed far more important now than before the invention of artillery.

As we approached the strait, scudding over the waves with a stiff breeze, I observed for the first time the dolphins playing around our vessel. There is something in the appearance and motions of this celebrated animal, as it vaults from wave to wave, often completely out of the water, inexpressibly gay and joyous, and well calculated to procure it the high station it occupies in the poetry and mythology of a people of such lively imagination as the Greeks. My own fancy was the more powerfully affected, from having present in my mind the description of the hymn to Apollo, where the Cretan navigators, destined as the future ministers of the Delphic shrine, on their voyage up this very gulf to the sanctuary, are escorted by the god himself in the form of a dolphin.† I therefore hailed the omen as propitious to my own future progress through his sacred land.

The dolphin is the hero of numerous other adventures, of which the seas in the neighbourhood of this strait are the scene. The body of Hesiod, murdered and committed to the waves at Naupactus, a port situated just within the Molycrian promontory, was preserved by dolphins, who bore and deposited it safe on the opposite coast of Rhion. Telemachus, swimming when a boy between Zante and Ithaca, and in danger of drowning, was saved by a dolphin; and in grateful commemoration of the event, this fish is said to have been selected by Ulysses as the device of his seal.‡ Phalanthus, founder of Tarentum, when shipwrecked before his departure for Italy in the Corinthian gulf, was indebted to the

* STRABO, l. viii. c. 2.

† *Hymn. Apoll.* v. 399. *seq.*

‡ PLUTARCH. *De Solert. Anim.* c. xxxvi.

same animal for his preservation. Hence the figure of that hero bestriding a dolphin on Tarentine coins, and the brazen dolphin dedicated by the Tarentines in the Delphic sanctuary.* On a later occasion, the ambassadors of Ptolemy Soter, when overtaken by a storm on the west coast of Peloponnesus, ascribed their deliverance to a dolphin, by whom they were guided into the port of Cirrha.† The services rendered by this animal to Neptune in his amours with Amphitrite, obtained him also a place and honours in the temple of the god at Ægæ, on the shores of this gulf.‡

There can be no doubt that all these fables derive their origin from the number and liveliness of the dolphins by which these waters are frequented.

Not far within the strait, on a steep declivity of the northern coast, is the town and port of Epacto, the ancient Naupactus. From the former of these names, by a still further corruption on the part of the early Italian navigators, is derived that of Lepanto, common also to the gulf in the vulgar usage of the Levant. The place was chiefly celebrated as the port from whence the Heraclidæ crossed into Peloponnesus, and as the scene of the death of Hesiod. Both the walls, a work of the middle ages upon ancient foundations, and the town itself, appeared at the distance from whence we viewed them to be entire, a rare phenomenon in this country;—to be accounted for, if I am correct, from the circumstance that the place never changed masters during the war, but, together with the neighbouring castles, was strenuously defended by the Turks, from its important situation at the entry of the gulf. The walls of the town form a triangle, the apex of which, at the summit of the hill, is the citadel, the base fronting

* PAUSAN. *Phoc.* c. 13.

† PLUT. *loc. sup. cit.*

‡ OPIAN. *Halieut.* i. 383.

the sea. This form was frequently adopted by the ancient military architects where the ground was favourable, as at Ithaca—Orchomenus—Cortona, &c. It suggests itself indeed naturally in certain positions, and the plan of many fortified places of our own middle ages, of Edinburgh and Stirling, for example, is very similar.

As we advanced, the weather unfortunately grew still more hazy, and the fine mountain scenery of the gulf, beyond the declivities on its immediate shore, was altogether obscured. Neither the heights of Parnassus, nor the Acrocorinthus, which, rising out of the isthmus in insulated grandeur, forms in clear weather one of the most striking features of the prospect, were to be distinguished. Towards dusk, on rounding a small promontory, we came in sight of the bay of Skala, the ancient Portus Cirrhæus, but had some difficulty in reaching our moorings, owing to the fierceness of the squalls at its entrance. This bay was the scene of a brilliant exploit of the distinguished Philhellene Hastings, on the 30th September 1827. With his own corvette the *Kartería*, and five other smaller vessels, he destroyed, after an action of an hour and a half, a Turkish flotilla of greatly superior force, comprising nine armed vessels of various descriptions, and captured three merchantmen laden with provisions, then lying in port under the protection of the Turkish armament. This action, being a virtual breach of the armistice imposed by the allied fleets on the belligerent powers, provoked Ibrahim Pashá to reprisals, and was thus the immediate cause of the battle of Navarino, and indirectly of the complete emancipation of Greece from the Turkish dominion.

We passed the night on board the vessel, as the specimen offered of an hotel at Mesolonghi, one of the leading cities of Greece, did not speak much in favour of the accommodation to be met with in the group of hovels

which now represent the sacred port of Cirrha. On landing in the morning, I was well pleased at having done so. The khan of Skala was of the same class as that of Mesolonghi, only a degree darker and filthier. The scaffolding at its extremity had been occupied for the night by a Greek staff-officer, on his way, with wife and family, to occupy a situation to which he had just been appointed at Salona. They had sailed from Mesolonghi the day before ourselves, but, owing to the unfavourable weather during the night, their arrival had anticipated our own but a few hours. My friends at Mesolonghi, anxious to ensure our passage, and at the same time save me expense, had proposed to this gentleman that he should admit me as a companion in the vessel already engaged by him, on my paying a share of the freight. The proposal was declined, which I thought uncivil at the time, not being aware of the size or accommodation of his packet. But when I saw that it was, like our own, but a small fishing caïque, and observed the strength of the party, and the state of cleanliness which distinguished both their persons and baggage, as they came forth one by one in squalid plight from their den, I had as much reason to be grateful to him for having spared me the horrors of the two nights I should thus have been doomed to pass with him on the stormy sea or in the khan.

This little port lies at the base of a low ridge of hills which bounds the western side of the bay. To the eastward extends a tract of level plain or downs, presenting at a distance a pretty green appearance, but assuming a marshy character here and there where it touches the sea. Through it the river Pleistus, that waters the vale of Delphi, flows into the gulf. On its mouth was situated the ancient port of Cirrha, probably at a place called Magúla, where Dodwell and Leake observed considerable traces of buildings.

We had no difficulty in finding horses for the continuance of our route to Delphi, as relays are usually in attendance at the port, for the convenience of the traffic carried on between it and its metropolis Sálona, together with the populous villages of Krissó, Kastrí, and Arráchova, in the Delphic territory. On reaching the summit of the ridge, at the foot of which the port is situated, a noble prospect suddenly opens up of the vale of the Pleistus. Immediately below extends the "sacred plain" of Apollo, called both the Crissæan and the Cirrhæan, from the towns situated at its respective extremities. It is perfectly flat, and bounded on every side by steep acclivities. The surface is partly cultivated, partly in green pasture, the remainder covered with luxuriant olive groves. Behind, towards Delphi, the valley of the Pleistus narrows into a precipitous glen, bounded on one side by lofty rocks, among which the summits of the Phædriades, or Delphic cliffs, are the most conspicuous; on the other, by the rugged sides of Mount Cirphis. In the distance, owing to the cloudiness of the horizon, the higher regions of Parnassus were but indistinctly seen. A steep descent brought us at once upon the plain, around which so many interesting recollections of Hellenic history are concentrated.

In the civilized countries of Christian Europe, the existence of a religious sanctuary is commonly a sort of guarantee of the fertility of the district in which it is situated. The devotion of the powerful and wealthy, and the vast influence of the hierarchy itself, during our own ages of superstition, usually provided ecclesiastical proprietors with their portion in the fat of the land. Where this was not strictly the case, the superior economy that marked the administration of the estates of this more scientific and peaceful class of landlords, together with the protection they derived from the respect

of the laity in time of war or turbulence, made up for any defect of natural fertility, and rendered the lands in the neighbourhood of monasteries or abbacies the best improved and most thriving of the community. Among the ancient Greeks the case was reversed. Amid all the expense and splendour of their religious establishments, they had no wealthy hierarchy, and little or no church property, in the modern sense of the term. Their more ancient sanctuaries seem to have been founded by preference in barren districts, distinguished by the grandeur of their site, the picturesque scenery by which they were surrounded, or even by the species of sublimity that belongs to the wild and dreary features of nature, the lonely desert isle, or rugged sea-beaten promontory. The truth of this remark is borne out by reference to the majority of the earliest and most distinguished seats of Hellenic worship—Dodona—Delphi—Delos, and others. The temples, with their establishments, depended for their maintenance on the voluntary spirit of religious patriotism, public or private; and the chief or only salaries of the priests were their share in the hecatombs and other offerings at the shrine of the deity.

We find this principle as distinctly as elegantly inculcated, in one of the most ancient standards of the religion of the Greeks, the Homeric hymn to Apollo, in allusion more especially to the shrine of Delos, where it is so strikingly exemplified. Latona, when pregnant with the twin deities, wanders, in her flight from the persecution of Juno, over the face of the Hellenic world, seeking a resting-place, where she might be delivered in peace of the progeny to whom fate had decreed so great a share of power and influence on its future destinies. She visits in turn the richest and most celebrated countries on the shores of the Ægean; but all refuse to receive her, overwhelmed with awe at the prospect

of a settlement among them of so majestic and terrible a race of colonists. At length she arrives at the barren Delos, and tempts it to compliance, by contrasting its actual poverty and meanness with the glory and wealth that would be concentrated around its rugged cliffs, if they became the birthplace and favourite abode of her son.* The nymph of the island, however gratified by the prospect of so favourable a change in her destinies, hesitates from fear, lest the god, on his entry into the world, ashamed of the meanness of his birthplace, should indignantly trample her under foot—sink her for ever beneath the waves, and transfer his seat of worship to some more favoured spot. Latona reassures her by an oath on the river Styx, that all the fair prospects held out to her shall be realized, and she joyfully consents.

In the sequel of the same hymn† we find the Cretan navigators, imported by Apollo to Delphi as his future priesthood, anxiously enquiring of him how they are to find subsistence in so barren a spot. His answer is similar to that of Latona to Delos.

The case of the Pythian sanctuary is also well stated by Lucian,‡ in the words of its native orator, in the course of his argument in favour of receiving from Phalaris the offered present of his Bull:—"For the fact that we dwell among rugged precipices, and till barren rocks, we have no need to appeal to Homer's authority; the evidence of our own eyes is amply sufficient; and, in so far as our soil is concerned, famine would be our lot. But the sanctuary—and the god—and the oracle—and the pious who worship and sacrifice, these are our revenues, from whence we derive our subsistence and our wealth. For, to speak both truly and poetically: 'All fruits to us unploughed unsown are given,' by the agri-

* v. 51, *seq.* See additional Note at end of the volume.

† v. 526.

‡ *Phal.* ii. c. 8.

cultural skill of Phœbus. So that not only do we possess all the goods that naturally fall to the lot of the Greeks; but whatever precious object is either produced or acquired, among the Phrygians or Lydians—the Assyrians or Persians—the Phœnicians—the Italians—even among the Hyperboreans—fails not to find its way to Delphi; and we enjoy our share in common with the god.”

In regard to Delphi, it would almost appear as if the ancient regulators of Hellenic worship had been determined to enforce this principle in spite of nature herself. Its own soil was, it is true, and with justice, nearly as proverbial for sterility as that of Delos. The death of Æsop is accordingly said to have been the consequence of some witticisms in which he indulged, when on a visit to the sanctuary, on the poverty of its site.* The Delphiot, enraged at the insult to themselves and their god, insidiously fastened on him the crime of sacrilege, by concealing one of the sacred cups in his wallet; and then charging him with the robbery, inflicted on him the punishment customary with them in such cases, by precipitating him from the summit of one of the rocks above the Castalian spring. But, in addition to its own barren glen, the Pythian sanctuary possessed the lordship of the fair Crissæan plain, perhaps the most fertile tract of land in Phocis. Its cultivation was, however, by a rigid Amphictyonic law, strictly prohibited; and the violation of this law by the Phocians was the cause—or at least the pretext—of that fatal war, which terminated in the establishment of the Macedonian ascendancy, and the downfall of Hellenic freedom.

The precise extent to which this edict may have been habitually enforced, is doubtful. That the land was not

* ARISTOPH. *Vesp.* 1446, et *Schol. ad l.* PLUT. *de Ser. num. vind.*
xii.

tilled is certain, nor, consequently, could it have been planted with vines, olives, or other fruit-trees. That it was allowed to lie in an altogether unprofitable state, even as regards the service of the deity, is, however, hardly to be supposed. The spirit of the decree implies merely that the sacred soil of the god should not be profaned to secular objects. Hence it is probable that it was devoted to the pasturage of the oxen, or other cattle, destined for the sacrifices of his altar. Sophocles seems to hint at this, when in the *Electra* he calls the Crissæan plain “a cattle-fed shore.”*

Pausanias describes the plain in his time as lying altogether waste: “whether from some curse on its soil, or from its not being adapted for the growth of fruitful plants, he knew not.” This author is certainly more at fault in his notices of the lower valley of the Pleistus, than in any other part of his work.† The soil is generally of the richest quality, and the olive groves by which nearly half its surface is covered, are very luxuriant. It is, indeed, difficult to see what evidence he could have had either of its productive or unproductive properties, since it was forbidden either to plant or cultivate it. At least, we have no reason to believe that the ancient law on the subject had been abrogated before his time. A portion of the plain, there can be no doubt, was occupied by the Pythian hippodrome. Pausanias himself‡ implies this; and Sophocles § figuratively

* *Electr.* 181. *βοόνομον ἀκτῆν.*

† *Phoc.* xxxvii. — He was also under the erroneous impression, common to some other less accurate Greek geographers, that Cirrha and Crissa were the same place. Yet the tenor of his text implies that he had travelled the road from Delphi to Cirrha, in which case it is difficult to see how he could have failed to observe the ruins of Crissa, which are still sufficiently marked to attract the attention of the passenger.

‡ PAUSAN. *loc. cit.*

§ SOPHOCLES. *Electr.* 730.

describes it as the “field of shipwrecked chariots,” (*ναυαγίων Κρισαίων ἱππικῶν πέδον*;) no remains of the monument itself are now visible.

On the descent of the ridge which separates Skala from the plain, we passed three camels, a beast of burden I had not expected to find in common use in so rugged and mountainous a region as Greece. In the old descriptions of the country, previous to the war, no allusion occurs to the existence of this animal within its bounds. The few that are now to be found, originally formed, it is said, part of the baggage train of some of the great Turkish armaments, more especially of that fitted out against the Morea in 1822, and destroyed by the Greeks in the defiles between Argos and Corinth, upon which occasion the animals were captured and sold, and have since been employed for commercial purposes. The breed, however, continues to be propagated; as among the dozen or fifteen that we met on different parts of our route, were several colts. They are said to be kept at very little expense; and as the burden they carry is proverbially great, they might be a profitable stock in any part of Europe where they would thrive.*

After crossing the plain, we ascend the lower declivities of Parnassus to Krissó. The remains of the ancient town of Crissa are immediately to the right, separated

* It is probably known to most travellers in Italy, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on his Pisan domains, has near 200 camels of different sexes and ages. Their introduction dates from the period of the Medici, probably not later than the early part of the seventeenth century, and they may now be considered as in some measure indigenous. They breed in the sandy plains and woodlands on the sea-coast; and there is generally about one-third of the whole number in use. The overseer assured me that, from the great economy of their keep, as compared with the amount of labour of which they were capable, transport was performed more cheaply on their backs than by horse and cart.

from the village that has inherited its name by a small ravine. They consist but of a portion of the walls, of a structure belonging rather to the Cyclopiian than the polygonal style, with some very massive blocks. Little more than two or three courses of stone are any where visible above the foundation.* The south-east extremity of the site of the city is a lofty perpendicular precipice, overhanging the bed of the Pleistus and the upper end of the plain. Nothing can be more graphic or more accurate than the description of Crissa in the Homeric hymn to Apollo, as situated "on a slope facing the west, beneath the ridge of Parnassus, overhung by its lofty cliffs, and bounded beneath by a deep gorge."† Near the brink of the precipice stands a modern Greek sanctuary, called by Dodwell the Church of the Forty Saints, but by my guides that of the Seraphim. Close to it are several small chapels in ruins. Among the stones and rubbish heaped up within one of them, were some fragments of statuary marble, one of which was a large sepulchral stela, sculptured in relief, with a sitting figure of a poet surrounded by emblems of his literary profession. As it appeared both elegant in style and interesting in point of subject, I was at much pains to place it in a position where a good view of it could be obtained, and nearly lost a finger in the attempt. I also occupied myself for some time in taking such a sketch as would at least serve as a memorandum of the general design and subject of the work. I should certainly have

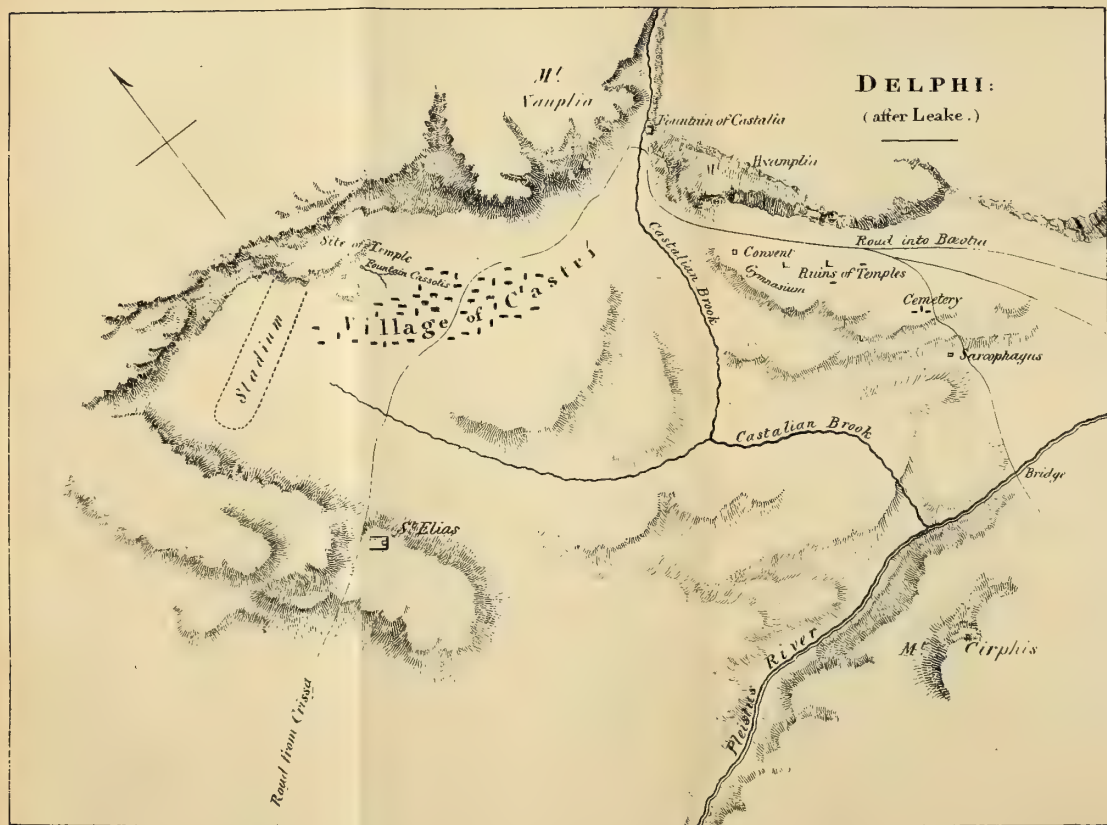
* I am surprised that the accurate Leake should not have observed these ruins. His chief or only argument for considering Krissó to represent the ancient Crissa, is the identity of the names.—(*N. Greece*, pp. 565–587.) He errs, however, in supposing the site of the city to have been exactly that of the modern village, as the two are quite distinct.

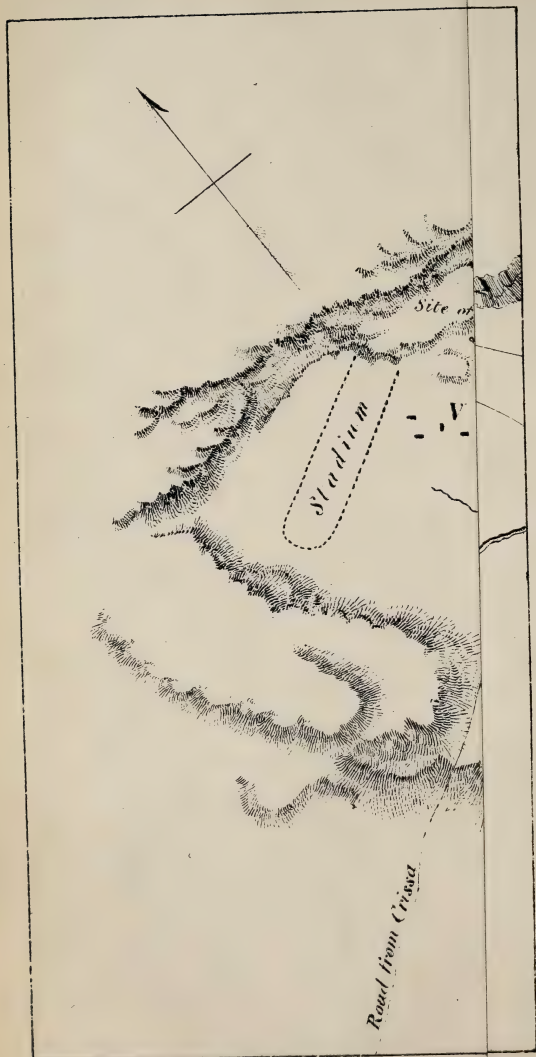
† v. 282, *seq.*

spared myself this trouble, had I known, as I have since discovered, that it has been already published in Stackelberg's Grecian tombs. The fragment is well worthy of a place in any museum; and its present neglected condition supplies one, among numerous other evidences that offered themselves during my passage through the country, how little attention is paid by the present government to the preservation of works of antiquity or art beyond the immediate limits of the capital. From Krissó the road up the valley continues to wind over rocky declivities, where here and there I fancied I perceived traces of an ancient paved causeway.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DELPHI.

λέγεται δὲ πολλὰ μὲν καὶ διάφορα ἐς αὐτοὺς τοὺς Δελφοὺς· πλείω δὲ ἔτι ἐς Ἀπόλλωνος τὸ μαντεῖον.—PAUS. *Phoc.*

“Many and various are the stories concerning Delphi; and many more those concerning the oracle of Apollo.”

ON passing a lower ridge of rocks, in the face of which are some sepulchral excavations, the far-famed cliffs of Delphi suddenly appear full in view. It were difficult, certainly, to imagine a more dazzling prospect than the site of this sanctuary even in its present degraded state, or a spot better adapted by its own sublimity to the worship of the sublime and mysterious deity to whom it was dedicated. The day was beautifully calm and clear, and the sun, in all its meridian splendour, shone with a brilliancy and power worthy of the fair blue heaven from which it beamed, and of the grand mass of objects illuminated by its rays.

The narrow vale of the Pleistus is here bounded to the north by a lofty wall of rocks, or rather rocky mountains, from the extremities of which two lower ridges project across the dell towards the bed of the stream. The whole recess may thus be likened to the *cavea* of a great theatre; while the lower, but little less rugged precipices of Mount Cirphis, bounding the river nearly in a straight line on the opposite side, may be compared to

the scene.* The great northern barrier of rocks is cleft towards its centre, from top to bottom, into two stupendous cliffs with peaked summits, by a narrow gorge running back into the innermost recesses of the mountain. These two precipices, towering considerably above the rest of the range, are nearly perpendicular in front, and completely so where their sides face each other across the chasm, which, being not many yards in breadth, presents a dark yawning abyss of the most awful description. The bed of this chasm is evidently, in rainy weather, that of a torrent with a fine cascade, but at present it was dry. Perhaps the effect is not diminished by this circumstance, as the traveller is thus enabled to penetrate to a considerable distance into its interior recesses, where the deep gloom of the vast cavity, lighted up here and there by a broken ray of the sun, imparts a sublime and religious solemnity to the scene.

At the lower extremity of the dry torrent bed, just where it emerges from between the cliffs, issue the waters of the Castalian spring, oozing at first in scarce perceptible streamlets from among the loose stones, but swelling into a considerable brook within not many yards of their first appearance above ground. I sipped a mouthful of the water at the fountain-head. It is certainly most delicious to the taste; but I was not more sensible of its beneficial influence on my imaginative faculties than so many other travellers who have complained of its inefficacy. There may, however, be some groundwork of fact for the ancient popular belief on the subject. The surpassing grandeur of the surrounding scenery is certainly well calculated not only to excite the rhyming propensities of the least gifted, but even to develope the

* This description was dictated merely by the impression conveyed on the spot; but Delphi is familiarly characterized by the ancients as in the form of a theatre.—STRABO, ix. JUSTIN. xxiv., &c.

inspiration of a real poet, hitherto perhaps unconscious of his powers; while the honour belonging to the exercise of such influence would naturally be usurped by the fountain, as the more especial Genius of the place. Traces of the conduits and basins that formed the bath of the Pythoness, are still observable above the pool now used as the village watering-place. The building by which it was covered in has given way to a small Greek chapel, built against the face of the rock. The name of "Byron" is scratched, among others, on the wall of the interior. The majestic plane-tree described by Dodwell as affording an agreeable shade to the pool, has now disappeared. The course of the Castalian brook towards the Pleistus, is at the eastern extremity of the village. It forms a hollow dell, adorned with some picturesque olive groves, embosomed in which, on the left or eastern bank, is the monastery of the Panaghía, a small but rather elegant building, one of the few that have survived the ravages of the war. The church, which is its most conspicuous feature, is in the usual form of a Greek cross, with a round cupola in the centre.

The ancient town occupied the central area of the great natural theatre above described, extending on each side of the Castalian brook, but lying chiefly on its right or western bank. Over this portion of its site are now scattered the houses of the village of Kastrí. The sanctuary was at the upper or north-western extremity of the ancient town, as of the present village. Not a vestige of it remains; but the more elevated portion of its site seems to be indicated by a terrace of rocks, projecting at this point over the higher part of the slope from the base of the cliffs. No traces of the sacred cavern, or of the mephitic exhalations which inspired the Pythoness, are any where observable. Immediately below this terrace, to the westward, is the upper end of the stadium, which

may be distinctly recognized in its whole extent, spreading along a hollow, partly natural, partly artificial, at the foot of the cliffs, and terminating beneath the lower ridge that here projects towards the river. The breastwork of stone from the native Parnassian rock, with which Pausanias describes it as having been supported, is still partly preserved. Of the marble coating, for which it was indebted to the munificence of Herodes Atticus, there are no remains. The rock on the side of the terrace above described, where it faces the stadium, seems to have been cut artificially into steps, affording a communication with the upper portion of the sanctuary. From the description of Pausanias, it would appear that the summit of this terrace was occupied by the Lesche, or Cassino, adorned with the celebrated paintings of Polygnotus.

This grand semicircular recess in the mountain faces nearly due south, so as to concentrate the full force of the sun during the most brilliant part of the day. Hence, doubtless, the name of Phædriades—"Resplendent"—by which the cliffs that gave the whole scene its distinctive character were known among the ancients. As forming the centre, and at the same time the most elevated portion of the line of precipice immediately above the sanctuary, they received the rays of the luminary on some portion or other of their surface, and reflected them on the sacred group of objects below, from its first appearance above the eastern horizon, until it sunk beneath the Peleponnesian mountains:—"the livelong day beneath the sun's bright wing," as Euripides expresses it.* Hence the proverb introduced by Demosthenes, concerning empty or frivolous discussions:—"to dispute about the shadow in Delphi;"† that

* παναμέριος ἄμ' Ἀλίου πτέρυγι θοᾷ.—EURIP. *Ion.* 122. Conf. *Phœnis.* 235.

† περὶ τῆς ἐν Δελφοῖς σκιᾶς πολεμῆσαι.—*De Pace.* in fine.

is—about nothing. The real force of this adage, if I am not mistaken, has escaped the notice of both ancient and modern commentators. The scholiast of Aristophanes brings it into absurd but amusing connexion with another proverb of similar import:—"to fight for the shadow of an ass."* An Athenian, having hired an ass for a journey to Delphi, on arriving in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary, fatigued with the road and oppressed by the heat of the day, tethered his beast, and lay down to repose under its shadow. The ass-driver, however, advanced a prior claim to the place, insisting that his employer had only bargained for the use of the ass, not of its shadow. A fierce dispute was the consequence, which terminated in a lawsuit between the parties on the point of right. Hence, (according to the commentator,) the proverb:—"to dispute about the shadow of an ass;" and because Delphi was the scene of the quarrel:—"to dispute about a shadow in Delphi." That Demosthenes, however, had no such signification in view, at least for the latter adage, is evident from his having himself, in his narrative of the same fable, when introduced by him elsewhere to sharpen the point of an argument, assigned Megara, and not Delphi, as the scene of the adventure.†

A more glorious sight can hardly be conceived, or one better adapted to warm the imagination, and inspire feelings of religious enthusiasm, than the magnificent group of objects which this theatre of rocks formerly enclosed, when lighted up by the beams of the morning sun;—terraces—porticoes—colonnades—and statues, rising in gorgeous masses one above the other, and backed by a stupendous wall of precipices. The lively manner

* *περὶ ὄνου σκιάς μάχεσθαι*.—*Ad Vesp.* v. 191.

† *Ap. Schol.* ARISTOPH. loc. cit.

in which Euripides, in the opening scene of the *Ion*, through the soliloquy of the young Neocorus expanding the gates and setting in order the courts of the temple, realizes to the fancy this grand combination of the wonders of nature and art, is one of the happiest efforts either of his dramatic or descriptive muse.

The twin cliffs, so celebrated among the ancients as the most remarkable feature of the scenery of the Delphic vale, are, amid the confusion of names so common with poets in their descriptions of scenes distinguished for sanctity or celebrity, frequently alluded to as the summits of Parnassus; although in fact comparatively small peaks at the base of that stupendous mountain.* The proper title of that to the east was Nauplia, of the other Hyamplia. It is probable that to these two rocks the place is originally indebted for its name, if not for the establishment of the sanctuary within its bounds. *Delphi* is the root of the familiar Greek word *adelphos*, "brother;" and hence was a very appropriate title for the twin peaks, consecrated probably in the remote age at which the dedication first took place, conjointly, like the twin islands of the Ægean, Delos and Rhênæa, to the twin deities, Apollo and Diana.† The plural formation of the name seems also to favour this view. Similar, probably, is the origin of the name Didymi, literally "the Twins," which belonged to the most celebrated

* These cliffs were the altars appointed for the performance of human sacrifice to the deity. The victims, in later times at least, were exclusively persons convicted of the crime of sacrilege. The peak of Hyamplia was originally appropriated to this purpose; but after the murder of Æsop the Delphians transferred it to that of Nauplia.—PLUT. *de Ser. num. vind.* xii.

† Although we have no very distinct trace in later times of any special worship of Diana at Delphi, yet the close connexion between the two deities in the primitive mythology, may in itself warrant the inference that she had originally some part allotted to her in the

oracular shrine of the deity in Asiatic Greece, and to another in Argolis.*

My quarters for the night were once more provided in the house of the Démarchus, a simple peasant, of far less dignified or martial appearance than him of Katochí. His dwelling, situated a little on this side of the Castalian spring, was of rather a superior class of cottage. I was allotted for my separate accommodation the vacant space of a small square room, occupied partly as a granary, partly as a depository for lumber, and swarming with fleas, my direst enemy among the whole race of household vermin, and to whom I owed many a sleepless night besides the present in the course of my journey. The habits of the village are precisely the same as in the following description of Dodwell,† and its houses have been rebuilt from their ruins on the same plan as those which existed in his time:—"The poorer people live in cottages which consist of only one long room; the wealthier have houses with two rooms raised on a second floor, the lower part being divided into a stable, cow-house," &c. The second room, in his day as in mine, was a magazine. The ground floor, or substruction, is a luxury rendered in some degree necessary by the declivity of the ground. Although the villagers are a rustic and simple race as compared with the Roumeliotes, I cannot give them credit for that extreme purity of

honours of the sanctuary. She claimed a share with her brother in the victory over the serpent Python, which secured him the possession of the oracular site, (PAUSAN. *Cor.* ii. 7;) and the Homeric hymn to her honour would even assign her a joint right of domicile in the temple.—(v. xi. *seq.*) Her worship might the more readily be absorbed in later ages by that of her brother, in a sanctuary so peculiarly connected with his prophetic attributes, in which she had no share.

* PAUSAN. *Ach.* ii. *Corinth.* xxxvi.

† *Tour*, vol. i. p. 169.

primitive manners which so delighted Dodwell. The price they demanded for some defaced copper coins was absurdly extravagant; and an old woman who lived in a cottage behind the ancient wall on which the great inscription is engraved, and who had formed the interval between it and her own dwelling into a sort of court, by heaping up rubbish at one end of the narrow entrance, endeavoured, much to my amusement and that of my attendants, to extract several drachms in payment of the privilege of inspection.

For some days past Nicóla had entertained me with wonderful stories of a newly discovered monument of Delphi, called by him the Sepolcro della Pretessa—the “Tomb of the Priestess,” and had made it the stronghold within which he entrenched himself, when hard pressed by my reproaches at the failure of his boasted archæological science. My curiosity was in so far raised, that, finding it lay in the open country, about half a mile to the east of the village, from which point I had determined to commence my tour of the place, in order to orientalize myself the more easily by the aid of Pausanias, who enters the town from that side, I took it first in my order of march. The Sepolcro della Pretessa is a large and beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, sculptured on every side; equal probably in size, and superior in execution, to most of the finest monuments of the same class preserved in the rich Italian collections. It was only discovered a few years ago; yet the name “Tomb of the Priestess,” on what authority I did not hear, is already as inveterate in popular use, as if it had been conferred in consequence of an edict of the Pythoness herself. Although much split and broken in some of its more ornamental parts, it might probably, by a careful collection and recomposition of its fragments, be restored nearly in its integrity. The subject of the

principal relief, on the side facing the Pleistus, which is much mutilated, has been characterized on high authority as the Hunt of the Calydonian boar; but I found some difficulty in identifying the particulars of that celebrated adventure. The other front is ornamented with a tripod between two griffins. The whole face of the hill on which this monument has been discovered, extending from the bed of the river to the road which leads beneath the rocks to Arácova and Daulis, was evidently the cemetery of the town, and a well conducted excavation would doubtless lead to valuable discoveries. Various other monumental remains have already been brought to light, whether by accident or design I did not learn, and are now strewed over the face of the declivity. Among them are several other sarcophagi, but without ornament, and of coarse material; also some marble slabs or stelæ, with mutilated inscriptions of little interest. On the lower side of the road are still visible the remains of the rude stone vault of horizontal courses, described by previous travellers.

Delphi is the only place in Greece, with the exception of Athens, which at this period boasted, at least in my experience, of a professed cicerone. This may be attributed either to the influence of Apollo, the patron of elegant art and literature in the one place, as Minerva was in the other; or perhaps to a more homely cause—the greater number of foreign travellers who are attracted to these two remarkable spots, than to other ancient sites in Greece. Nicóla, being engaged with our domestic affairs, had been obliged to forego the pleasure of accompanying me to his favourite piece of antiquity, but found a villager to act as his substitute. Just as I was proceeding to examine the monument, I was interrupted by a loud halloo from the high ground towards the village, and on looking back saw an elderly individual running

down very quickly towards us, apparently in a state of great excitement. Though tattered and squalid as respects the outer man, he had the air of a person in authority, and I accordingly found him to be the accredited *Periegetes* of Delphi. On approaching us he saluted me very politely, but commenced a violent tirade of abuse against my companion, whom he accused of usurping his office—most unjustly, as he himself had been out of the way at the moment of our arrival, and my limited time had not admitted of my conforming to what was perhaps considered the proper etiquette, by suspending my researches until he could be found. Although I had no reason to complain of my former attendant, in order to preserve peace, I was under the necessity of paying him off, and complying with the rules of the place, by resigning myself into the hands of the authorized functionary. I must do him the justice to say that I found him very useful; for although his information relative either to the Tomb of the Priestess, or any other of the curiosities of his native place, added but little to the stock of knowledge previously acquired from Nicóla, yet he led me with much punctuality, and in regular order, to all the points of real interest to the curious traveller.

Returning to the Castalian spring, we follow the road from Daulis, by which Pausanias enters the town. It is strewn on each side with fragments of masonry, many of them of fine statuary marble and elegantly carved—remnants, probably, of the Gymnasium, and of several temples mentioned by that topographer.*

On the way from the Castalian spring to the stadium are still standing the pieces of ancient wall covered with the celebrated Delphic inscriptions, which have been repeatedly copied and illustrated from the days of Cyri-

* *Phoc.* viii.

acus of Ancona downwards. One of these documents occupies a surface of from eight to ten feet square, except where a piece of stone may here and there have been omitted as too rough for the purpose. None of the blocks are highly polished; nor can any thing show more effectually the extent and inveteracy of the practice of lapidary writing among the Greeks, than the number, and often the importance, of the matters recorded in a manner, to our notions, so rude and imperfect. In spite of the roughness of the stone, the letters, which are in good style, though scarcely half an inch in height, are so carefully and ingeniously imprinted as to be still quite legible. In Dodwell's time this wall was a part of the Turkish Aga's granary. It is now connected with a private dwelling near the church of St Nicholas. Leake supposes, and with apparent reason, that these walls are the remains of those which supported the terraces of the sanctuary. The tenor of some of the inscriptions confirms this view.

No traces are now visible of the theatre mentioned by Pausanias as connected with the sacred enclosure. The spring or rivulet, Cassotis, which he describes as passing under the foundations of the temple and re-appearing on a lower level, where it was formed into a fountain surrounded or supported by masonry, is still to be recognized in a copious source on which this quarter of the village depends for its supply of water, as its eastern extremity does on that of Castalia; and on one side are the ruins of a massive retaining wall. Below the fountain was the stone which Rhea gave Saturn to swallow in place of his son, and which the imagination is still at liberty to identify among the fragments of rock strewed over the face of the slope.

The only other remnant of ancient architecture now existing at Delphi, is a piece of retaining wall on the

right hand of the road from Krissó, a little below the point where the traveller obtains the first view of the place. It now forms the substruction, towards the valley, of the court that surrounds the little church of Saint Elias; and originally, no doubt, was destined to afford a similar service to the peribolus of some temple, or other public edifice.

At Castrí, as at other Greek towns founded upon sites of ancient celebrity, the ravages of the late war have been the means of bringing to light many valuable fragments of antiquity. Some of these, previously incased in modern structures, are now, with the inferior class of rubbish of which their masonry was composed, spread over the face of the soil. Others have been excavated in digging foundations for new houses, the sites of which, as might be expected, are chosen by preference on ground previously clear. This was more especially the case in the neighbourhood of the house of the Démarchus, where we lodged. On the slope immediately below, towards the Pleistus, were strewed numerous architectural fragments, not a few of which were of statuary marble very elegantly sculptured. There were also several blocks and slabs of marble covered with inscriptions in tolerable preservation, and which might doubtless be copied in their integrity, with leisure and opportunity for the purpose.* Little or no value seemed to attach to

* I occupied myself in this way for a while on the morning of the 5th, before continuing my journey, but had not time to devote to the proper execution of the task; and such was the inconvenience arising from the position of the blocks, and the fierce beams of a Delphic sun, that I was obliged to desist. One of them, in characters of a good period, of which I brought away the greater part, is the more interesting, from bearing testimony in its concluding clause to the fact, that it originally occupied a post "in the most conspicuous part of the sanctuary:" "ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος, ἐν τῷ ἐπιφανεστάτῳ τόπῳ." It contains the names of Diodorus, Heraclitus, and Apollonius, to one

these relics in the eyes of the natives, unless in so far as they might be made available in the reconstruction of their ruined houses, to which purpose they were from time to time applied.*

On my return in the evening from my rambles, I observed a crowd congregated on a small vacant space among the ruins, in front of the dwelling of our host. On approaching, I found the chief magistrate himself seated on a large stone, with an elderly peasant on each side. In front was a circle of male villagers, posted very much in the manner of a class of schoolboys repeating their task before their master. I was informed that a council was holding. The sight was interesting, realizing as it did, in these days of Hellenic palingenesis, the primitive forms of old patriarchal government, as described in Ovid's familiar line:—

Consedêre duces, et vulgi stante coronâ, &c.

The chieftains sat, the people stood around.

of whom is granted, for services rendered the city and sanctuary, in the usual form, "Proxenia—Promantia—Prodikia—Asylia—Proedria," &c.

* I afterwards expressed to Sign. Pittakys of Athens, the Conservator of antiquities, my surprise that so little attention should be paid to the preservation of the remains that exist, or from time to time are brought to light in the provinces, especially in places so rich in similar treasures as Delphi. He assured me that orders had been given to the magistrates of every commune to collect and preserve all ancient fragments. How little benefit had accrued from this order, I had sufficient evidence in every part of the country; nor did the Demarchus of Delphi seem to be aware that his jurisdiction extended to the antiquarian treasures of his province.

M de Klenze, the distinguished Bavarian architect, states in his work on Greece, (*Aphoristische Bemerkungen*. Berlin: 1838. p. 301,) that on his suggestion, it had been determined by the Government of King Otho, on its first establishment, to appoint veterans of the army as special officers, to guard the sites of the more celebrated ancient cities, and protect and preserve their remains. If this project was ever seriously entertained, it has certainly not been carried into effect.

The Castriote chiefs *sat*, in the European sense of the term, on the present occasion, instead of squatting in the Turkish fashion, as is the practice on every other; whether from accident, or some instinctive feeling as to a want of classical dignity in the vulgar attitude, may be a question. The discussion, however, was neither so regular in point of form, nor so spirited, as that from the description of which the foregoing quotation is borrowed. It rather resembled a conversation than a debate; and although the matter under review—the new conscription law—was at this time one of all-engrossing interest, but little animation was displayed. The Delphians, indeed, appeared to me rather a phlegmatic race, as compared with the rest of their countrymen. The law in question was here, as elsewhere, extremely unpopular; less, perhaps, from any backwardness to military service in general, than from a strong repugnance to the Frank dress and discipline to which the new recruits were to be subjected.

CHAPTER XV.

ARÁCOVA—THE CLEFT WAY—DEATH OF LAÏUS—DAULIS.

Φωκίς μὲν ἣ γῆ κληΐζεται, σχιστὴ δ' ὁδὸς
 Εἰς ταῦτ' ὁ Δελφῶν κατὰ Δαυλίας ἄγει.—SOPH. *Æd. Tyr.* 752.

“Phocis the land is called, where the cleft way
 From Delphi leadeth unto Daulia.”

WE were favoured with another beautiful day (March 5th) for our journey into Bœotia. The highest part of the pass between the Corinthian gulf and the plain of the Cephissus is occupied by the commune of Arácova. This village is situated in a little dell between two eminences. From the summit of that to the west there is a noble prospect of the valley of the Pleistus, with the waters of the gulf backed by a long line of Peloponnesian mountains. From the eastern height the view extends down the vale of the “Cleft Way,” so celebrated in Theban fable, into the Bœotian plain, with the lake Copais at its extremity, bounded by the mountain ridges of Ptoüs and Phœnicium; while the heights of Eubœa, or here and there a narrow stripe of sea, form the extreme horizon.

Arácova was the scene of a brilliant success of the Greeks under Karaïskaki, against the rearguard of the army of Reshid Pashá in the campaign of 1826, after the fall of Mesolonghi.* Both commanders had been anxious to obtain possession of the place, an important

* GORDON, vol. ii. p. 350, *seq.*

point in their plan of operations. The Greeks, however, were beforehand. On the 30th of November, Karaïskaki detached a body of 500 men, who occupied the village unobserved by the Turks. Scarcely had they time to lodge themselves in the houses, when the enemy, to the number of about 1500 Turco-albanians, the best troops in the Ottoman army, advanced—without suspicion that their motions had been anticipated—to take possession of the place. The Greeks made good their post against this superiority of numbers, until Karaïskaki had time with the remainder of his force, amounting to upwards of 2000 men, to occupy the defiles and cut off the retreat of the enemy. The Moslems held out for six days, entrenched on the bare summit of an eminence above the village, hoping for relief from the main body of their army in the interior. After the defeat by Karaïskaki, near Daulia, of a detachment sent to their aid, a capitulation was proposed; but, as the Greeks would listen to no terms of which a surrender of their arms did not form the basis, and, as an Arnaut would rather part with his life than his arms, they preferred the desperate expedient of attempting to cross Parnassus, then covered with deep snow. On the summit of the mountain they were overtaken by a furious storm, and in the end the whole body perished, with the exception of about three hundred, either by the sword of the Greeks or the rigour of the season.

My attention had been particularly directed, by my German friends at Mesolonghi, to the beauty of the women of Arácova, which indeed I found to be very generally celebrated. I was, partly perhaps on that account, disappointed. I had fair opportunity of forming an opinion, as we passed several fountains where numbers of them were congregated, and saw many engaged in field labour close by the roadside. The village

indeed seemed to abound in females, and to be both populous and thriving, and its inhabitants, upon the whole, a handsome race. The men, however, appeared to me to have the advantage of the women. Pausanias describes the men of the district of Daulis as remarkable for their stature. If a correspondence in this respect were valid evidence on any such point, the Arácovites might perhaps have good claim to be considered as their descendants. The females are also tall and robust, with chubby faces, fresh complexions, and a strong tendency to *embonpoint*; differing very strongly, in all these respects, from those of the neighbouring district, and of Greece in general, who are for the most part lean and swarthy. The contrast is indeed so striking, as to impress one with the notion of a foreign colony imported from some northern region. Such qualities have their merit, no doubt, but they are not precisely of that description which constitutes female—and still less Grecian—beauty. These women have, in fact, many of the features of a German peasantry, which may perhaps account for the favour they find in the eyes of Germans; as it was chiefly among persons of that nation that I heard their praises celebrated.

My own admiration was attracted, more by the industry than the personal charms of the Arácovites. In every direction, the sides of the mountains were covered with groups busily engaged in forcing their arid surface into fertility, by the same operations already noticed in the island of Ithaca. The extent to which this process of bringing rugged land into tillage may be carried, and is now carrying, in many parts of Greece, together with the parallel of other more fortunate regions of Europe, Italy, for example, or the banks of the Rhine, enables us to form some idea of what may have been the appearance, in the flourishing days of antiquity, of some of those

districts which now present the most sterile and dreary aspect. There can be little doubt that many of these now desert mountain slopes exhibited, in place of a wilderness of rocks and brushwood, masses of green vineyard and waving olives; and, in fact, the great admixture of degenerate olive shoots, scattered among the less noble produce of the heaths, seems to bear living testimony to their ancient fertility.

At the western base of the hill of Arácova, we pass, on the left side of the road, just before it crosses a small stream, the substructions of a monument, apparently of a sepulchral character, composed of massive Hellenic masonry; perhaps the interior lining of a tumulus. At some little distance, in the same direction, upon an inconsiderable eminence, are the ruined walls of a small Hellenic fortress.*

The scene of the death of Laius is placed at the point where the road to Dístomo, the ancient Ambrysus, and from thence to the gulf of Corinth, turns off to the right from that leading to Daulis and Thebes. It is now called the Stené or strait of Zeminó. This latter name also attaches to a khan a mile or two on the Delphi side of the Stené, where we halted to refresh at mid-day. Hence it would seem to be common to the whole narrow valley below Arácova. The celebrated trivium or cross-road is at the foot of a long straight descent, over which are scattered the ruins of a wall of rude masonry drawn from hill to hill. Behind this rampart the Greeks successfully resisted an attempt of the Turks to penetrate up the valley, in the course of the late war. I was unable

* Probably the same noticed by Dodwell on this road. His conjecture, that it may be the *Æolis* or *Æolida* mentioned by Herodotus, (viii. 35,) and by him alone, as destroyed by the Persians on their march from Daulis to Delphi, is plausible; although the Hellenic masonry of the existing remains betrays the work of a later period.

to identify, in the open space at the partition of the roads, the tumuli mentioned by Gell. There are indeed a few large heaps of stones, rudely piled up, here and there; but these, I have no doubt, are, like some others of Gell's tumuli, mere monuments of the efforts of the industrious peasantry to improve the fertility of the neighbouring narrow stripes of cultivable land.

It may perhaps be open to question, whether, in the genuine spirit of the primitive tradition, the encounter between Laius and his son really took place (as described by our poetical authorities) in a trivium or cross-road.* According to the simplest, most consistent, and most accredited version of the story, Œdipus, after consulting the Delphic oracle relative to the mystery of his birth, terrified by its decree, avoids returning to Corinth, the supposed place of his nativity, and proceeds direct into Bœotia. On the way he meets his unknown father Laius, king of that country, travelling by the same road in the direction of the sanctuary. The collision takes place in so narrow a part of the road, as not to admit of the king's chariot passing unless the foot passenger should retreat to a more open space; and the insolent manner in which the herald of Laius attempts to enforce the royal right of causeway was the cause of his own death, and of that of his master. From this it is evident that there was no need of placing the encounter at a cross-road, as both parties were travelling along the same road. A cross-road is in fact the part of a public way where such a collision is least likely to have happened, as being that which generally offers the greatest quantity of free space; and such is in fact the case at the Stené of Zeminó. Hence Œdipus, who is not represented as a wilfully quarrelsome or overbearing person, would easily have found on one side or other as much room as would have

* SOPHOCLE. *Œdip. Tyr.* 790, *seqq.*

enabled him, without any sacrifice of his dignity as a pedestrian, to step aside and allow the royal chariot to pass. These considerations suggest the enquiry, whether the oldest and most familiar Greek name for the scene of this adventure, literally the Split or Cleft Way,* ought here to be interpreted, according to the sense which it no doubt bears in the vernacular idiom, as signifying a partition of several roads; or whether it may not rather, in its primitive acceptation, have denoted a cleft road, in the sense of a hollow pass, or gorge cut either by nature or art in a bank or rock, and so narrow, as the fable implies, that a chariot, and even a single foot passenger, could not conveniently pass abreast. This view, in fact, was first suggested by the observation, as we passed along the line of road between the khan of Zeminó and Daulis, of several remarkable cuts of this very description, and offering precisely the species of defile alluded to in the fable.† They are cleft in a tough rocky clay or pudding-stone, and just broad enough to have afforded space for a single carriage, leaving no passage for either man or beast without considerable inconvenience.

What Pausanias‡ says of the tombs of Laius and his esquire being visible in the open space of the trivium, tends rather to confute than confirm the popular account of the adventure. It is not easy to see how a road so narrow as not to admit of a man and a carriage conveniently passing abreast could have afforded room for a tumulus, which would assuredly have blocked up the passage

* ὁδὸς σχιστή· also called τρίοδος—τριπλῆ κέλευθος—τριπλαιῖ ἀμαξισταί, in the text of the tragedians.

† Apollodorus (iii. 5, 7) describes the scene of the encounter, without any allusion to the cross-road, simply as τινὰ στενὴν ὁδόν—"a certain narrow pass."

‡ Phoc. v. 2.

altogether. The monument, therefore, of Laius could hardly, even in the spirit of the vulgar tradition, have been erected on the place where he fell. The spot selected for his interment would naturally be some more open space in the neighbourhood, such as would nowhere be more likely to present itself than at the nearest cross-road. The existence of the tumulus, and the greater prevalence in later times of the different signification of the ambiguous term Cleft Way, may have given rise to the popular version of the fable.

On reaching the summit of another range of heights we obtain a view of the acropolis of ancient Daulis, bounding the vale below to the right. Opposite, to the left, on a lower declivity, is scattered the modern village of Daulia. Beyond, extends the Cephissian plain, in one long level stripe of bright green meadow, bounded on each side by a line of rocky hills rising abruptly from the flat, and in the distance by the lake Copaïs.* To save time the traveller had better quit his horse at this point, and crossing the valley mount the acropolis on foot, sending on his equipage by the road which passes through the modern village, to meet him at the base of the hill towards the plain. The walls of the city of Tereus encircle the table summit of a round green hill, steep on every side, and here and there precipitous. They are more or less preserved in their whole circuit, constructed chiefly of Hellenic masonry, but on more ancient foundations, and strengthened at short intervals by slight quadrangular projections from the curtain wall. The place seems at no period to have been of much importance, otherwise than from the strength of its site.† In

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

† LIVY (xxxii. 18) says, it resisted every attempt of the consul Flaminius to take it by assault. It seems doubtful, from the last clause of the passage, whether it was ultimately taken by stratagem or no.

the heroic age it was probably little more than the castle of the patriarchal chief, whose crimes have rendered it so famous, and in later times was but a petty town of the Phocian confederacy. There is no appearance of its ever having had an outer town or suburb beyond the circuit of the existing walls. The interior of the fortress offers nothing but heaps of stone and rubbish, with some foundations of ancient buildings, and a few vestiges of structures of the middle ages.

I was not fortunate enough to observe, on the spot to which Greek fable traces their origin, either the swallow, the nightingale, or the lapwing, into which the three chief actors in the famous Daulian tragedy were respectively metamorphosed. Although the Greek spring was well advanced, the harbinger of spring had not yet made its appearance. It was too early for the song of Philomela even in this latitude; nor was a single peewit to be either seen or heard, although travellers describe large flocks of them as frequenting the plain below.

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PARNASSUS FROM PLAIN OF PANOPEA.

CHAPTER XVI.

VIEW OF PARNASSUS—PANOPEA—CHÆRONEA.

FROM Daulis to Chæronea is about two and a half hours' ride over the level green plain of the Cephissus. Half-way between the two places we first obtained a full view of the glorious mountain, among whose ridges we had been wandering during the last two days, without ever seeing its summit or higher region; and a very magnificent sight it is. This is probably the point from whence Parnassus is viewed to the best advantage.* There are few finer spectacles than that of a great insulated mountain, gradually forming itself, as one recedes from its base, into one solid mass, from the chaos of subordinate ridges which it presents to the eye of the traveller while traversing its interior. The prospect recalled forcibly to my mind the most striking effect of this kind I had yet happened to witness—that produced by Mount Ætna, as seen from different parts of the Sicilian coast. From Taormina, at the distance of thirty miles to the northward, it presents the appearance of an immense broad pyramid. As the traveller advances, this symmetry of form is disturbed; the top disappears, and he is insensibly lost in a maze of precipices, cones, and craters, producing all the effect of an extensive chain of volcanic mountains. Again, on descending on the other side the summit begins to re-assert its rank among the subordinate masses, which to the eye had usurped its

* Plate iii.

place, but now, like the scattered columns of a routed army rallying around the standard of their chief, resume their proper position on the sides and base; and the whole is gradually restored to its previous unity of surface and outline; so that from Syracuse, about the same distance to the south as Taormina to the north, it again presents the appearance of one great pyramid. Parnassus, although neither so symmetrical in form nor so completely detached from the surrounding heights as Ætna, possesses, partly from its marked outline, partly from its greatly superior loftiness,* when compared with its neighbours, more of an insulated character than any other of the higher mountains of Greece. Here then, as in the case of Ætna, after once disengaging himself from its base, of which the Daulian citadel is the extreme point, the traveller, as he looks back from time to time, may see it gradually consolidating its noble outline into one distinct mass, from the broken ridges among which he had lately been roaming; while the acropolis of Tereus, which had appeared to me, as I toiled up its steep and rugged sides, itself a considerable mountain, now presented the aspect of little more than a large sepulchral tumulus at the foot of its gigantic neighbour. About one-third of the whole space from the summit to the foot was covered with snow, the vivid whiteness of which was here and there interrupted by lines of projecting precipice, or dark-green masses of pine forest.

If required to pronounce which is the finest mountain in Greece, I should have some difficulty in deciding between Parnassus and Taygetus. The latter is more grand and terrific. The first view of its dazzling snowy peaks and black forests, crowning the huge masses of rock which rise perpendicularly from the brilliant Spartan

* Seven thousand feet.

plain in one row of colossal precipices, excited feelings of awe and admiration such as I never experienced on any similar occasion. The effect is, indeed, almost too powerful, like that of the more stupendous class of Swiss scenery, which oppresses by its very magnificence, and affords subjects to the landscape painter greatly inferior to the less striking but more graceful features of the mountain region to the south of the Alps. Parnassus possesses a more calm and majestic sublimity, the effect of which is enhanced by its being concentrated around one group of objects. The mild but desert character of the open expanse of level green plain out of which it abruptly rises, together with the stillness of a beautiful evening, now shed also over the grandeur of the scene that air of tranquil melancholy, which I have always found in my own experience a finer ingredient of the pleasure derived from the contemplation of the nobler works of nature, than one of gay and festive brilliancy.

About half-way between Daulis and Chæronea, we leave the ruins of Panopea, now Agio Vlasio, to the right. Some traces of its acropolis are still visible on one of the higher summits of the ridge that bound the plain on that side, overshadowed by a small tuft of ever-green timber, apparently ilex; a rare phenomenon in this desert region. I did not visit these remains, as they are said by various accurate travellers to possess no features of interest. The village of Agio Vlasio consists of a few straggling cottages at the base of the hill.

Homer designates Panopea by an epithet (*καλλίχορος*, “festive?”) both beautiful and expressive, although incapable of being rendered by any synonyme in our own language. It denotes, like another cognate term, (*εὐχύχορος*), also of frequent occurrence with the poet, a fair extent of open—and doubtless rich and flourishing plain, such as that which Panopea commands may be

presumed to have been in the poet's age, spread out at the foot of the metropolis to which it belonged; literally a fair space for chorus and dancing; either as a figure of its flatness and smoothness, or with more immediate allusion to the songs and dances of the villagers at the vintage and other seasons of rustic festivity.

The description given by Pausanias* of the appearance of this place in his day, will apply well to it at the present. "Panopea," says he, "is a city of Phocis; if indeed that can be called a city which has neither senate-house, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor agora, nor fountain; and whose inhabitants dwell in a ravine, in sheds similar to the wigwams of the mountain herdsmen."

We are habituated, from our schoolboy days, to consider as one of the most interesting features of the history of Greece, the contrast between the narrow limits of the country and her boundless influence on the destinies of mankind; the surpassing glory that encircles, not only the tiny land herself in her integrity, but many of her petty subdivisions; the number and celebrity of the great men she produced, and the magnitude of the events enacted on so confined a theatre. It is, however, only through the medium of a visit to the country that the full force of this reflection can be brought home to the mind; when one actually sees clustered within the ordinary distance of English market towns from each other, the ruins of cities, far better known to fame than many a mighty empire with its countless myriads of square miles or of population. A ride of less than twelve hours, at a foot pace, enabled us to visit at least four places of distinction in Homer's age, with an ease and rapidity which cannot be better represented than by the flowing lines in which he has recorded their names:—

* *Phoc. c. iv.*

—Πυθῶνά τε πετρῆεσσαν,
Κρῖσάν τε Ζαθέην, καὶ Δαυλίδα, καὶ Πανοπῆα.

The rocky Delphi, Crissa the divine,
Daulis and Panopea.

The three succeeding days would have sufficed a traveller more favoured by the elements than myself, to traverse with the same equipage, at the same pace—besides numerous other small states of less distinction—the territories of Thebes, Plataea, Eleusis, and Athens. Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryns—the cities of Danaus, Hercules, Perseus, Agamemnon—with their colossal walls, bearing living testimony to the gigantic energies by which those heroes so well deserved the renown that still attends their names—are all within the compass of a pleasant day's walk to a tolerable pedestrian. The whole population of the state of Athens, in its best ages, is computed to have been about one-third of that of London; while the whole of that of Greece proper at the present day, which during eight years resisted the concentrated energies of the Mahommedan empire, is considerably less than that of Constantinople.

At the mouth of the little valley that runs down below the citadel of Panopea, Pausanias* mentions the sepulchre of the giant Tityus, slain by Apollo, as Homer informs us, for an insult offered to Latona when on her way to Delphi through “the festive Panopea.”† On the right side of the road, at the foot of the hills, are several large natural hillocks of a circular form, one of which may possibly be the accredited tumulus of the giant, whose body the poet tells us, when extended in hell, covered nine plethra, or a third of a stadium of ground. Pausanias describes the monument as upwards of 200 yards in circumference. The torrent bed to the

* *Phoc.* x. 4. 4.

† *Odyss.* xi. 576. *seq.*

westward of the citadel was probably the frontier line between Phocis and Bœotia.

The sun was about setting when we reached our destination for the night, the khan of Kápourná, near the village of the same name, the representative of the ancient Chæronea. The city of Plutarch seems to have been built chiefly on the level space at the mouth of a small valley, forming the bed of one of the rivulets which here open their way through the line of hills to the Cephissus. The high projecting rock that bounds this dell to the west, is crowned by the ruins of the citadel; below, traces of the theatre are perceptible, excavated in the face of the cliff that fronts the plain.

On the site of the lower town, the only existing remains of ancient masonry are a few pieces of Roman brick-work on the open plain towards the river. Yet the quantity and quality of the loose rubbish of antiquity, spread over a vast extent of ground in front of the valley, rather exceeds than falls short of what one might expect on the site of a city of this secondary character. The soil is here raised many feet above the natural level of the adjoining plain, by an accumulation of fragments of every age and style of masonry, and of every variety of material; shafts of columns, massive blocks of stone and marble, plain or sculptured; bricks, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish. This wilderness of rubbish offers, at a little distance, very much the appearance of that accumulation of large loose stones, gravel, and earth, which marks the spot where one of the fierce mountain torrents of the Alps or Apennines issues from their recesses, into the plains of Lombardy or Piedmont; and in fact, I at first view supposed it to be the effect of a similar cause, until undeceived, on a nearer approach, by the insignificance of the streamlet by which it is watered, and the nature of the materials of which it is composed.

Nearly in the centre of the mass is the village fountain, consisting of two or three troughs formed of ancient sarcophagi, into which the water of the brook is conducted by a rude aqueduct, also constructed of ancient materials. The village seems formerly to have extended over a considerable portion of this stony region, but is now confined to a few rows of straggling cottages at the mouth of the valley. The only relics of modern structures on the open space, are the khan, and the little church described by Dodwell, both in the immediate neighbourhood of the fountain. The church is now roofless and dismantled, with the side walls and one gable nearly entire. Its materials are chiefly ancient fragments, some of them bearing a few inscriptions of little interest on their surface. As we rode across the wilderness of rubbish, its whole surface was alive with herds of ragged cattle—oxen, goats, and hogs—returning from their daily pasture on the plain; while in its centre was a group of village girls, finishing off their occupations at the fountain.

On my return from the theatre—the furthest point of my wanderings among the ruins—I sat down, before retiring to the khan for the night, on a large marble block in the centre of one of the most prominent heaps of rubbish, hard by the little chapel, to take a general survey of the scene of desolation, and watch the last beams of expiring daylight gradually become fainter and fainter behind the snows of Parnassus. It was a calm beautiful evening. The sun had now set nearly half an hour; but the western half of the sky still retained that brilliant mixture of orange, purple, and gold, peculiar to the twilight of southern latitudes, while, from the opposite horizon, the shades of night had already begun to overspread the landscape. The last few stragglers of the flocks that had enlivened the surface of the ruins, were now slowly

disappearing in the gloom of the valley, towards the hamlet, where a common abode for the night awaited themselves and their masters. The interruption which the tinkling of the bells, the occasional low of an ox, the bleat of a goat, or the wild cry of the herdsmen, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance, gave to the stillness of the scene, tended rather to increase than detract from its effect, by the contrast that forced itself on the mind between such symptoms of animated life, and those which the same locality must have presented, about the same hour on a fine fresh spring evening, at the period when these loose stones were embodied as the habitations of warriors, philosophers, and enlightened citizens.

Looking up the plain towards Parnassus, the first object, a little to the left, was the fountain, around which were still lingering a few squalid but not inelegant female figures. Beyond rose the Acropolis, with its broken walls and towers looming in irregular masses on the brow of the cliff, below which the position of the theatre was marked by a bright mass of a yellow red or brown colour on the face of the rock. Behind, was visible in the distance, a corner of the tufted citadel of Panopea; and further on, in the same direction, a round lump at the foot of Parnassus could still be recognized as the acropolis of Daulis. At the extremity of the plain, more broadly projected by the yet vivid rays of the departed sun, the colossal summits of the sacred mountain itself bounded the landscape. Carrying the eye round to the right, along the opposite side of the valley, was seen the entrance to the narrow gorge through which the Cephissus “pours its fair-flowing waters from Lilæa.*” From this point extends, as the northern boundary of the plain, the long mountain ridge, called from its peculiar form Acontium, or the javelin, and crowned at its eastern point

* HOMER. *Hymn. Apoll.* 241.

by the citadel of Orchomenus. Below it, at the other extremity of the panorama, were now scarcely distinguishable the yellow reeds of the Cephissian lake, backed by the ridge of hills celebrated in fable as the haunt of the Sphynx. The plain itself, in this direction, offered the field of several of the greatest battles ever fought on the soil of Hellas, in one of which the death-blow was given to her republican liberties.* There are few spots, even in Greece, which present an amphitheatre of objects combining so many claims on the sympathy of the traveller. Nor can it be considered among the least, that the ruins from whence I surveyed it were those of the birthplace of perhaps the most universally popular of the historians who have recorded her glory or her misfortunes, and of the residence where the greatest part of his works were composed.

As I sat wrapped in the train of thought suggested by the occasion, my musings were interrupted by one of those small hooting owls, already familiar to me in Italy among ruins or old buildings, and which, by their tameness and unconcern in the presence of man, seem, instead of "complaining of such as wander near their secret bower," to feel a sort of fellowship with the solitary being who delights in contemplating, at the same hour with themselves, the gloomy scenes selected as their favourite haunts. By this time every sound of man or beast had died away, and a perfect stillness prevailed. The bird passed so near my head as almost to flap the crown of my hat with its wing, as if to attract my attention, and perched on the gable end of the little ruined chapel, within a distance of about fifteen yards. It sat

* The first was that in which the Athenians were defeated by the Bœotians, B. C. 447. The second, where the Bœotians and Athenians were defeated by Philip of Macedon. The third was the victory of Sylla over Mithridates.

looking in my face for a few seconds, and then turning from side to side as if to take a survey of the surrounding desolation, commenced its dismal song. The note of this little owl, apart from all incidental accompaniments of place or hour, has in itself a certain tone of mockery combined with that of a more plaintive character, as if one could figure to one's-self a medium between the cry of the screechowl and the laughing woodpecker; but at this especial moment there was something absolutely electrifying in the hoo-ha, hoo-ha of the little creature, resounding shrilly amid the dead silence across the ruins, its grotesque figure relieved by the still warm tint of the western horizon, as it bobbed its head and body from side to side at each repetition of the melancholy strophe. As the sarcastic or the plaintive tone prevailed, one fancied to one's-self, at one moment, the bird of desolation inviting to rejoice with it over the desolate scene by which we were encompassed; at another, the bird of Pallas, demanding sympathy with its lament for the fate of a once-favourite seat of the art and science over which she presided.

After a short pause it again took wing, made one or two circles in the immediate neighbourhood of its previous seat, and then disappeared in the direction of the theatre. A few moments afterwards I again heard it, perched, no doubt, on a projecting point of the cliff, commence the second canto of its interrupted dirge.

Although I have wandered among the ruins of all or most of the illustrious seats of departed European greatness, at the hour, and under the circumstances, most favourable to the impressions such scenes are fitted to produce, I scarcely recollect ever having felt their influence so powerfully as on the present evening, amid the rubbish of this comparatively unimportant spot.

The change of scene that presented itself in the retire-

ment of the khan, was enough to throw a damp over the warmest glow of classical enthusiasm. The accommodation here differed little from that of other places of the same class previously described ; with the exception that the body of the low dark shed was filled with cattle instead of men, a large detachment of the herds I had seen crossing the ruins being congregated within its walls. This was a fortunate circumstance, for as there was no other human guest but our own party, I established exclusive possession of the small wooden platform or loft, here raised but two or three feet above the ground, and of the mud hearth in its centre, and enjoyed one of the few nights of tolerable rest with which it was my lot to be favoured in similar quarters. My slumbers were, however, a little disturbed by the midnight gambols of the more lively portion of my fellow-lodgers, some of whom amused themselves at intervals in chasing each other in a most riotous manner up and down the building. My own person seemed also to afford entertainment to the graver members of the herd ; and several times, when startled by some more vehement burst of merriment on the part of their frolicsome juniors, I observed, on looking up, a row of *metopes* fixed on the verge of the wooden floor, and as many pair of large round eyes glaring on me by the light of the expiring embers.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIELD OF CHÆRONEA—MONUMENT OF BÆOTIAN SLAIN—ORCHOMENUS—LAKE COPAÏS.

τλῆθι λέων, ἄτλητα παθὼν, τετληότι θυμῷ.—*Incerti Epigr.*

“Lion! with lion’s heart, thy wrongs endure.”

THE next morning, March 6th, I walked up to the acropolis, the remains of which present the same mixture of archaic and of more recent Hellenic masonry, as those of Daulis, Orchomenus, and other ancient citadels, which, founded at a remote period, have been subjected to repairs or alterations in later ages. In the village below, the little church of the Panaghía is still entire, with its white marble throne described by Dodwell, called by the learned of Kápourná the throne of Plutarch. The dedicatory inscriptions, illustrative of the Egypto-Roman worship of Osiris, which have been repeatedly published, are also still in their places, in the front wall of the building, and on those of the little court contiguous.

About a mile or little more from the khan, on the right side of the road towards Orchomenus, is the sepulchre of the Bæotians who fell in the battle of Chæronea. At the period when this district was traversed by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, or any other previous traveller to whose works I have had access, nothing was here visible but a tumulus. The lion by which Pausanias* describes it as

* *Bæot.* xl.

having been surmounted, had completely disappeared. The mound of earth has since been excavated, and a colossal marble lion discovered, deeply embedded in its interior. This noble piece of sculpture, though now strewed in detached masses about the sides and interior of the excavation, may still be said to exist nearly in its original integrity. It is evident, from the appearance of the fragments, that it was composed from the first of more than one block, although not certainly of so many as its remains now exhibit. None of the fragments, however, seem to have been removed. The different pieces are so scooped out as to leave the interior of the figure hollow, with the twofold object, no doubt, of sparing material and saving expense of transport. I could obtain no authentic information as to the period and circumstances of this discovery. The story told on the spot was, that the celebrated patriot chief Odysseus, when in occupation of this district, had observed a piece of marble projecting from the summit of the mound, which, he further remarked, when struck produced a hollow sound. Supposing, therefore, according to the popular notion, that treasure might be concealed in the interior of the tumulus, he opened it up, and under the same impression broke the lion, which at that time was entire, into pieces; or, as the tradition goes, blew it up with gunpowder. Another account is, that the lion was first discovered by that patriarch among the present race of Hellenic archæologers, the Austrian consul Gropius; Odysseus being only entitled to the credit of having severed it in pieces. That the government, during the ten years of comparative tranquillity the country has now enjoyed, should have done nothing for its preservation,* is ano-

* It is stated in a letter from Athens, of date June 18, inserted in the *Literary Gazette* of July 11, 1840, to be the intention of the government to remove this lion to the capital, and erect it on a

ther proof how little the regeneration of Greece has done for that of her monuments. It would appear that the marble, with the lapse of ages, had gradually imbedded itself in the soft material that formed its base, so as finally to have sunk, not only beneath the surface of the tumulus, but, to judge from the appearance of the excavation, even of the plain itself—a remarkable instance of the effect of time in concealing and preserving, as well as in destroying, monuments of ancient art.

This lion may, upon the whole, be pronounced the most interesting sepulchral monument in Greece—perhaps in Europe. It is the only one dating from the better days of Hellas—with the exception perhaps of the tumulus of Marathon—the identity of which is beyond dispute. It is also an ascertained specimen of the sculpture of the most perfect period of Greek art. That it records the last decisive blow beneath which Hellenic independence sunk, never permanently to rise again, were in itself a sufficiently strong claim on our warmest sympathies. But the mode in which it records that fatal event renders the claim doubly powerful. For this monument possesses the affecting peculiarity of being erected, not, as usual with those situated like itself on a field of battle, to commemorate the victory, but the misfortune of the warriors whose bodies repose in the soil beneath—the valour, not the success of their struggle for liberty. These claims are urged by Pausanias with his usual dry quaint brevity, but with much simple force and pathos. “On approaching the city,” says he, “is the tomb of the Bæotians who fell in the battle with Philip. It has no inscription, but the figure of a lion is suitable pedestal on some commanding situation. This plan will be favourable, perhaps, to its preservation; but the monument never can possess the same degree of classic interest on any other spot, as that which now attaches to it on the one where it was originally erected.

placed upon it as an emblem of the spirit of those men. The inscription has been omitted, as I suppose, because the gods had willed that their fortune should not be equal to their prowess."* The word here rendered *spirit* has no equivalent in our language; but it describes very happily the expression which the artist, with an accurate perception of the affecting specialty of the case, has given to the countenance of the animal, and of which, for the reasons Pausanias assigns, the monument was to be the emblem rather than the record; that mixture, namely, of fierceness and of humiliation, of rage, sorrow, and shame, which would agitate the breasts of proud Hellenic freemen, on being constrained, after a determined struggle on a field bathed with the blood of their best citizens, to yield up their independence to the overwhelming power of a foreign and semi-barbarous enemy.

From this point we cross the valley, which here widens considerably, and assumes a more cultivated character, in a diagonal direction, towards the extremity of Mount Acontium, the site of the ancient Orchomenus. In passing through a village about the centre of the plain, I observed an old woman squatting in the sun, on a little raised mud-bank in front of one of the cottages, midway between the two rows of which the hamlet was composed. She sat shrouded in her cloak, with her knees doubled up as a rest for her elbows; and, holding her head between her hands, uttered without intermission a sound betwixt a scream, a howl, and a song. No person seemed to pay any attention to her. Few of the villagers were within

* Οὐκ ἐπιγέγραπται μὲν δὴ ἐπίγραμμα, ἐπίσημα δὲ ἔπεστιν αὐτῶν λέων· φέροι δ' ἂν ἐς τῶν ἀνδρῶν μάλιστα τὸν θυμὸν ἐπίγραμμα δὲ ἄπεστιν, ἐμοὶ δοκεῖν, ὅτι οὐκ εὐκλότα τῇ τόλμῃ σφίσι τὰ ἐκ τοῦ δαίμονος ἠκολούθησε.—Loc. cit.

sight, and those I observed, busied about their own work, did not appear to notice her. She seemed no less deeply engrossed with her own occupation, and did not even look up at our cavalcade as we passed, although she could not have failed to observe us, engaged as we were at the moment in mortal strife with the dogs. I was told it was a lamentation for her daughter, who lay dead in the neighbouring hut. There was something very touching as well as characteristic in the whole scene.

As the plain widens towards the lake, the cultivation increases; the upper portion of it, near Chæronea, being almost exclusively pasture. We here travelled over some extensive tracts of land which appeared to have lain waste for several years, but, from the stumps still visible at regular intervals, had evidently been vineyards. Here and there groups of peasantry were engaged in restoring them to fertility. I was informed they were portions of the property of the ejected Turks, which, amid the scantiness of the population since the war, had been allowed to lie in this neglected state, but were now, as gradually disposed of to new possessors, in course of being restored to cultivation.

The Cephissus here flows not in the middle of the valley, but close beneath the rocky height on which stands the citadel of Orchomenus; it then bends a little outwards across the plain, and takes another turn round the base of the hill into the village, where, realizing to this day the description of Hesiod, it

“Winds like a serpent through Orchomenus,”*

and discharges itself into the lake.

It is here, in regard to body of water, one of the most

* δι' Ὀρχομενοῦ εἰλιγμένως εἶσι δράκων ὥς.—*Frag. ap. STRAB.*
ix. 4.

respectable streams in Greece, and as deserving the name of river as most of those of central England—the sluggish Ouses and Avons, which it much resembles—being neither limpid nor rapid, but winding its way through a ditchlike bed, invisible to the eye until one is close on its banks.

About noon we reached the village of Skripú, situated on the flat ground at the foot of the ancient town, after crossing the river, which widens considerably on approaching the lake, by a Turkish bridge of three arches, the first structure of its class I had yet met with in Greece. Having but little time to spare, I requested Nicóla, who I presumed would, at least in the case of so remarkable a relic, be competent to act as my Cicerone, to conduct me at once to the celebrated “Treasury;” but he disclaimed all knowledge of any such monument; although he assured me—as was indeed very evident from his familiarity with the other, to him more interesting objects it contained—that he had been many times at Skripú. I ordered him, therefore, to find a substitute in the village; and in case the classical, though false title, which this ruin bears among archæologists, should not be equally familiar to the ears of the modern Orchomenians, I gave him such a description of it as I thought would be sufficient to ensure its discovery; but it was all in vain. No person seemed to have heard of any other ruin but the palæókastro, or ruined tower, on the summit of the hill. I therefore determined to explore the ground for myself, starting in one direction over the lower declivities among which I knew it to be situated, and sending Nicóla to hunt for it in another. Whether from some imperfection in the published accounts, or from my own dulness in apprehending them, I found that my previous views of the topography of the place corresponded but very remotely with the

reality: and after wandering about for nearly an hour, I felt disposed to give up the matter in despair, while Nicóla, on his part, seemed very well satisfied that the object of our researches existed but in the visions of my imagination. As a last resource, however, while sitting down to rest on the side of the hill, I sent him once more to make enquiries among the villagers, and in about ten minutes he returned with a boy, who professed to be better acquainted than his elders with the curiosities of his native place, and who offered to conduct me “Sten Plaka,”* that is, “to the Flag-stone.” This was sufficient; for the large flat-topped marble architrave of the door of the monument is certainly, at present, its most remarkable feature, and in a few minutes we were on the spot. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the hill, towards the lake, in front of the old Byzantine Church, and so concealed by cottages, or by the rubbish of the tumulus with which it was formerly covered, as not to be visible until the spectator is close upon it. The future traveller, therefore, whose time may be as limited as my own, would do well to ask for Ten Plaka, and he will no doubt at once be conducted to the site.

The “Treasury of Minyas” as it has been vulgarly called since the days of Pausanias, was a circular vault of massive masonry embedded in the hill, with an arched roof, surmounted probably by a tumulus. It had a side door of entrance, the access to which was cut horizontally in the flank of the slope. The whole of the stone-work of the vault has now disappeared, but its form† is vouched for by the circular cavity of the ground, the description of Pausanias, and the curve horizontal and vertical of the inner side of the existing architrave, which was also

* *στῆν πλάκα.*

† For the measurements, see LEAKE, *N. Greece*, ii. p. 149. The diameter of the vault seems to have been from 50 to 60 feet.

a portion of the arch. The doorway, however, is entire, though completely embedded in earth up to the base of the architrave.*

The city of Minyas occupied, it may be presumed, the greater portion of the slope of the hill above the "Treasury." At about half the distance towards the summit, traces of the walls become visible, partly of Hellenic, partly of more ancient masonry. The summit itself, on which stood the acropolis, is now crowned by a ruined tower of regular Hellenic style, and dating from a comparatively recent period. The shape of the town, like that of many other fortresses of the same age, was triangular; the walls branching from the citadel, and the space between them widening as they advanced upon the more level ground. The hill is flanked on the one side by the plain and the bed of the river, on the other by the lake, which in front is sufficiently remote from its base to leave a flat space for the large straggling village of Skripú, through which winds the Cephissus. The declivities of the hill command extensive prospects over the rich and fertile districts on the shores of the river and lake. The situation is, therefore, one of the strongest and best chosen in Greece; and, together with the extant remains of the primitive fortifications, and of the colossal monument at their base, seems to vouch for the truth of the mythical legends relative to the wealth and power of the Minyeon empire, of which it was the seat in the ante-historical ages of Greece.

* The origin and destination of this, and of other monuments of the same class still extant at Mycene and elsewhere, is a question of some obscurity, which has given rise to a good deal of controversy among professed archæologists. In an article on the subject, recently inserted, in the German language, in the *Rheinische Museum* for 1839, (vol. vi., p. 240, *seq.*) I have endeavoured to establish that they were the family vaults of the ancient heroes by whom they were constructed.

The day was brilliantly clear, and I enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the whole low country and the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains. Of these the most remarkable are Helicon—Cithæron in the extreme distance—The Ptoüs—Sphikium—and Cirphis. Parnassus is hidden by the back of the hill.

I met with no object in all Greece which so greatly disappointed my expectations as the celebrated Cephissian lake. On the coloured Atlas of the *Geographia Antiqua*, which had formerly been the assistant of my classical studies, I had been used to see it extended in one fair, broad, blue expanse, like that of Geneva or Constance in Keller's map of Switzerland. This flattering picture, combined with the equally flattering term lake, by which it is familiarly known, with its celebrity under this name among both poets and topographers, and with a general impression of the superiority of Greek scenery in all its departments to that of any other part of Europe, naturally led to the conclusion, that a large sheet of water in the heart of that country, encircled at greater or less distance by the mountains of Helicon, Cithæron, Parnassus, would be an object equal, if not superior in beauty, to the most beautiful to which the same name attaches in any other part of the world. It is true, one might have been, in part at least, prepared by the tenor of some of the published descriptions for a disappointment. But early and agreeable impressions, delusive as they may be, are not so readily effaced by unpleasing truths. The reality, however, in this case, went far beyond the amount of any deduction I had been willing to make for classical predilections; and I was certainly both surprised and shocked to find the far-famed Cephissian lake, to speak without ceremony, but one large green or yellow swamp—for either epithet will apply, according to the season of the year in which it

may be visited—overgrown with sedge, reeds, and canes, through which the river could be distinguished oozing its sluggish path for several miles. At this time the waters were at their full; but although I had almost a bird's-eye view of the whole surface, I found it difficult to distinguish a clear expanse of liquid element, such as could fairly deserve the name of a pond. Even where the course of the stream could no longer be traced in one uninterrupted line, the partial openings among the reeds in the distance appeared but a continuation of its windings. Nor is the transition from dry land to water in any place distinctly perceptible; the only visible line of boundary between them, unless where the mountains stretch down to the shore, is the encroachment of the reeds on the arable soil, or the absence of the little villages with which the terra firma is here studded in greater numbers than usual. The lake is said to be nearly dry at midsummer. Even in winter it seldom attains a great depth, being relieved of its superabundant waters by the celebrated Katabothra, or subterranean channels, through which it discharges itself into the sea.*

Among the villages of Greece visited by me, Skripú

* My own arrangements, and the limited time at my disposal, did not permit of my exploring the region of the Katabothra, which I the more regret, owing to the new interest that attaches to these curious "Emissaries," in consequence of the late more accurate researches on the subject. The prevailing opinion had been that they were merely natural cavities, such as are to be found in many parts of Greece, as well as of the rest of Europe. It is now, however, maintained, and on very plausible grounds, that they are in part at least monuments of the power and science of the heroic age, that mysterious and interesting era of Grecian history. The future traveller in this direction will find all the more recent and valuable information relative to their origin and present state, in Colonel LEAKE's *Northern Greece*, vol. ii., p. 185, *seq.* 280, *seq.* 309, *seq.*; and in the work of the learned German traveller, FORCHHAMMER, entitled *Hellenika*. Berlin. 8vo. 1837. Part i., p. 159, *seq.*

is the one that appeared to have suffered least from the ravages of the war. Scarcely any modern ruins are here observable. The generation of cottages and hovels which now exists, seems the very same as that represented in the old drawings of the place. The meadows over which they are scattered are adorned with groups and rows of thriving timber-trees of considerable size, most of which, being of an early species of willow or poplar, were already partially clothed in green, and with the river meandering through them, gave the whole site of the community, as viewed from the hill, a lively and flourishing appearance. The relief was the greater to the eye, as since we left the banks of the Acheloüs, a well-grown tree of the deciduous kind was an object to which it had been a stranger. The great mountain forests of Greece have, as may be supposed, for the most part survived the desolation of the war; but in almost every district over which it extended, domestic timber has shared the same fate as domestic buildings. The metropolitan church is also still in perfect preservation, both within and without. Its numerous and valuable inscriptions are all, with the exception of two carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, apparently in the places they formerly occupied, and as legible as when first copied. This building, the largest and most respectable of its class that I saw in Greece, is in the form of a Greek cross, and upon the whole a good specimen of the Byzantine style of ecclesiastical architecture. The inscription on a stone of the outer wall assigns the period of its construction to the ninth century. I was unable to learn to what favourable circumstances the representative of the ancient seat of Minyas and the Graces—apart from the small degree of favour and protection it may still lay claim to in that quarter—owes its exemption from the common ruin, in which almost every other town in this region has been involved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIVADÍA—KHAN OF, AND ITS INMATES.

οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐχ ἡμερῶν τεττάρων τὸ πλεῖστον,
 ὕδωρ ἀναγκαίως ἔχει τὸν θεὸν ποιῆσαι.—ARISTOPH. *Vesp.* 260.

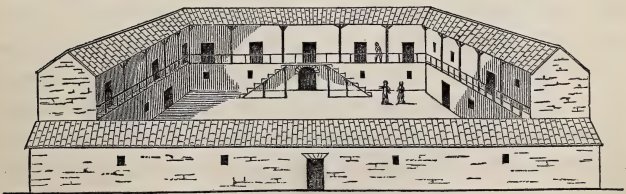
“ A plenteous store of water in the air,
 For four days' rain at least, the gods prepare.”

FROM Skripú, recrossing the bridge, we traverse the breadth of the Cephissian plain near where it borders on the lake, and enter a small but fertile valley watered by the brook Hercyna. At its extremity, on the lower declivities of Mount Helicon, is situated Livadía, which place we reach after a ride of about three hours, early in the evening. The fate and present condition of this town, which was, before the war—as perhaps it still may be, with the exception of Athens—the largest and most flourishing of Northern Greece, offers the very reverse in all respects of the description above given of Skripú. Nowhere else do I remember to have beheld a more dreary mass of modern ruins. The aspect of the place at the distance of a few miles is very curious. The late city was built chiefly on an extensive slope, facing the traveller as he approaches from the Cephissus. Over this expanse, described by former tourists as presenting a gay assemblage of mosques, minarets, houses, and gardens, are now displayed the areas and foundations of the ruined buildings, in a sort of bird's eye prospect, offering, as seen from afar, exactly the appearance of a large

extent of small enclosures, such as garden plots, or potato-grounds, for which I accordingly took them, and had formed a high opinion of the horticultural industry of the inhabitants, when on nearer approach the illusion was dispelled by the too sad reality of rubbish and desolation.

At the outskirts of the town, by the road side as one enters, is the best—the only tolerable specimen of a Khan it was my lot to meet with in Greece; a most fortunate circumstance for me, having been, as will appear, under the necessity of halting four whole days at this stage of my journey. As I found this establishment, its construction, and the humours of its inmates, a source of much entertainment, and a great means of enlivening the period of my duration within its walls, I shall venture here shortly to describe it. It is probably a very tolerable specimen, in point of structure, of the better class of old Turkish Khans, as represented in the descriptions and drawings of travellers in Turkey proper, or in Greece during the Turkish period. Its plan also corresponds closely, by a curious enough coincidence, with that given by Dodwell of the palazzo of a wealthy Greek, whose hospitality he enjoyed in this same town of Livadia. Hence, I presume, it may be taken as a fair sample of the general arrangement of the better class of Turco-Greek houses under the old dynasty. The building forms a quadrangle, enclosing a spacious open court, with a fountain-well in the centre. The gateway of entrance is in the middle of the front facing the road. This side, and each of the two contiguous, have an upper floor, approached by a wooden staircase or ladder, with a double flight of steps, constructed in the centre of the principal side of the building, in a position within the quadrangle corresponding to that of the gateway of entry from without. The ground floor of the same side of the

square comprised the shop and dwelling of the Khanjee, together with the accommodation for the agoghates, and such other persons of the meaner class as may not desire separate quarters. The opposite side, which alone of the three had no upper story, was stable and cow-house. The ground-floor of the two flanks seemed to be chiefly used as magazines for farm produce, or goods in general. The staircase led up to an open gallery or portico of wood, running round the three principal sides of the court, and giving entrance to the various apartments of the upper floor. The two flanks, here as below, were for the most part granaries or storehouses. The front towards the street was subdivided into a row of small square rooms, or rather wooden boxes, the private apartments destined for the accommodation of the better class of guests, each with its separate door opening on the gallery, its windows—if a small square aperture in the wall, unglazed, with a wooden shutter, can deserve the name—and its alcove-formed fireplace, with projecting hearth, similar to that described at Katochí. They had also their ceiling, or upper flooring of wooden boards, hiding the roof, but not protecting the space it covered from the rain, to which here, as elsewhere, the roof itself was so constructed as to allow a greater or less freedom of passage.



The correspondence of this edifice, in many essential

particulars, with the description of the private dwellings of the ancients from the days of Homer downwards, has been noticed by Dodwell, in his account of the last generation of Livadian palaces, and is indeed obvious enough. The portico, (αἶθουσα,) with its staircase, or rather ladder, (κλίμαξ,) for such, in fact, it may more properly be called, having no railing, and requiring consequently to be used with some caution, recalled forcibly to my mind the description of the death of Elpenor in the palace of Circe.* Heated with wine, the unfortunate mariner preferred passing the night in a cooler space, apart from his comrades, in the open gallery no doubt; but neglecting, when roused in the morning, to turn backwards in his descent of the stair, as is still practised in the gangways of ships, he fell headlong into the court below, and broke his neck. The inner walls, or rather wooden wainscots of the granaries of the flanks, were so constructed as not to reach the beams which sloped from above, but were merely of height sufficient to prevent free access to the public from the portico, leaving a sufficient space between their upper extremity and the common roof of the building for any one, who from motives of curiosity or of plunder might be so disposed, to squeeze his person into the interior. At present, the only intruders were immense flocks of sparrows and other finches, which, however small, were sufficiently numerous, I should imagine, to relieve the proprietor, by little and little, of a considerable portion of his stock of grain. This peculiarity also throws light upon the obscure passage of the Odyssey, where Melanthius, the treacherous goat-herd, obtains access to the armoury of Ulysses, in the upper floor of the building, (ὑπερώϊον,) “through the crevices of the roof;”† from

* *Odys.* x. 550, *seqq.*

† *Odys.* xxii. 143, ἀνὰ ῥῶγας μεγάροιο.

whence, it would appear, that the side walls of the palace hall of Ulysses were not much better finished off than those of the granary of the Khanjee of Livadía.

It is also not unworthy of remark, that the plan of the great inn, (*καταγώγιον*), erected by the Thebans out of the ruins of Plataea, for the accommodation of travellers between Bœotia and Attica, corresponds, in as far as described by Thucydides, closely to that of this Khan. It was a square court of 200 feet a-side, surrounded with buildings "above and below," that is, doubtless, an edifice of two stories. As the Turks inherited most of these customs from their Byzantine vassals, and they, in their turn, from their ancestors of more flourishing ages, there is no reason to doubt that the modern Greek buildings of this class are lineal descendants of those of the time of Thucydides. †

After occupying our quarters, there remained daylight sufficient for a general survey of the place and its environs. The modern town of Livadía is situated on two opposite declivities, rising on each bank of a small stream, the sacred Hercyna, just where it issues through a deep rocky gorge from the lower region of Helicon. The greater part of the houses are on the western slope. The upper extremity of this eminence, towards Helicon, rises into a lofty and precipitous summit, with cliffs overhanging the bed of the stream. It is crowned by the Turkish citadel, a castle of the middle ages, now in ruins, and presenting, with the deep glen and torrent below, a very picturesque appearance. The more ancient site of the city, Pausanias informs us, was on lofty ground; but the inhabitants afterwards removed to the lower region in the neighbourhood. Hence it may be presumed that the height now occupied by the citadel did not form part of the inhabited town in the days of

* *Hist. Lib.* iii. 68.

that topographer. Owing to the complete ruin of the old city, both walls and buildings, it is now difficult to judge of its exact position or extent.* But the numerous fragments of antiquity still scattered over the eminence on the eastern side of the river, would lead to the supposition that its principal extent was in this direction, and that the modern town has risen up on the free space on the opposite bank, as more convenient for the erection of new buildings. For a similar reason the better class of houses are now again constructing on the eastern declivity.

The present topography of the place presents but a very general resemblance to the description given by Pausanias† of the sanctuary of Trophonius. According to him, the Hercyna, the sacred stream of the hero, had its sources in a cavern dedicated to a nymph of the same name, fitted up as her sanctuary, and containing statues of the patron divinities of the oracle. He afterwards mentions two fountains of which it was necessary that the persons about to consult the oracle should drink; from the one the waters of oblivion, from the other those of memory; but it is doubtful whether these springs were the same described by him as the sources of the river. Below the Turkish castle, on the left or western bank of the river, and close to its bed, there still exists a small

* There cannot be a greater paradox than Fallmeyer's attempt, in support of his theory relative to the origin of the present Greek race, to prove that Livadia is not the representative of the ancient town of Lebadea; or a greater fallacy than his proposal to derive the modern variety of the name from the Slavonic tongue. His only argument, the assertion that the existing town occupies a totally different site from that of Trophonius, is one which never would have occurred to him, had he visited the ground himself. His work supplies various other examples of the difficulty of writing correctly upon Greek topography, without a personal knowledge of the localities.—*Geschichte der Morea*, vol. i. p. 323. *seq.*

† *Bæot. c.* xxxix.

cave, exhibiting traces of having been artificially adorned, from whence, or rather from the cliff in which it is pierced, issues an insignificant tributary of the main stream. On the opposite bank are some much more copious springs, bursting from numerous crevices in the rocks, and supplying by conduits, partly artificial, partly natural in the rock itself, conveniences for washing clothes, &c., to the inhabitants of the town. Neither of these sources can deserve, in our acceptation of the term, the honours of fountain-head of the river, the course of which extends much higher, several miles probably, into the recesses of Helicon. Even at the time I first saw it, on this afternoon, previous to the commencement of the rains, it contained a considerable stream of water, which, on the repetition of my visit during a fair glimpse of the second evening of my stay in the Khan, was swoln into a mighty torrent, rushing with headlong impetuosity and deafening noise over heaps of ponderous stones. It is indeed probable, that during the summer season this upper bed is usually dry, and in that case the lower sources, if perennial, as there can be little doubt is the case, at least with that on the eastern bank, would be entitled, according to the common courtesy of Greek sacred chorography, to be considered as representing the fountain-head of the river.* It is evident, however, that the cave of the prophetic god himself was quite different from the existing cavern. Of that mysterious adytum no vestiges whatever are extant; nor any data which, by reference to existing appearances, can warrant a satisfactory conjecture as to its site. I am disposed,

* I must refer those who may be disposed to enquire further into this obscure point, as well as into the remaining details of the history or topography of the joint sanctuary of Trophonius and Hercyna, to the work of Colonel LEAKE on Northern Greece, where he has treated the matter with his usual research and critical accuracy.—Vol. ii. p. 120. *seqq.*

however, to agree with Dodwell, that it was on the summit of the height now occupied by the ruined citadel.*

As this Khan was the first tolerable quarter I had found since I left Mesolonghi, I determined to make the most of the comforts by which I was surrounded, even for a single night, little anticipating the length of the period during which I was destined to enjoy them; and on my return from my walk, busied myself in setting my house in order to the best of my ability. A careful scrubbing and sweeping rendered my little apartment tolerably clean and quite free from vermin, and what between an empty herring barrel, which was the only table to be procured, my mattress, carpet-bags, writing-case, and a small ledge or window seat, I managed to furnish it very tolerably. As the chimney smoked, no fire could be lighted, but some charcoal from a shop in the town supplied a tolerable equivalent. The weather, however, was so mild, that Nicóla, as at Katochí, slept the first night, like Elpenor, in the portico in front of my door, "spreading his couch beneath the open porch;"† but during the remainder of our stay, his sense, however small, of personal comfort, overcame his watchful zeal, and he retired into a place of more effectual shelter. I also purchased in the town a few of the small wax tapers used in the religious ceremonies of the churches. The only light to be had in the Khan was a

* PAUSANIAS describes it as ἐπὶ τοῦ ὄρους (Bæot. xxxix. 5.); from whence LEAKE (p. 138) infers, upon what principle I confess I do not understand, that it was situated at *the foot of the hill*.

If the views here expressed be correct, that the ancient city was on the eastern bank of the Hercyna, and the cave on the other side, where the castle now stands, there can be little doubt, that in the defective passage of PAUSANIAS—διείργει δὲ ἀπ' αὐτῆς τὸ ἄλσος τοῦ Τροφωνίου—the term ποταμός, or some other equivalent is to be supplied as the nominative of the verb διείργει.

† δέμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ στορέσας.

small oval metal lamp, of purest antique form, but very little use, owing to the badness of both oil and wick.

Towards dark it set in rain, and the whole of that night and the next morning continued to pour in torrents. Loss of time was a serious evil; but my object was to see the country, and I might as well have travelled in the dark, or blindfold, as when the atmosphere was enveloped in mists and storms. We therefore put off our departure from hour to hour, looking for symptoms of clearing, until it was too late to hope to arrive at Thebes before nightfall. The rain continued without intermission the whole of that day and the next night; and on the second morning there was no appearance of improvement. In despair I now thought of braving the worst, but here the agoghiates objected, as it was probable the torrents that pour from the mountains into the lake, along the shore of which our route lay, would be so swoln as to render travelling difficult, or even unsafe. On the two succeeding mornings, my reveil by Nicóla was still the same: "Piove, Signore, peggio di jeri." In short, during four days and five nights in succession, it continued to pour unceasingly, with the exception of about an hour on the afternoon of the third day, when the steady rain gave place to a sort of drizzle or Scotch mist. The streets and paths in every direction were now but so many canals or ditches of liquid mud; so that even had one been disposed to brave the storm overhead, the discomfort of wet feet and filthy clothes damped all zeal for the enjoyment of open air or exercise.

The misfortune, however serious, had yet its classical interest, as affording practical illustration of the characteristic qualities of the Bœotian atmosphere, which to this day, as among the ancients, is proverbial for excessive moisture. But I was more especially pleased by the coincidence, that the rainy climate of Lebadea in parti-

cular, of which I had such fatal experience in the year 1838, was equally celebrated in the heroic age of Greece. Of this there exists very satisfactory evidence in the traditions relative to the foundation of the sanctuary of Trophonius, as well as in the peculiar forms of his own worship, and of that of his kindred deities. Nay, it would appear, that to this local peculiarity the oracle was indebted, if not for its existence, at least for the first origin of the extensive repute it enjoyed, and which, as early as the days of Herodotus, was second only to that of Delphi.* “The first acknowledgment of the oracle or of its influence by the Bæotians,” says Pausanias, “took place in the following manner:—Theori had been sent from each city to Delphi, in consequence of no rain having fallen during two whole seasons, to enquire as to the means of deliverance from the drought. The Pytho-ness instructed them to go to Lebadea, and seek a remedy from Trophonius.”† Of the precise mode in which the relief was administered we are not informed; but judging from my own experience, they certainly could not have gone in quest of rain to any part of Greece with better chance of finding it. Hence too we learn from the same topographer, that the most notable image in the sanctuary of the oracle, the only one especially mentioned besides that of the prophet himself, was a Jupiter Pluvius‡—or Rainy Jupiter; and as we know, from other sources,§ that the prophet was himself worshipped as Jupiter Trophonius, there seems every reason to believe that the image above mentioned of the watery Jove was

* It was one of those consulted by Cræsus; and its efficacy, as we learn from Plutarch, (*De Def. Orac.* v.) survived that of every oracular shrine in Bæotia, even of Delphi itself, being still acknowledged in his day, as also in those of Pausanias.

† *Bæot.* c. xl.

‡ PAUS. *l. c. c.* 3.

§ LIV. xlv. 27. STRAB. ix. p. 601. Ed. Falcon.

merely emblematic of this especial department of his influence.*

This four days' durance was also not without its value, as affording opportunity of some additional insight into the character and habits of the modern Hellenes, as exemplified in the persons of my fellow lodgers. Four of the small private apartments were occupied, besides my own; one by a leech merchant from Athens, who spoke bad though intelligible Italian, and was more civilized in appearance and manner than the other guests. He complained bitterly of the wet weather, which by raising the waters of the lake to an unusual height, prevented his fishermen from pursuing their comfortless avocation, and suspended his own business. The animals are caught by country people in his employ, who wade with bare feet and legs into the water, and seize them as they fasten on their skin. Another room was occupied by a couple of Argive cotton merchants, of rude demeanour, and uncouth ponderous persons, enveloped in a vast quantity of coarse white woollen drapery. A third was the quarter of two Albanian veterans, belonging to a party of irregular light infantry stationed in the town. These troops are distributed in detachments through the different provinces, as a sort of moveable armed police, liable to be called out to pursue brigands, or otherwise support the civil authorities or the regular gendarmerie. But from any thing I could learn or see, I was not led to form a high opinion of the

* It were, perhaps, not an over-subtle conjecture, that the name Trophonius, written also Trephonius in various Lebadean inscriptions, may itself bear allusion to the *nutritious* effects of copious supplies of moisture, which are so much more sensibly felt and appreciated in these southern latitudes than our own. ÆSCHYLUS (*Sept. in Th.* v. 292) calls the Dirce, the waters of which were, and still are extensively used for purposes of irrigation, in the same active sense, εὐτρεφέστατον ποταμῶν.

value of their services; and their employment seemed generally to be considered as little better than an expedient to prevent them from relapsing into those habits of predatory life from which they had, most of them, been previously reclaimed. They were, like others of their cloth whom I happened to meet, wild, ferocious-looking fellows, and offensively dirty, in spite of their beautiful though soiled and greasy uniform, of native fashion but Bavarian colours, white and blue. Nicóla was very amusing on the subject of his two countrymen, speaking of them with a mixture of compassion and contempt, under the title of "*questi poveri Chimariotti*." Chimariote is the title they usually bear, derived from the town and district of Chimara, on the Adriatic, distinguished for this class of warriors; and which has been extended in popular use to those of the whole Acroce-raunian range. He gave a moving account of the shabbiness of their pay, as well as of the filth and misery of their persons, quarters, and mode of life, which was indeed too self-evident to require any commentary. They seemed to be very much their own masters, and subjected to little either of discipline, duty, or authority, that I could perceive. One of them, a lean weather-beaten veteran, amused himself during a great part of the day in firing his musket around the Khan, a service which I found was performed on my account. Amid the scarcity of animal food that prevailed throughout the land, owing to the rigour of the Greek Lent, I had conceived a longing for a dish of the sparrows which I saw daily fattening on the Khanjee's corn, and had instructed Nicóla to do what he could to catch a few of them. He had engaged the military services of his countrymen for the purpose, and I was thus, at the expense of a few oboli to myself, and a considerable quantity of ammunition to his Grecian Majesty, well

supplied with small wild-fowl during the remainder of my stay in the place.

The other palikar, who seemed to be the man of the greatest consequence of the two, at least in his own estimation, a fine athletic fellow, with a fierce sinister countenance and a free and forward manner, paid me a visit on the second afternoon; and after shaking me cordially by the hand, uttered with much vehement gesture, a long and energetic harangue, scarcely one word of which I understood, but which I interpreted to convey certain anathemas against brigands and klephts, with offers of his protection and services in case of emergency, and an assurance of their value. My reason for putting this construction on his address, apart from the tenor of the few expressions I comprehended, was, that about the time of our arrival, reports had reached the place of a renewal or increase of brigandage in the neighbouring districts, especially towards Thermopylæ and the Turkish frontier, always the more especial theatre of predatory warfare, and in which direction he supposed we were bound. These reports were in so far confirmed by the arrival of the post-rider from Tálanta at the Khan that forenoon, on foot, having been plundered of his horse, and stripped of every article on his person, with the exception of a few woollen rags scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness. Nicóla, on communicating this piece of intelligence, observed in his sarcastic way, that the travellers across the Turkish frontier, if they wished to ride in security, had better wait until the season was a little further advanced, when the government would probably send up Generals Church or Gordon, or some other of their commanders, to enlist the bands in their own service, and bestow commissions of colonel, major, or captain of light infantry, on their chiefs. I took this for a jest at the moment; but I afterwards found, to my

surprise, that there was as much truth as satire in the remark, having been informed on high authority, that this strange method of encouraging the evil it was sought to check had in fact been frequently resorted to, and to a considerable extent. As regards the proffered services of the Chimariote warrior, considering the mode in which the corps to which he belonged was habitually recruited, they did not seem calculated to afford much comfort had I really been likely to require them.

On retiring to their quarters at nightfall, these two heroes used to entertain themselves with chanting their native Albanian war-cries. Although neither air nor voices were very melodious, yet both combined the wild and martial with the plaintive character, in higher perfection than any other music of the kind I ever heard—and, mingled with the howling of the wind and the pelting of the storm through the courts of the building, and across the dreary ruins by which it was surrounded, came home with a singular effect of melancholy desolation to the fancy.

But the most curious inmates of the establishment were my own next-door neighbours, a party of students at the Academy of Livadía. They were five in number, brothers, or near relatives of each other; the eldest a fine tall handsome youth of about seventeen, the youngest a boy about twelve years of age. The cell they occupied was, like the others of the suit, of the same size as my own, the dimensions of which I ascertained by measurement to be about ten feet by eleven. In this apartment they studied, slept, fed, and cooked their victuals; the fire-place, at least, was destined for the latter purpose, but during the Greek lent there is little scope for the exercise of the culinary art; and their food consisted, like that of the population in general at this season, for the most part, of coarse bread, garlic, leeks, and preserved olives. Their room contained, as usual,

no article of domestic furniture ; but amends were made by four oblong wooden chests of such bulk as to cover the greater portion of its area. These were the repositories of their clothes, books, provisions, and valuables of all kinds ; and also served them as desks for writing their exercises, and for pillows when asleep. On the intermediate space, they reclined, squatted, romped, and reposed, upon their shaggy goat-skin cloaks or hair capottes, which protected them from the storm by day, and formed their mattress and bedding by night. They never undressed, much less changed their attire, during the period of my residence, nor probably in the course of the year, unless when the decay of the suit they wore, or the obligation of some great religious festival, might require its partial or complete renewal.

In the midst of all this filth and misery there was something exceedingly engaging in their temper and demeanour. We were only separated by a thin partition of boards, full of chinks, through which each party could hear every thing, and see a good deal, of what was going on on the other side ; and although, from daybreak until about nine or ten o'clock at night, with a short interval of absence at school hours, they kept up a perpetual clatter, swelling every now and then into boisterous screaming and romping, I never heard a cross word, or observed a symptom of quarrel or disagreement among them. Their lessons, which were all carried on in common—*viva voce*—and conjointly with their chattering and merriment, comprised, in as far as languages were concerned, the Greek, ancient and modern, and the Italian, but no Latin. One of their chief exercises was repeating and learning by heart portions of an Italo-greek vocabulary. In the performance of this task, as indeed of all others imposed on them, they had instinctively resorted to the system of mutual instruction,

rehearsing to each other in turns their separate allotments, every third or fourth sentence of which gave rise to a jest and peals of laughter. The older ones acted the part of tutors or monitors to their juniors, and occasionally assumed—though throughout palpably in jest—the functions of pedagogue, even to the extent of administering chastisement with the slipper, to this day as in ancient Greece* a common mode of infliction, accompanied with the proper amount of angry words on the part of the castigator, and of entreaties, expostulations, or lamentations on that of the chastised. They seemed all to be gifted by nature with a quickness of capacity, in the inverse ratio fortunately of the wretched means employed for its cultivation. Half an hour was occasionally devoted to reading aloud, subject of course to the same interruptions. The works selected for this exercise were chiefly in the Romaic, the exact matter of which I could rarely follow, but they appeared almost exclusively of a religious tendency. In the midst of one of these lectures, while I was not attending, busied with my own book, I was startled by a loud laugh from Nicóla, who happened to be occupied about something in the room at the moment. When asked the cause of his mirth, he said it was at what the boys were reading, and which he said was “un libro di religione Greca contro il Papa di Roma.” From the tenor of the doctrines it inculcated, it would appear that the Roman pontiff and his Eternal City are considered by the Greek theologians, as they have been by a large portion of our own for some centuries past, as the Babylonian beast, and great source of heresy and corruption to the Universal Christian church. Nicóla’s merriment was succeeded by moral reflections, which, if not altogether ori-

* ARISTOPH. *Lysistr.* v. 657. TERENT. *Eunuch*, v. 8, 4. PERSIUS, v. 169. LUCIAN. *Dial. Deor.* xi. 1; xiii. 2. JUVENAL. *Sat.* vi. v. 612.

ginal, were curious as proceeding from such a quarter: "Eh, come," said he, "che cosa curiosa! C'è un Dio solo, e che si vuole, con tutte queste religioni? Io non capisco quest' imbroglio di tante religioni. Che si battono, ognuno per la sua; e c'è un Dio solo!"

My appearance and habits, as may be supposed, were matter of quite as great curiosity to these Bœotian academicians as theirs were to me. As the rain blew right in upon the single window of our apartments, we were obliged, both for the sake of air and light, to keep our doors constantly open; and no small part of their leisure time was spent in lounging in front of mine, contemplating my proceedings, or peeping round the corners of the door-posts; but without the least symptom of impertinence or intentional want of breeding. It was with much regret that I was obliged to forego cultivating their closer acquaintance; but after having been at such pains to free my own quarters from filth and vermin, the terror of fresh contamination, while it effectually excluded my visits to them, rendered me little disposed to encourage any similar compliment on their part. I therefore was for confining my intercourse with them to a little conversation during our occasional walks on the portico. But the elder one of the party, observing me one day reading by the fire-side, took courage, and approaching very respectfully, asked to look at the book. It was a volume of the small Leipzig stereotype edition of Pausanias. He both read and understood it tolerably, was much delighted with the topographical description of his own native district of Phocis, and seemed lost in admiration of the beauty of the volume, although of very ordinary paper and homely binding. I was sorry I could not spare him a present of a number or two of my set, which I certainly would have done, had I known, as I afterwards discovered, that I could easily have replaced

them at Athens. After this first inroad he renewed his visits each successive day; but had the good taste not to make them very long, and when disposed to get rid of him, I very easily succeeded by resuming my walk in the gallery. The younger ones, emboldened by his example, also once or twice attempted to effect a lodgement; but, observing with ready tact the signs of disapprobation on my countenance, he put them to flight in an instant by emphatically pronouncing the words "Exó, tetrápoda"—"get out, you brutes," literally, "you quadrupeds." He informed me that two of them were his brothers, the other two his cousins, also brothers of each other. His father was a Papa of Distomo, the ancient Ambrysus in Phocis. He himself had been two years at the Academy, the others a proportionally shorter time. They had hired the room in the Khan as their permanent lodging. They visited the Academy at stated hours; but in other respects lived quite independently, subject to no apparent control, except an occasional visit from an old black-bearded Papa of the town, who seemed to have, or rather to fancy he had, some charge of them, either in the capacity of private tutor or religious instructor. The only perceptible effect of his presence was a certain addition to their habitual merriment, of which he was himself not unfrequently the butt, but always in the same spirit of good-humour that pervaded their intercourse with each other.

I have ventured to enlarge on the habits of these unsophisticated children of nature, (for such they were in all essential respects as human nature exists in their age and country,) from the interesting picture they offer of some of the most agreeable features of the old Greek character, combined with others of a less pleasing description which so many centuries of degradation have superadded. On the bright side of the canvass we have native

talent, thirst for knowledge, vivacity, good-humour, and instinctive good breeding; on the reverse, levity, frivolity, filth, and idleness. I enquired of the elder lad whether he and his brothers were intended for their father's profession. He replied that they were not, unless it pleased them; that the object of their parents was merely to give them such an education as should qualify them to follow out any respectable career that might open up, whether civil, commercial, or ecclesiastical. Their appearance and mode of life bore sufficient evidence of their poverty, and by consequence both of the anxiety of the parents to cultivate the minds of their children, and of the inadequacy of the means at hand for the purpose. It seems indeed to be agreed among the best informed persons whom I had the opportunity of consulting, that the thirst for education is universal among the middle and lower classes in Greece, and that in a very few years, with proper encouragement, there will probably be few countries in Europe where its first elements are more universally spread. It is however, difficult, for our prejudiced minds at least, to comprehend how any thing like real mental culture or literature can ever obtain a solid or universal footing in the midst of so much physical brutality; or until they give up their Turco-Albanian habits, of performing all the functions of life, both corporeal and intellectual, like the beasts of the field, crawling on the ground.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAKE COPAIS—HALIARTUS—THEBES.

“Ὡ τὴν ἐν ἄστροις οὐρανοῦ τέμνων ὁδὸν,
καὶ χρυσοκολλήτοισιν ἐμξεσῶς δίφροις,
“Ἥλιε, θαλῆς ἵπποισιν εἰλίσσων φλόγα,—
ὥς δυστυχῇ Θήβαισι τῇ τοῦ ἡμέρα
ἀκτὴν ἐφῆκας.—EURIP. *Phœn.* init.

“O thou who through the starry heaven dost cleave,
In chariot of gold, with flaming steeds,
Thy brilliant course, how dismal was the beam,
Which on that day thou sheddest upon Thebes!”

ON the fifth morning, March 11, although the weather continued dark and threatening, the rain ceased, and we started for Thebes. We returned to the lake by the declivities that bound the vale of the Hercyna to the eastward. Our road then lay along its shores as far as the site of the ancient Haliartus. During a considerable portion of the first half of our journey, we were wading through marshes. On the more solid parts of the plain are observable here and there the sites of ancient buildings of various periods, indicated by scattered fragments or accumulated masses of masonry, occasionally comprising parts of columns and sculptured ornaments. Some of these heaps are so overgrown with soil and vegetation, as to present the appearance of sepulchral tumuli. They are probably the monuments noticed under that head by Gell, on this line of route; but I observed none that had any unquestionable title to such

a character. The traveller would indeed look in vain for the greater part of the tumuli noted by that topographer in every portion of his Itinerary, unless he were disposed to give the term a much wider acceptation than usually attaches to it in the classical vocabulary, as it may be presumed Gell himself has done; for every protuberance in the soil above the dimensions of a well-grown molehill, from whatever cause it may proceed, such as heaps of stones gathered from the land by the husbandmen, rubbish of insulated ruins, or mounds of scoria from old mines or quarries, have been set down by him under this rubric.

There were probably few tracts of country in Greece more richly studded with towns, sanctuaries, and public buildings, than that which extends from the lower ridges of Helicon to the Cephissian lake. Besides the cities of Coronea, Ocalea, Alalcomenæ, and Haliartus, to which may be added, Onchestus, at a small distance from the shore towards Thebes, there were the sanctuaries of Jupiter Laphystius on a mountain to the right hand, and nearer the lake those of Minerva Alalcomeneis and Minerva Itonia; the latter, the place of assembly for the states of the Bæotian confederacy. There were also on this line of route the celebrated sources of Tilphusa, which play so prominent a part in the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, and where the famous Theban seer Tiresias, when on a journey from his native city to Delphi, died after drinking of the fountain, and was buried by its side.* The purity of its waters is celebrated by Pindar.† The Tilphusian mount, also mentioned by Pausanias, is probably a lofty and picturesque cliff clothed with all the more beautiful species of brushwood and shrubs common in this climate, which forms the extreme point of the

* PAUSAN. *Bæot.* xxxiii. l. ARISTOPH. *ap. Athenæum*, L. ii. p. 41, E.

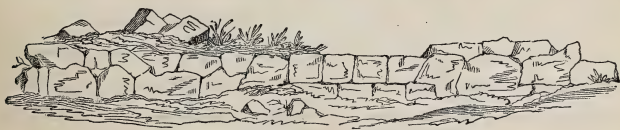
† *Ap. Athen.* l. c.

ridge of mountain where it approaches nearest to the lake, and from below which gush copious springs of water.

We have already had occasion to notice the number of birds of prey that haunt every part of this desolate land, and the easy and familiar footing on which they are with the human species. Of both these features of Greek natural history I had here a very striking example. As we passed close under this rock, I observed on the small interval of terra firma between our track and the lake, within easy gunshot, an enormous black eagle, feasting on the carcass of a horse, and viewing our cavalcade with the most profound indifference. On looking up to the right, I saw, perched along the brow of the cliff, three or four smaller eagles or vultures of a brown colour. On each of their flanks were posted, at some little interval, as many large buzzards or falcons; while the wings of the ravenous phalanx were made up by a host of light troops, sparrow-hawks, carrion crows, magpies, &c. The whole of this motley party sat contemplating at a respectful distance the meal of their more powerful kinsman, with which they were evidently afraid to interfere; but in silence and with wistful looks awaited its conclusion. I was much tempted to loiter for a short time in the neighbourhood, to observe what would have happened after the appetite of this black prince among the eagle tribe had been satisfied, and whether the same order of precedence would have been followed out in the successive approaches of his inferiors. But this—with many other more interesting matters of research—my limited time obliged me to forego.

Of the cities in the foregoing list, Coronea and Ocalea were situated at some little distance from the road. They have been identified by Leake in some palæócastra of the neighbouring declivities. Alalcomenæ, with its river

Triton, I thought I could myself trace in some of the more imposing masses of ruin in the line of our route. The site of Haliartus, however, is very conspicuous, nearly at the point where the traveller quits the lake for the interior, and the horse-track passes over it. I spent an hour in examining the ruins, the greater part of which lie to the left of the road. They present a quantity of architectural rubbish of all kinds, spread over the surface of a rocky slope rising in the direction of the lake, where it terminates in a precipitous bluff rock overhanging the water, or, to speak more correctly, the morass. For, here as elsewhere, it is not easy to distinguish between the terra firma and the lake; and in spite of the quantity of rain that had fallen, it was as difficult to discover, from the heights on this side, as from those of Orchomenus, any body of moisture which could fairly claim a nobler title than that of swamp. The summit of this bluff was the acropolis, and traces of its fortifications still remain, presenting here and there several layers of stone above ground. They are chiefly of polygonal masonry, but offer some novel varieties in the adaptation of the blocks, which can hardly be comprehended under that name; where the irregular sides of the contiguous masses are fitted to each other in undulating or waving lines rather than angles. I have observed this



curious style of masonry elsewhere, but never so remarkably exemplified. The sites of various ancient buildings can also still be recognised by traces of their foundations, in some places sufficiently extensive to give a distinct

notion of their ground-plan. In the year 395, B. C., Lysander, the celebrated Spartan commander and conqueror of Athens, was defeated and slain by the Thebans in front of the gate of this city.

On leaving these remains, a pass between two rocky ridges leads into the plain of Thebes, which, as seen from this point, somewhat resembles that of Chæronea in form and general appearance, although greatly inferior in beauty. There is here no Parnassus, and the hills by which it is bounded are low and tame, with a cold, bleak, moorish surface. The left boundary of the pass of entrance from the lake is the lower declivity of Mount Sphikion, the favourite haunt of the celebrated mythological monster from which it derives its name. The Homeric city of Onchestus, with its sacred grove of Neptune, was situated at its base, near where the road passes. Leake describes some vestiges of walls on the track; but I saw none. Further on, in the open plain, are scattered at the mouth of the walls some large drums of columns and other remains of masonry—fragments possibly of the temple of the Cabiri, which, from Pausanias, appears to have been situated hereabouts.

Pliny asserts, that while moles cannot live in the soil of Lebadea, they greatly abound on the plain of Orchomenus.* The remark, as I passed through the country, was fresh in my memory; so I amused myself in endeavouring to verify it. Not a single molehill, however, was to be seen on any portion of the Cephissian plain. But on entering that of Thebes, I observed the ground red with them in every direction. Unless, therefore, the natural history of Bœotia has undergone some change in this respect, or that the Orchomenian and Theban moles burrow at different seasons, it may be presumed that Pliny has made some confusion, and that the contrast to which

* *Hist. Nat.* viii. 58.

he alludes existed really between the Theban and the Cephissian plains, not those of Orchomenus and Lebadea. The Bœotian moles were so celebrated in antiquity as to have become—or rather, it may be presumed, their skins—an article of foreign commerce.*

There is, perhaps, no city which, during so long a period, exercised so extensive an influence on the destinies of Hellas as Thebes; or which consequently offers, from the first dawn to the conclusion of her history, so strong and uninterrupted claims on our interest. The Theban wars, during several successive ages, form the heroic history of Greece; and the walls of the city were the chief rallying-point of Hellenic chivalry. Her mythical annals are consequently one of the richest sources in which the greatest poets of antiquity have sought materials for the exercise of their muse; and her name has become a figure of speech, even among those of modern times, for any theatre of dire poetical tragedies. Thebes is the fountain-head from whence the use of letters, and with them the seeds of every further advance in civilization, have been distributed throughout Greece and western Europe. The chosen seat of Cadmus, and of Græco-Phœnician culture, she is also the reputed birth-place of the two most influential deities whose worship can, with any historical distinctness, be traced home to a native source, Dionysus and Hercules; the one the type of the jovial and festive element of the Grecian character, the other that of its sterner martial features. Hence Thebes is celebrated by Sophocles as “the only city where mortal women are mothers of gods.”† She is also the native city of Tiresias, the father and most illustrious master of the arts of divination among the Greeks, and

* ARISTOPH. *Acharn.* 879.

† Θήβας λέγεις μοι τὰς πύλας ἑπταστόμους,
οὗ δὲ μόνον τίκτουςιν αἱ θνηταὶ θεοῦς.

Fragm. ap. DICÆARCH. *St. Græc.*

of Amphion, the first inventor and improver of their art of music. Her subsequent career has also this remarkable peculiarity, that of all the cities of first-rate celebrity in the poetical annals of Greece, she is the only one which continued to possess a corresponding influence in her historical ages. Athens, in spite of the efforts, in a great measure successful, of her own illustrious poets and historians of later times, to raise her in point of fabulous celebrity to a level with her rivals or inferiors in political power, occupies but an insignificant place in the genuine page of primitive heroic tradition. Sparta is also comparatively in the background; while Argos and Mycenæ, whose mythical celebrity rank next to her own, act no very distinguished part in historical times. Thebes, on the other hand, not only maintained her post, in every age, among the states of highest rank, but ended as she began with a marked ascendancy over her neighbours. While our earliest and liveliest associations of the poetry and chivalry of Greece are concentrated around her walls, the last brilliant epoch of the civil history of that country is the age of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; the last expiring gleam of pure Hellenic freedom is the destruction of her army at Chæronea. During the most glorious period of the confederacy, from the first Persian down to the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, she falls, it is true, in respect to real political honour, into the background; and her desertion to the foreign enemy is a foul blot in her annals. But in spite of this temporary forgetfulness of her dignity—for which, indeed, her native historians offer some not unreasonable apologies—she still continued to maintain her position by the side of Athens and Sparta, as one of the three leading powers of Greece.

In proportion to the number and force of the ideal claims of this remarkable spot on the sympathies of the

classical traveller, is the slenderness of those of a visible or tangible nature, which she is now able to advance. There is, in fact, no Greek city whose site and aspect are so little in unison with the associations, either of poetical or historical celebrity, that attach to them. She has no majestic acropolis, no brilliant sea view, like Athens, Corinth, Argos; no stern bulwark of rugged cliffs or yawning precipices like Mycenæ; no joyous river, no snow-capped mountain that she can call her own, no festive brilliancy of surrounding plain, like Sparta. In addition to this poverty of natural features, there is now no Greek city of any distinction so utterly deficient in monumental evidences of its former grandeur. Mycenæ and Tiryns had already been mouldering in ruins for nearly a century and a half; Argos and Corinth had declined into humble members of the Spartodorian confederacy; and the Minyeian Orchomenus was but a petty provincial town of Bœotia, at the period when Thebes was in the zenith of the political hemisphere of Greece. Yet each of these cities, as well as Athens and Sparta, can still adduce tangible evidence either of her fabulous or historical greatness, in the form of Cyclopiian walls, temples, theatres, stadia, or tombs, however ruined or degraded. But Thebes is of all places of first-rate distinction in the page of Hellenic history—with the exception perhaps of its great rival in heroic celebrity, Troy—the one whose vestiges have been most effectually swept off the face of the earth; and its site offers scarcely a trace of the existence of an ancient town, but a few scattered fragments of masonry, for the most part of the Roman period.

To the melancholy associations connected with the complete disappearance of the ancient city, are now superadded those which attach to the masses of modern ruin that have lately been scattered over the accumulated

rubbish of 3000 years of previous devastation. There are, indeed, few places which more signally display the desolating effects of the late war. Although inferior in size and importance to Livadía during the Turkish era, modern Thebes rivals her in the dreary effect of her remains. The gardens for which she was then celebrated, as in the days of Dicæarchus,* and which were said to supply the markets of Athens, as well as her own, with fruits and vegetables, are no longer to be seen. Her elegant domes, minarets, and clustered cypresses, together with the gigantic plane-trees that formerly overshadowed her bazar, have also disappeared; and the traveller, desirous to perpetuate in his recollection the dismal appearance of this sepulchre of ancient greatness, would now find it difficult to discover either tree or shrub to enliven the dreary foreground of the picture.

On approaching from Livadía, little or nothing of the place is seen, until within a small distance of the nearest houses. The road here coasts along the declivities on the southern side of the plain; and on gaining the summit of a small eminence, the whole length of the modern town opens at once upon the view. About ten minutes before our arrival at this point, to add to the melancholy effect of the scene, the clouds which had gradually been thickening overhead, again sent forth their torrents, in the midst of which we rode into the town. Well might Pindar say, that “water is the noblest of elements,”† (*APIΣTON 'MEN TΔΩP*;) or, as a distinguished French writer has rendered it in his translation,—“L'eau est fort bonne;” for Pindar was a Bœotian and a Theban, and although he indignantly repels‡ the sobriquet of

* *De Stat. Gr.* pp. 15, 17. *Ed. Huds. conf.* DODWELL, &c.

† *Olymp.* i. v. 1.—The same sentiment is emphatically repeated in *Olymp.* iii. 75.

‡ *Ol.* vi. 90

Hyobœotus,* in the sense in which it was applied by his lively Attic neighbour, as a reflection on the intellectual powers of himself or his countrymen, if true to his own muse, he would not have disclaimed it in the application, which, by a striking enough coincidence, its equivocal etymology† admits, to the fecundity of his native climate in that element of which he professes himself so great an admirer. To the same property of this climate may be referred another distinctive peculiarity of the Bœotian race, also alluded to in the verse of an Attic satirist,‡ who calls them “wearers of wooden shoes or clogs;” this being the natural resource of the lower orders in most countries against the evils of a wet climate or muddy soil.§ In one respect, however, Pindar’s admiration for the most ancient of elements might be taken in a sense more complimentary to his native city, since Thebes always has been, and still is, remarkable for the copiousness and purity of its fountains.

The site of the town is now confined, as in the days of Pausanias,|| to the Cadmea, or ancient Acropolis. This is an oval eminence of no great height, although the most elevated portion of the Hellenic city, bounded on each side by a small valley, running up from the Theban

* ὑοβοιωτός.

† The component Hyo signifies either rainy or swinish.

‡ οἷτοι δ’ εἰσὶν συοβοιωτοὶ κρουπεζοφόρον γένος ἀνδρῶν.—Cratin. ap. Schol. PIND. *Olymp.* vi. 152. The phrase adopted in the text appears to me to convey the real signification of the epithet κρουπεζοφόρον. The allusion which some discover to the wooden pedals used by Bœotian musicians rests on no sufficient authority, and is in itself over-subtle and pointless. The clownish habits, not the talents of the race are here what form the butt of the dramatist’s satire. The word συοβοιωτοὶ also occurs in the variety ὑοβοιωτοί.

§ Of this latter peculiarity we have very distinct notice in the description of the city by Dicæarchus.—*De Stat. Gr.* p. 17.—Ed. Huds.

|| *Arcad.* c. xxxiii.

plain into the low ridge of hills by which it is separated from that of Plataea. Although not a commanding citadel, and far from deserving the title of “great rock” bestowed on it by Pindar,* it may have been a strong one, from its insulated character, and the steep though neither rocky nor precipitous ravines, by which it is protected on each side. Of these hollows, the one to the west is watered by the Dirce; that to the east by the Ismenus. Both are insignificant streamlets, the dignity of whose natural appearance is in the inverse ratio of their classical celebrity. The bed of the Dirce, which we crossed on entering the town, would seem to have reassumed, during the late turbulent period, something of that natural appearance of which it had been deprived by the labours of the husbandman in times of tranquillity, although scarcely enough to merit the epithet of “fair flowing,” conferred on it by Pindar and Euripides;† better, perhaps, that of “most nourishing of rivers,” with Æschylus;‡ as its waters seem, at all periods, to have been absorbed for the purpose of supplying fountains or irrigating gardens. It was now again being subjected to the unpoetical operations necessary to check its petty ravages on the neighbouring soil, or to render its contents available for horticultural purposes; and was already, by the usual process of trenching, straitening, widening, or deepening, converted, in the greater part of its course, into a formal sandy ditch. The hills that surround the town are low, dreary, and unpicturesque; not unlike the bleak moorlands of the lower mountain districts of Scotland. The plain below to the north is, however, broad, rich, and green; and there is a goodly outline of mountains on its opposite side. From the lower extremity of the present town, the ground slopes toward the plain in a succession

* *Fragm.* 101. Ed. Bæckh.

† καλλιρρόη—καλλιπόταμος.—*Isthm.* vii. 41. *Phœniss.* 648.

‡ εὐτρεφέστατον ποταμῶν.—*Sept. in Theb.* 292.

of green declivities. The only remarkable edifice now to be seen is a lofty square tower, the work of the Frank princes during the middle ages, on the crown of an eminence towards the northern extremity of the ridge.

From the height where we obtained the first view of the town, we descend into the ravine of the Dirce, by a track which, if it correspond with the ancient approach from this point, must have led us past, if not over, the site of the house of Pindar, the only private dwelling spared by Alexander, when he took and destroyed the city.* Pausanias says,† its ruins were the first object to be met with on crossing the stream in this direction. On the opposite bank, mounting the flank of the Cadmea by a tortuous path among the ruins, we pass a copious fountain, on the steepest part of the ascent, still preserving the architectural facing with which it had been decorated in Turkish times. These fountains, which are not uncommon on the roadsides in different parts of the country, are among the few monuments of Moslem architecture that have survived the expulsion of their constructors; and by their form and arrangement, which are not inelegant, recall to the mind the Turkish dynasty. They consist of a recess or niche, formed by a back wall within a projecting arch, round or pointed, as it may happen; below is a basin or trough, commonly an ancient sarcophagus, supplied with water from a spout in the centre of the wall, which is sometimes adorned with a slab of marble, containing an inscription in Arabic characters. Further up the side of the hill, we leave to the left the ruins of a Christian church, containing a number of columns of various orders, dimensions, and materials, many of them still erect among the fallen fragments of the roof and side walls, which are almost entirely ruined.

* ARRIAN, *Exp. Alex.* i. 9. PLUT. *in Vit.*

† PAUS. *Bœot.* xxv.

On gaining the crown of the ridge, we enter the main street of the new town, occupying, I presume, the same position as the old Turkish bazar. It is of considerable width, with some good new houses on each side, intermingled with the usual number of hovels, wooden sheds, ruins, and rubbish. Turning to the right, up a narrow lane, into the heart of the ruins, we found our khan, which, though very inferior to that of Livadia, afforded better accommodation than usually fell to our lot.

In spite of the torrents of rain which continued without intermission, I walked out for an hour on those portions of the ancient site where the accumulated rubbish afforded the driest footing, and the best supply of missiles to hurl at the dogs, with whom here, as elsewhere, I had to fight my way from place to place. Their courage, however, was somewhat damped by the weather, against which I was better defended. It was on this journey that I first experienced the full value of the invention of my worthy friend Mr M·Intosh of Glasgow. The notion of travelling in Greece with an umbrella over my head was something too shockingly unclassical to enter it for a moment. I had therefore provided myself at Florence with a cloak, of the stuff, the familiar name of which has immortalized that of its ingenious inventor, and with a broad-brimmed hat, furnished with an equally waterproof covering. Thus protected, I have ridden for hours under the fiercest outpourings of the wrath of Jupiter Trophonius, and on arriving at my destination, and throwing off my panoply, have found my inner garments as dry as if I had been sitting the whole time by an English fireside. The main street, or bazar, of the new town seemed destined to run the whole length of the crown of the hill. Hitherto, however, but a portion of its length had been cleared through the ruins, which still obstruct its progress in dense masses, more especially

towards its northern extremity. From the appearances, both here, and in other quarters of the ruined town, its destruction might, doubtless, be turned to good account, in an archæological point of view. The principal buildings of the Turkish city are described by former travellers as composed in a great measure of ancient materials, with sculptured ornaments and inscriptions, concealed in whole or in part from view by the mode in which they were incased in their new position. These blocks are once more disengaged from their degrading office of keeping together the poor rubble work with which they were connected ; and, together with broken columns and other architectural fragments brought to light in digging the foundations of new houses, are now strewed in every direction over the surface of the ground. Although Thebes, we are told, was utterly destroyed by Alexander the Great, yet there is every reason to believe, that the Cadmea or Acropolis was in so far preserved as was necessary to supply quarters to the Macedonian garrison. That the same holds good of the principal religious sanctuaries, both within and without the walls, appears from the text of Pausanias, who describes the temples of Minerva Onca, of Apollo Ismenius, and numerous other remarkable structures from the period of the old mythical dynasties down to that of the fall of the city, with their most ancient and sacred monuments, as entire at the epoch of his visit. Hence it is probable that a well-regulated excavation, or even a small degree of attention on the part of the authorities to the remains occasionally brought to light, might be the means of securing relics of great antiquity and curiosity. But here, as at Delphi and elsewhere, it is to be feared that many a valuable fragment will be reconsigned to the bowels of the earth, or to an equal obscurity in the walls or foundations of some new edifice.

CHAPTER XX.

CITHÆRON—BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES—PLATÆA—BATTLE OF.

ἐπεὶ Θεράπνας τῇσδε Θεβαΐας χθονὸς
 λιπόντες, ἐξέεημεν Ἀσωποῦ ῥοάς,
 λέπας Κιθαιρώνειον εἰσεεάλλομεν.—EURIP. *Bacch.* 1043.

“Clearing the frontier of the Theban land,
 Asopus’ stream we cross, and full in front,
 The lofty steeps of dark Cithæron rise.”

ON the morning of the twelfth, after another ramble among the ruins, I started for Plataea, leaving Thebes by the same route as that by which Pausanias enters it. Among the Seven Gates, the one which gave access to this quarter of the ancient city was that of Electra, around which were concentrated many of the most interesting monuments of the old Cadmean period: the temple of Apollo Ismenius—the fountain of the Dragon—house of Amphiaraus—and others.*

After a gradual ascent of a mile or two among insignificant declivities, we reach the open plain of Plataea, elevated about as much above that of Thebes as the Theban plain itself above the marshes of the Cephissus. Beyond, as its opposite boundary, rises full in view the long and lofty ridge of Cithæron.† In advancing we cross a number of small rivulets, or rather branches of rivulets, sometimes running in a continuous course, sometimes stagnating in pools, or losing themselves in the soil, which is here porous and swampy. These are the

* PAUSAN. *Bæot. c. x. seqq.*

† 4300 feet.

fountain heads of the Asopus, and of another small stream which flows in the contrary direction towards the Corinthian gulf. In front the site of Plataea can now be distinguished on the furthest verge of the plain, immediately below the loftiest ridge of the mountain.

Although Euripides is not only greatly inferior to the other two illustrious triumvirs of the Attic drama, but is even, in my humble judgment, positively deficient in some of the nobler attributes of a tragic poet, it must be admitted that, among other excellences, he possesses a singularly happy power of selecting and adapting his scenery to his subject, and of realizing its peculiarities to the mind of his readers. Our visit to Delphi has already led us to appreciate this power as displayed in his tragedy of *Ion*. It is, perhaps, still more remarkably exemplified in that of the *Bacchæ*. The scene of the catastrophe and of the leading adventures of that drama is laid in the region we were now traversing; and nothing certainly can be more graphic than the mode in which its characteristic features have been brought home by its author to the imagination. Nor indeed could a district have been selected better calculated to keep alive the excitement of the maniac crew, or to give the fullest scope to their excesses.

The plain of Plataea is the loftiest as well as the widest tract of table-land in Bœotia. Its centre, across which our path lay, forms the point of partition for the waters which flow into the Euripus and Corinthian gulf respectively, and is so far elevated as to present, without interrupting the apparent continuity of the level, a sort of crown or Belvedere, from whence the eye ranges across its whole surface. Bare and bleak as is its general aspect in its present degraded state, yet the view across it on a bright sunny morning, with which we were now favoured, is still one of dazzling brilliancy. To the south it is

bounded in its whole length by Cithæron, rising somewhat abruptly from its level. On the opposite side, at a greater distance, is the rugged Helicon. The lower region of Cithæron here consists, partly of steep swelling banks, covered with green turf of a richness and smoothness such as I scarcely recollect having observed in any other district of rugged Greece, or with dense masses of pine forest; partly of rocky dells, fringed with brushwood or stunted oaks. Towards its summit the mountain, which was covered to about one-half of its whole height with snow,* becomes bare and stony. From its declivities, in addition to the whole or the greater part of the landscape already described, the prospect includes a large portion of central Greece; Parnassus, with the whole highland region between it and Eubœa; part of the lake Copais, with the mountains on its own shore and that of the neighbouring lakes; and doubtless, with a somewhat clearer horizon than that of this morning, the distant summits of the frontier range of Thessaly.

There is scarcely one of these features but what is directly or indirectly alluded to by the author of the *Bacchæ*, in such terms as prove how familiar he was with the whole scene of his drama, and how well he appreciated its adaptation to his subject. These grassy glades, pine forests, and rugged glens, were the favourite haunts of the Mænads, where they sleep by night or repose from their fatigues by day, and from whence they rush with devastating fury down on the plains below. The following is the description given by one of the mountain herdsmen, of their first interview with the terrible colony that

* Unless the climate of Greece has greatly changed since the days of Euripides, he must be presumed to have taken a slight liberty (v. 611) in describing the snow as lying throughout the year on Cithæron. In summer, or even in the more advanced stage of spring, it now disappears from every part of the mountain.

had established its abode among their late peaceful solitudes :—

“Over the surface of the drowsy earth,
The rising sun shot forth its vivid ray,
When, slumb’ring on the naked mountain side,
Three female bands we see, dishevell’d, wild,
In dress and mien ; their bodies careless strew’d
Beneath the foliage of some bushy oak,
Or feather’d pine.”—v. 677, *seq.*

Provoked to more than usual frenzy by the attempt of these rustics to interfere with their orgies :—

“Like birds of prey or hostile skirmishers,
In tumult wild down rushing on the fair
Expanse of plain upon Asopus’ bank,
Where fertile soil with bounteous crop repays
The labour of the Theban husbandman,
Swift devastation o’er the land they spread.” . . .
v. 747, *seq.*

From the allusion contained in another passage, the face of the plain, though doubtless far better cultivated, would seem to have been nearly as open in the days of Euripides as now :—

“On the green river bank, the timid fawn,
Rejoicing in the solitude,
Bounds o’er the wide expanse of verdant lawn,
Or hides its terrors in the shady wood.”

v. 865, *seq.* ; 873, *seq.*

Shortly after, on their return from their foray, the frantic crew are found seated in a green dell, overshadowed with pine forest, refitting their bacchanalian equipage, and entertaining each other with songs of triumph, in honour of their late exploits. The following lines, descriptive of the advance of the devoted Pentheus to the scene of his destruction, admit of the closest application to our route of this morning, and our halting-place at the foot of the mountain :—

“Clearing the frontier of the Theban land,
Asopus’ stream we cross, and full in front
The lofty steep of dark Cithæron rise.
There in a grassy glade, with rills refresh’d,

And pines o'ershadow'd from th' impendant banks,
 Our onward course we check; the Mænad crew
 We here behold in pleasing toil engaged." . . .

v. 1041, *seq.*

Here we have as graphic a description as can be desired of the site of the little village of Kokla, immediately above the ruins of Plataea, in the centre of an open bank of smooth green turf, overhung with pine forest,* and which reminded me of many a hamlet on the lower declivities of the Swiss Alps. The state of the atmosphere at the period of our visit, also corresponded, in all respects, to that which prevailed during the fatal consummation of the career of the unfortunate Pentheus:—

"Still was the air; the silent grove restrain'd
 The rustling of its leaves; nor cry of beast
 Was heard upon the mountain side."—v. 1082, *seq.*

The sunshine and silence of a perfectly calm, clear morning, imparted indeed to the whole scene an air of tranquil solemnity, well calculated to inspire feelings of religious awe in any mind, and of wild enthusiasm in those capable of taking pleasure in the offensive rites for which the Greek poetical mythology has selected this region as the favourite theatre.

The ruins of Plataea occupy the table summit of a projecting height on the verge of the plain, immediately below Cithæron, forming a continuation, upon a lower level, of the declivity on which the village of Kokla is situated. The walls are the only existing remains of the city. They are in best preservation towards its northern extremity, where they are entire in some places to the height of several yards; but their foundations may be traced with more or less distinctness in one continued peribolus of an oblong form, enclosing a circumference

* ποιεῖν νάπος (v. 1044,) or, as it is called in the quotation below: εὐλειμος νάπη.

of between two and three miles. There can, however, be little doubt that this area exceeds that of the more ancient city destroyed by the Spartans during the Peloponnesian war, or even perhaps that which it occupied at any subsequent period, and comprehends probably the sites of the various towns that arose successively in the course of the disastrous history of the place, each on the destruction of its predecessor. The more ancient Plataea was considered a very small city, which description could hardly apply to one of the full dimensions indicated by the existing foundations. This opinion is also borne out by the varieties of style observable in the masonry of the walls, by the different state of their preservation, and by the irregularities of their plan. At the south-eastern extremity of the ruins, the traces of the fortification are faintest, and exhibit at the same time a more archaic character. It seems probable that this was the position of the more ancient city. The masonry of the north-western part, on the other hand, is more entire, and of a regular Hellenic style which indicates the Macedonian period.

Forty years subsequent to its destruction by the Spartans in the Peloponnesian war, Plataea was rebuilt (387 B. C. ;) but was again destroyed by the Thebans, after an interval of thirteen years. Philip restored it a second time after the battle of Chæronea, in 338 B. C. Fifty years afterwards it is lampooned in an epigram of Posidippus for its diminutive size, but complimented for its love of liberty. It is described by him as possessing "a name, two temples, a stoa, a bath, a tavern, and a great deal of waste ground."*

* ναοὶ δὲ εἰσι, καὶ στοὰ, καὶ τοῦνομα,
καὶ τὸ βαλανεῖον, καὶ τὸ Σηράμζου κλέος·
τὸ πολὺ μὲν ἀκτὴ, τοῖς δ' ἐλευθέροις πόλις.

Apud DICÆARCH. *Stat. Gr.*

The general outline of the manœuvres of the great battle which gave the finishing blow to the Persian invasion, may be followed with sufficient closeness on the scene of action, to realize the more interesting associations connected with the event.* The first position occupied by the Greeks was several miles to the eastward of the city, or of that on which the battle was fought, on the declivities of the mountain, above the neighbouring town of Erythræ. The Persians were posted on the plain below, along the banks of the Asopus, having their intrenched camp on the opposite side of the river. From this position the Greeks, harassed by the cavalry of the enemy, who managed to cut off their supplies both of water and provisions,† made a movement to the left in the direction of Plataea, and posted themselves on somewhat lower ground, in the neighbourhood of a fountain called Gargaphia, where they expected their watering parties would be safe from further disturbance. In this, however, they were disappointed, as the Persian horse still continued to harass them; and finally succeeded in forcing them to retreat from this point also. The ground selected for their third position was a spot called The Island, formed by the divided course of the brook Oëroe, where they considered themselves sure of an uninterrupted supply of water. This second movement was conducted in so irregular and disorderly a manner, as rather to resemble a flight or break-up of the host, than the

Serambus, or Sarambus, was a celebrated cook or tavern-keeper, frequently mentioned by the Attic comedians. Hence the name was used to denote figuratively any distinguished establishment of the kind. (*Vide* *ATHENÆUM*, l. iii. p. 112: iv. p. 173, *et not. ad loc.*) Here we have an evident allusion to the large inn, described by Thucydides as having been constructed by the Thebans out of the ruins of the town, for the accommodation of travellers between Attica and Bœotia. —*Hist.* iii. 68.

* *HERODOT.* ix. 19.

† *HERODOT.* ix. 50, *seq.*

manœuvre of a well regulated army. In fact, the whole body of the lesser Greek contingents, who formed the centre of the line, with the exception of those immediately attached to the Spartans and Athenians, thinking only how they might escape the annoyance of the Persian horse, and heedless of the orders given by the commander-in-chief, instead of marching to the Island, fled, as Herodotus himself expresses it, to the temple of Juno, close under the walls of the city. One of the Spartan generals, named Amompharetus, refused to move at all, or (in his own words) "to disgrace Sparta by flying from the *foreigners*." * After some altercation, Pausanias, finding that nothing could be done with his refractory subaltern, gave orders to the rest of the line to proceed without him, supposing, and rightly as the event showed, that he would not allow himself to be left behind. But the delay and confusion to which the contumacy of Amompharetus gave rise, so far deranged the Spartan plans, that, instead of taking up their position on the Island as had been proposed, after coasting along the lower ridges of the mountain for fear of the hostile cavalry, they halted at a place called Argiopius, on the banks of another small stream—the Moloïs, within sight of the temple of Juno. The Athenians, who alone from first to last displayed judgment, discipline, and devoted valour, did as much as lay in their power to act in concert with the right wing, although distrustful of the caprice and selfishness of their Spartan allies. Less alarmed for the hostile skirmishers, they continued the retrograde march by their side upon a lower level, and finally took up their station on the open plain. Upon these, their third positions, the battle was fought by the Lacedæmonians and Athenians, together with their re-

* This was the title habitually given by the Lacedæmonians to the Persians.—(HERODOT.)

spective allies and companions in arms, the Tegeans, and the Platæans and Thespians. The rest of the Greeks kept aloof, and took no share whatever in the engagement; but, after the victory was decided, they rushed down and joined in the pursuit in so tumultuous a manner, that, if we may trust Herodotus, they experienced a greater proportional loss from the resistance of the fugitives, than had fallen to the lot of either the Athenians or Lacedæmonians in the course of the battle.

This desertion of the Greek centre is a circumstance which does not seem to have been taken into sufficient account, either in the general estimate of the amount and proportion of Hellenic valour and patriotism, as displayed at this epoch, or in its bearings on the plan and conduct of the battle. It would appear that a considerable space was thus left vacant between the Spartan and Athenian lines, which the latter, not being at first apprized of the flight of their allies, had left for them to fill up as usual. That such an interval existed, is proved by the message of Pausanias to the Athenians just before the engagement commenced. Observing that the chief assault of the enemy was about to be directed against himself, he sends to them, complaining of the desertion of their countrymen, and requesting immediate support. The Athenians forthwith commence a flank movement in fulfilment of his order; but, before they can reach the Spartan lines, they are themselves attacked by the Greek forces of the Median army; and each phalanx, in its separate capacity, fights and conquers the foe opposed to it. Were we not too familiar, from the details of this as of most other engagements of the same war, with the unskilful tactics of the Persians, and their vain and reckless confidence in their own numbers and prowess, it might excite surprise that they should have neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity that here offered,

with their overwhelming superiority of force, to destroy the Greek army in detail, by first concentrating their attack upon the Athenians, whom they might the more easily have surrounded and overpowered, being drawn up, as the historian tells us, on the lowest part of the plain, and beyond the reach of immediate assistance from the Lacedæmonians.

If, then, the account of Herodotus be correct, this great victory is the more honourable to the arms of the Spartans and Athenians, by whom it was exclusively achieved; while it reflects little credit on the judgment or tactics of the Persians, and disgrace, rather than honour on the remainder of the Greeks, who can merit but a small share in the glory of this the greatest national exploit in their history.* The conduct of the Athenians shines forth, above all, with that brilliancy which invariably distinguishes it throughout this war, and on every other great occasion where the common interests of Hellas were at stake. Unblemished as is the Spartan valour here and at all times, their dissensions and characteristic selfishness had gone well nigh to mar the fortunes of the day still more fatally than the backwardness or treachery of their comrades. The Athenians, it must also be remembered, were opposed to the Hellenic, the Spartans to the Asiatic, portion of the enemy's force.† Mar- donius and his Persians, vain of their own chivalrous courage, and eager to display it against the Spartans, as the soldiers who enjoyed the highest military reputation on the Greek side, had from the first determined to

* Plutarch, indeed, (*De Malign. Herod. c. xlii. seq.*) repels the reflections cast by Herodotus on the conduct of this portion of the Greek army; but neither his authority nor his arguments can invalidate the testimony of an impartial and more nearly contemporary historian, whose account seems to have been universally admitted as correct among his own contemporaries.

† HERODOT. ix. 46. *seq.*

direct their attack against the right wing of the enemy, where they knew them to be posted. Pausanias, on the other hand, conscious of the military superiority of his own nation, had regulated his plans in such a manner that he should be opposed to the Bœotian troops. The manœuvres to which he resorted, in order to follow out this arrangement, were interpreted by the vanity of Mar-donius into cowardice and terror of the Persian arms; and as the taunting message by which he expressed this opinion to Pausanias had the desired effect, the battle—or rather the two battles—were fought, as we have seen, between the Spartans and the Medes, and the Athenians and apostate Hellenes, respectively. Hence, by the admission of Pausanias himself, the Athenians bore the brunt of the action. They were opposed to the best, if not the most numerous body of the enemy, and in a much less advantageous position than that occupied by the Lacedæmonians. The award, therefore, by the confederacy, of the first honours of the triumph to the Spartans, can hardly be considered as an impartial decision; but rather as a consequence, partly of the habitual deference, amounting to flattery, which it was customary to pay to the military ascendancy of that people; partly as a compliment to the supreme command with which their general was invested. To judge merely by the facts of the case as transmitted to us, the greatest glory of the victory justly belongs to the Athenians, and their allies the Thespians and Platæans.

CHAPTER XXI.

PLATÆA—CHARACTER OF ITS CITIZENS—ITS DESTRUCTION BY SPARTA.
—REMARKS ON SPARTAN CHARACTER.

ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαιμονίους σφόδρα,
καὺτοῖς ὁ Ποσειδῶν, οὐπὶ Ταινάρῳ θεός,
σείσας ἅπασιν ἐμῆάλοι τὰς οἰκίας.—ARISTOPH. *Ach.* 509.

“I hate the Lacedæmonians, and wish the god,
That dwells upon cape Tænarus, his three-pointed rod
Over their heads would shake, and with a big lump of rock
From Taygetus their houses about their ears would knock.”

THE next most remarkable event in the history of Greece with which the name of Plataea stands prominently connected, is her own siege and destruction by the Spartans during the Peloponnesian war; an act as disgraceful to the moral character of that people, as the battle beneath her walls was honourable to their military prowess.

There is perhaps no member of the Hellenic confederacy which from first to last maintains so unblemished a reputation, which is so free from all the prevailing defects, and so distinguished by all the standard excellences of the Hellenic character, as this little republic. There is none, however, whose fate corresponded so little to its merits. While her spirit led her to take a forward part in all the great concerns of the Greek body politic, her diminutive size, her long and steady alliance with Athens, and, by consequence, her insulated position in the midst of a hostile confederacy, rendered her the

frequent victim of the unfavourable vicissitudes of international warfare, and her metropolis was repeatedly destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again, in the course of the turbulent period from the Peloponnesian war downwards. Constant in her friendships through good and evil report, true to her engagements, open and upright in all her dealings, and second to none of her fellow states either in martial prowess or political energy, she was more especially ennobled by her devotion, during the whole course of the Persian war, to the national cause, when deserted by the remainder of the Boeotian states. In acknowledgment of these extraordinary claims on their gratitude and respect, both city and territory had been formally invested with perpetual *sanctity* and *inviolability* at the conclusion of the battle, by a solemn decree of the confederate powers, with the Lacedæmonians at their head,* as the field on which the last decisive blow had been struck in favour of Hellenic liberty—studded with the tombs of the heroes that fell in its defence—and as the seat of the race which had, perhaps above all its rivals, been distinguished for zeal and disinterested suffering in the common cause.

If this be a just estimate of the virtues of this comparatively insignificant community, it must be admitted that the character of that overbearing enemy, who, in contempt of their own vows, and of all these claims on their sympathy and respect, wiped her off from the face of Hellas by one wholesale act of oppression and murder, is no less signally marked by most of the opposite vices. For my own part, I confess that among the states of Greece, Sparta is the one for which I have always entertained the least respect, or to speak more plainly, the greatest dislike, either as regards the spirit of her institutions or the character of her citizens. As warriors,

* PLUTARCH. in *Aristid.* xxi., DIOD. SIC. xi. 29.

they stand no doubt unrivalled; and if military prowess is to be considered as making up the perfection of human nature, it must be allowed that the Spartans were the most perfect of our race. But considered in every other light, as regards those higher qualifications which adorn the man or the citizen, they ought to rank not only far beneath the majority of their fellow Hellenes, but even very low in the scale of civilized mankind at large. The Spartan institutions are considered, and perhaps justly, as embodying the very essence of patriotism; and this is the virtue to which, together with their valour, the Lacedæmonians are chiefly indebted for their glory. Patriotism, however, is an attribute which in the abstract can enter as but a slender ingredient of excellence into the estimate of national character. It is, in fact, viewed in this light, to be classed less as a rational quality than a species of instinct, common to the animal creation at large, and perhaps in the rule more powerfully exemplified in the case of the barbarian than of the civilized man. The just value of any such quality must be estimated by that of the institutions around which it is concentrated. The object of all human institutions ought to be, to raise man in the scale of intellectual beings—to eradicate the baser animal impulses, to which he is subject in common with the lower order of the creation—to cherish and refine those which he enjoys in common with the divinity. But the civil institutions of Sparta, and, by consequence, the patriotism they inspired, had no such tendency. They were entirely concentrated around themselves, without any ulterior object beyond their own rigid maintenance. The *Fatherland*, to use an expressive Germanism, was to the Spartan what his treasure is to the miser; whose only object is to maintain and defend—to count and admire it, but never to apply it to any nobler purpose. The whole scope of the education, as of the life of the

Lacedæmonian, was but to foster and maintain this patriotism in the abstract; and the measures adopted for the purpose, instead of tending to expand the minds of the citizens, and promote their advance in the social and moral virtues, had the opposite effect of confirming and perpetuating much of what is most degrading and offensive in the early and barbarous stages of humanity. Not only elegant art and literature, with the refinements of social intercourse, but even the fundamental laws of morality, were deliberately and systematically neglected and violated, in honour of this one idol of national worship. Vice was criminal only in so far as its exercise might seem prejudicial to the interests of Sparta, but encouraged as a means of advancing her fortunes, or blighting those of her enemies. Indelicacy and callousness to all the finer sensibilities of female nature were inculcated on the women; deceit and fraud, even murder, were taught the men, as sciences, to be practised at home on the unfortunate vassals of the state, preparatory to their more extensive and efficient application to its service against foreign rivals. Hence generosity, a quality which may perhaps be considered as comprising under one head most of what is beautiful and amiable in the natural man, could find no place in the Laconian list of virtues; but was supplanted by a narrow and exclusive selfishness, a vice which, in a corresponding degree, implies much of what is low and contemptible. If the Spartans succour a friend against a foreign enemy, it is to keep him at a distance from themselves; if they interfere in behalf of the exile or the oppressed, it is to establish a party favourable to themselves in the community to which they belong. In the state, no doubt, this exclusive regard to self assumes a character different from that which it presents in the individual; since it is the duty of every constituted government to execute its trust with rigid and uncompromising fidelity; nor con-

sequently would it be justified in permitting any motives of speculative philanthropy to interfere with the interests of the people whose destinies are committed to its charge. But the fulfilment even of this important obligation ought to be combined with a due deference to the still higher and more paramount duties of good faith, gratitude for services rendered, and in the especial care of such a body politic as the Hellenic confederacy, mutual accommodation and good fellowship, as equally essential to the common interests, and to those of the individual members.

In all these respects the character of the Spartans, if weighed in a fair balance, will be found wanting; and in no case, perhaps, was the deficiency more signally displayed than in the two most eventful periods of the history of Plataea, in each of which they appear as the leading actors. From the commencement of the Persian war, they seem scarcely to have sought to disguise, that the real scope of their policy was, not so much to save Greece, as to save themselves, from foreign conquest or the evils of foreign invasion; that they co-operated with their fellow-members of the confederacy, only in so far as was conducive to this object; and that, when their own safety was provided for, they were ready to leave others to their fate. Nay, it is certain that they looked upon the successes of the "foreigners," so long as they apprehended no bad consequences to themselves, with a favourable eye, as tending to weaken their rivals at home; and that from first to last they steadily kept in view their favourite principle of aggrandizing themselves by the calamities of their neighbours.

The details of this their course of policy are given at length by Herodotus,* and place in a strong light the unblushing effrontery with which they endeavoured to cajole and flatter their Athenian rivals, whenever their services were required; and the shameless manner in

* Lib. ix. 6. *seq.*

which they abandoned them to their fate where it seemed they could be dispensed with. This conduct is the more offensive, from its contrast with the noble disinterestedness of the Athenians, and their steady devotion to the national cause, amid sacrifices to which hardly any state could be expected patiently to submit, situated between an enemy of irresistible power, and friends on whom no reliance could be placed. Even at the most critical moment of the manœuvres on the field of Plataea, so palpable was the operation of this ruling principle of Spartan policy, to preserve themselves at the expense of their allies, that, as we learn from Herodotus, the fortune of the day was exposed to serious risk, owing to the inability of the Athenians to fathom the designs of the Lacedæmonians, after so long an experience, as the historian* quaintly expresses it, “of their habit of saying one thing and meaning another.”

But the destruction of Plataea,† if judged by the improved standard of moral and international law which now prevails, must be considered as the foulest blot of all in the history of Sparta. The barbarous practice of the age, which, in some degree, authorized such outrages, is, no doubt, in so far a palliation of this act.‡ Whilst, however, there are, as we have already seen, so many specialties in the case of Plataea which gave it

* ἐπιστάμενοι τὰ Λακεδαιμονίων φρονήματα, ὡς ἄλλα φρονούντων καὶ ἄλλα λεγόντων.—ix. 54.

There is a remarkable passage of Euripides—*Androm.* 446, seq.—containing in eight lines a pithy summary of the defects of the Lacedæmonian character, the last clause of which offers a curious correspondence with the above text of Herodotus :

οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν
γλώσση—φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ', ἐφευρίσκεσθ' αἰεί ;

† THUCYD. ii. c. 2, seq. ; 71, seq. ; iii. 20, seq. ; 51, seq.

‡ The Athenians themselves were guilty of one of a somewhat similar nature not long after, in their treatment of the island of Melos, a colony and close ally of Lacedæmon. But in this case the act, while free from any peculiarly aggravating circumstances, had at least the

unusual claims to the sympathy and indulgence of a generous enemy, there are circumstances of cruelty and iniquity in the mode in which the right of the strongest was here exercised, that render the conduct of the aggressors doubly odious. The only crime which could be charged against this little nest of heroes, was fidelity to their old and steady friends, and resistance to the oppression of their habitual and unrelenting persecutors. The victims of the outrage were the same Plataeans who, under the walls of their city, had helped the Spartans to check the advance of the foreign enemy towards Peloponnesus. It was committed ostensibly to conciliate the same Thebans who had on that occasion fought in the ranks of the common foe. The Thebans, it must also be recollected, had provoked the quarrel in which they were actually engaged by a clear act of perfidy, in an attempt to surprise the city of Plataea at a moment of truce between the two states. But it now happened to be the interest of Lacedæmon to conciliate and support her new allies, and to weaken or destroy the state of Plataea; which, throughout the war, had adhered steadily to the interest of the Athenians. Weighed against such motives, oaths, gratitude, or humanity, were but light in the scale of Spartan policy. The city is accordingly invested by the combined armies; and its defence supplies one of the most brilliant chapters in the military history of Greece. During two years, 480 men, pent up within its walls, baffle the whole disposable power of Sparta and Thebes. The successful attempt of about one half of this little garrison, to cut their way through the double line of hostile entrenchment, guarded by the flower of the Spartiate warriors, is one of the most brilliant examples of fortunate daring upon record. Even

poor justification of being a reprisal for the destruction, by the opposite party, of their oldest and most faithful ally; so that the blame of it also may in some degree lie at the door of the Spartans.

the remnant, of about 220 men, seemed determined to hold out to the very last extremity. This result, however, for reasons assigned by Thucydides, would have interfered with the policy of Sparta, which required that they should be executed as criminals, rather than allowed to die like freemen, with arms in their hands. They were, therefore, inveigled into a capitulation, by a virtual pledge on the part of the besiegers, that they should be treated with the lenity to which, under the circumstances, the laws of Hellenic warfare entitled them.

Not contented with the mere sacrifice of their victims, the Spartans determined to invest the last scene of the tragedy with the mockery of a judicial process, in burlesque fulfilment of the letter of the capitulation; it having been stipulated, that none should be liable to punishment but "such as could be proved guilty of *injustice*," which in the present case custom and reason would interpret—violation of treaties or international law. Five Spartan elders were accordingly appointed to act as judges—the Thebans appeared as prosecutors—and the question proposed to the plaintiffs, on the answer to which was to depend their condemnation or acquittal, was: "Whether they could show that they had rendered any service to the Lacedæmonians or their allies in the course of the war." As the Platæans had been from the first the steady partisans of Athens, it is evident that the very statement of the process was equivalent to a verdict of guilty; and would in every similar case authorize the promiscuous massacre of prisoners of war, and, among others, of the Spartans taken not long before, but spared, by the Athenians, in the island of Sphacteria. Any serious attempt to reason with such judges would have been nearly as great a mockery as the trial itself. The defence of the Platæans was therefore addressed chiefly to their sympathies—a still less vulnerable quarter. They first, however, in a few pithy sentences, showed the ab-

surdity of the question, by observing, that if it was put to them as friends of the querist, they would ask in reply, where were the friendly offices on the other side which gave claim to a requital? if as enemies, where was the injury they had inflicted by fairly fighting their battle? They appealed to their former services to the common cause of national freedom against the foreign enemy, and conjured the Spartans by the blood of their own ancestors whose bodies reposed on the plain beneath their city walls, and whose graves they had ever since made it their duty to protect and honour, not to sacrifice them to the malice of the same Thebans, who had been a party to their slaughter, when leagued on that very field with the barbarous invader. They put them in mind of the origin of their connexion with the Athenian party; how, when formerly driven by the oppression of these very Thebans to look for succour abroad, they had applied, in the first instance, to themselves, who, in declining their alliance had advised them at the same time to have recourse to the Athenians, as being in their own immediate neighbourhood, and better able to afford them efficient protection.* They urged the late treacherous breach of faith on the part of the Thebans, and their own right of self-defence; and finally appealed to the Spartans, whether,

* The following is the account given by Herodotus of this transaction. (Lib. vi. 108.) "The Platæans, persecuted by the Thebans, delivered themselves up to the Lacedæmonians, who, however, refused to receive them, giving them the following advice:—"We dwell far from you, and our alliance would be but lukewarm. You might be enslaved many a time before we could hear of your distress. We advise you, therefore, to give yourselves up to the Athenians, who are your neighbours, and good to help in time of need." Such was the counsel of the Lacedæmonians; not so much from any good-will towards the Platæans, as from a wish to bring the Athenians into trouble by embroiling them with the Bœotians."—Hence it seems that the cruel fate of Platæa was but the conclusion of a sixty years' course of the same system of Spartan machiavelism.

although the vicissitudes of Hellenic politics had since brought them into collision with their own party—they could, as men of honour, impute it to them as a crime, that they had faithfully adhered to the friends and protectors to whom they themselves had recommended them.

In the reply of the Thebans to this address, not one of the claims advanced was either disproved or obviated. Their only attempt at argument was an assumption, as absurd as the whole of the rest of the proceeding, that the Athenians were the enemies, the Spartans the friends of Grecian liberty; that it was now as much the duty of the Plataeans to have deserted the Athenians and joined with the Spartans, as it was formerly to desert the Bœotian partisans of Xerxes and side with the rest of the Greeks; and that, having failed to do so, they deserved death. The Spartan judges decided that the Theban orators had prevailed, and that the Plataeans had lost their suit. The prisoners were accordingly led forth, and after being asked singly the same question as had before been put to them collectively: “Whether they could show that they had ever rendered any service to the Lacedæmonians or their allies in the course of the war,” were butchered, one by one, to the number of two hundred. To crown the brutal farce, twenty-five Athenians, whose case by the very terms of the indictment could in no way be classed under the same category as that of the Plataeans, were involved in the common massacre. The women were sold as slaves, and the city was razed to the ground,

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

NOTE to Chap. VI., p. 73.

As we shall have frequent occasion to use the technical terms by which the various orders of Greek masonry are distinguished, but which are of somewhat vague application in the popular antiquarian vocabulary, it may be proper to note:—

1. That by the term *Cyclopian*, is to be understood exclusively that more primitive style of which the walls of Tiryns and Mycene are the most remarkable examples, and to which alone the name is ever applied by the ancient writers from whom we derive it. Irregular blocks of stone are here rudely adapted to each other, the larger interstices being filled up with pieces of inferior size.

2. The second order is that of well-joined polygons. It might, for the sake of variety, be called *Pelasgic* as well as *Polygonal*; the best and most numerous specimens being preserved in Central Italy and Northern Greece, the principal seats of the Pelasgic tribes.

3. A third style forms a sort of transition from the polygonal to the rectangular lines of junction. The polygon is here for the most part abandoned, and the quadrilateral block substituted in its place, but without attention to the exact symmetry of its form, or parallel course of the layers.

4. The fourth is the regular square stone masonry of the flourishing period of Grecian art, similar to that now in universal use.

The third and fourth styles may therefore be called, comprehensively, *Hellenic*—or, with reference to their specific varieties, *Irregular*, and *Regular Hellenic*.

As a general rule, the antiquity of these different styles may be classed in the order in which they are here enumerated; but the rigid application of this rule to individual cases would lead to erroneous conclusions; much must here depend on the custom of particular districts, and their respective advance in art and civilization.

NOTE to Chap. VI., p. 81.

(No. 1.)

ΔΙΟΓΕΙΘΗΣ
ΦΙΛΙΝΘΑ
ΞΙΛΑΝΟΣ
ΕΜΙΝΑΥΤΑ
(sic) ΓΥΣΤΑΚΙΣ

This inscription is curious, as dating from a flourishing period of Greek literature, and yet containing a term, *πυστακίς*, unknown in the classical Greek vocabulary.

The word appears to be a provincial derivative from the root *πύθω*, to enquire or investigate, and is probably here combined with the preceding word into a composite noun, *ναυταπυστακίς*, “inspector of seamen.”

The cognate term *πευθῆν* is used in a similar sense in Lucian's *Phalaris*, (i. 10,) where the tyrant, in boasting of his hospitality to seafaring strangers, says: *καὶ σκοποῦς ἐπὶ τῶν λιμένων ἔχω, καὶ πευθῆνας, τίνες καὶ ὅθεν καταπεπλεύκασι.*

Both phrases are doubtless mere dialectical varieties of expression, denoting functions connected with maritime police.

Another idiom of the same origin and import, *πύστις*, occurs in an obscure and probably corrupt passage of Thucydides, also with reference to nautical inquisitiveness. (Hist. I. 5. *conf.* *Swid.* v. *περιωπή.*)

This therefore was the tomb of an officebearer in the port of Same. *Εμ* is here the archaic orthography of *εἰμι*; and the whole epitaph may be rendered, "I am Diopeithes, son of Philinthas—son of Silan—inspector of seamen."

The inscription is in perfect preservation, and the letters as sharp and distinct as the day they were engraved; so there can be no question as to the reading.

(No. 2.)

ΓΑΡΓΕΙΣΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ

NOTE to Chap. X., p. 122.

"In respect of manly courage, and real Hellenic blood and character," says General Gordon, (*History of Greek Revolution*, Vol. 2, p. 28,) "Western Greece justly claims a superiority over the kindred provinces; the nature of the country, and the valour of its people, having in a great measure preserved its verdant and shady valleys from foreign intrusion. Neither the Crusaders nor Venetians, any more than the Krals of Bulgaria and Servia, made permanent settlements there. The Albanians have left few traces of their passage and dominion; and the Turks, from the period of their early sultans, rather sought to avert the troublesome hostility of the mountaineers, than to bring them under the yoke. Instead of drawing tribute from hence, the neighbouring pashas sometimes expended money in purchasing truces; and although the Porte held some towns on the coast, yet it entrusted the internal administration to captains of Greek militia."

In regard to Hellenic descent, an exception ought here

perhaps to be claimed in favour of the small tribe of the Zákones, on the east coast of Laconia, who are now admitted, by even the warmest impugnors of the purity of modern Greek blood, to be genuine descendants of the ancient race. Professor Thiersch of Munich, in an ingenious analysis of their language, undertaken personally among themselves, has shown it to abound in primitive Æolic, or still more ancient and obsolete forms; and his conclusion is, that they are descended, not from the Spartans, but from the indigenous Pelasgic tribes, who occupied the Laconian highlands previous to the Dorian invasion.—*Transactions of Royal Academy of Munich*, 3d November 1832.

NOTE to Chap. XII., p. 150.

It has been customary for those who take pleasure in depreciating the character and actions of the Greeks, to assert, and with some show of plausibility, that their independence was not really fought out by themselves, but was a work of European diplomacy; since, at the period when the triple alliance interposed in their favour, they were already virtually subdued. Let us, however, reflect, on the other side, what was the immediate cause of this interference of their powerful allies at the moment of their last extremity. Was it not the previous interposition in favour of Turkey of an ally much superior to herself, in the person of Ibrahim Pashá, with the Egyptian fleets and armies? At the moment when he appeared, the cause of the Sultan seemed nearly as desperate as that of the Greeks previous to the battle of Navarin. To talk of Egypt in this case as a mere satrapy of Turkey, is a fallacy. Had Mehemet Ali from the first cordially co-operated with his nominal lord, there might be something specious in this argument. The Greeks might then, too, have had some chance, while their energies were still fresh, of baffling the joint efforts of both their enemies. But the Egyptians took no part until the insurgents were already exhausted by the successful struggle against their equally

exhausted foe ; and at the moment when they lay in this helpless state, the whole resources of a new, and much more formidable enemy, are suddenly brought forth against them. The invasion of Ibrahim was therefore as plainly a foreign interposition as the part taken by the European governments ; and it were both unjust and ungenerous, by reference to any of these latter transactions, to refuse the Greeks the credit of having fought out their own liberty.

NOTE to Chap. XII., p. 168.

To revert for a moment to the rival claims on our sympathy, of the ancient and modern assertors of Hellenic freedom, the following case may be quoted, among others of a similar nature which the history of the war supplies, from the parallel it affords to the Spartan defence of Thermopylæ. On the advance of Ibrahim with his formidable army into the interior of the Morea, Dikaïos Flessa, a Messenian, bred a priest, and hence familiarly called Papa Flessa, one of the earliest and most active Greek patriots, stationed himself, with about eleven hundred men, at the pass of Pedimen, on the road from Navarin to Arkadia ; for the purpose, at all risks, of stemming the progress of the enemy. He was deserted, on the approach of the Egyptians, by about eight hundred of his troops ; but with the remainder, amounting to something less than three hundred resolute soldiers, he determined to stand his ground. After the battle had lasted nine hours, Ibrahim found means to surround him, by occupying both sides of the defile in which he was posted. He then drove forward his troops to a general charge, and, in a mortal struggle, hand to hand, with swords, bayonets, and but-ends of muskets, all the Greeks were slain, except two, who hid themselves among the dead bodies. The Egyptians lost about six hundred men. When the head of Flessa was, presented to Ibrahim, “ admiring,” says the historian, “ in others the valour he was conscious of possessing, he kissed it and expressed regret that he had not been taken alive.”—*Gordon*, vol. ii., p. 215.

NOTE to Chap. XIII., p. 179.

I shall here take the liberty of proposing a correction of a mutilated portion of this text, which has for centuries exercised in vain the ingenuity of Homeric critics, from H. Stephanus down to Hermann and Buttmann. In the extant MSS., the concluding part of the passage is read as follows, v. 58:—

κνίσση δέ τοι ἄσπετος αἰεὶ
 δηρὸν ἀναξ εἰ βόσκοις θεοὶ κέ σ' ἔχωσιν
 χειρὸς ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίης—κ.τ.λ.

Various attempts to remedy this obvious corruption, all equally devoid of plausibility, will be found in Hermann's edition of the hymns, (*Præf.* p. xxiv., *seq. et not. ad loc.*,) and in still greater detail in the more recent edition of Franke, (*Lips.* 1828, *not. ad loc.*) The passage may be restored to sense by the following emendation of v. 59:—

κνίσση δέ τοι, ἄσπετος αἰεὶ,
 δηρὸν ἀναῖξει βωμοῖσι, θεοὶ δέ σ' ἔχωσιν
 χειρὸς ἀπ' ἀλλοτρίης. . . .

The use of the subjunctive for the future, without ἄν or κέ, is here in conformity with familiar Homeric practice.

NOTE to Chap. XV., p. 205.

The view which here opened up from the declivities of Parnassus, down the rich extent of plain, commencing at the base of the Daulian citadel, and extending with little interruption to Thebes, Plataea, and the Euripus, suggested the origin of the name Thrace, which attached in mythical times to the mountainous region of Parnassus and Helicon. The Greek term Θράκη—Θρηήκη, Thracia, is evidently a substantive formation from the epithet τραχεῖα—τρηχεῖα, rough or rugged, by the customary enallage of the mute and aspirate letters. This epithet, in whichever of its varieties best suited

the local dialect, was precisely that by which the rugged mountain district, bordering on any extensive tract of rich plain, would be designated, in contradistinction to the vale or level country. The Parnassian or Heliconian Thrace was the mountainous region bordering on the Bœotian plain. The Olympian or Pierian Thrace bounded to the north the still richer and wider plain of Thessaly; and from it the name was afterwards extended to the whole region north of Hellas; just as the term Asia spread from a single valley on the coast of the Ægæan to the whole eastern continent; and the name Italia, originally proper to a petty province of Magna Græcia, was extended over the whole peninsula. Another intermediate mountain district, bounding Thessaly to the south, was called, with slight dialectical variation, Trachis, or Trachinia; and various other localities, in different parts of the Hellenic world, received the same or similar appellatives from the same natural peculiarity.

In this way may be explained the "Thracian" origin of some of the early civilizers of Greece. Apart from historical probability, even the letter of many of the traditions concerning these sages, if critically analysed, warrants the inference that they were natives of a Hellenic rather than a Hyperborean Thrace; of the chosen seats of Apollo and the Muses, rather than of a distant barbarous region.

END OF VOL. I.

JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR IN GREECE.

JOURNAL
OF A
TOUR IN GREECE
AND THE
IONIAN ISLANDS,

WITH REMARKS ON THE RECENT HISTORY—PRESENT STATE—AND
CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES OF THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY
WILLIAM MURE, OF CALDWELL.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. II.

	Page
CHAPTER XXII. Cithæron —Pastoral Brigands — First impressions of Attica,	1
XXIII. Night in the Khan of San Vlasio—Greek domestic habits, ancient and modern,	8
XXIV. The Rarian Plain—Bay of Salamis—Boreas in Attic Fable—Græco-Bavarian Roads,	28
XXV. First View of Athens—Parallel of Athenian Plain and Roman Campagna—First impressions of the city—Athenian Society.	36
XXVI. Genius of Athens as typified in her extant Monuments—Uncertainties of Athenian Topography,	52
XXVII. The Pnyx, or Great Council-Hall of Athens,	60
XXVIII. Acropolis—State and Prospects of Athens as regards Art and Antiquity,	65
XXIX. Olympium—Ilissus—Fountain of Enneacrunus,	79
XXX. Stadium—Hippodrome—Theatre of Herodes—Monument of Lysicrates—Tower of Andronicus—Remarks on Ancient and Modern Houses, and House Accommodation,	88

CHAP. XXXI. Excursion to Marathon—M. de Rudhart— His Adventure on Mount Pentelicus and Death—Ancient Greek Field Tactics— Pentelic Quarries—King Otho and his Queen,	100
XXXII. Piræus—Voyage to Sunium,	120
XXXIII. To Salamis—Parallel of Homeric and Mo- dern Greek Navigation—To Megara and Corinth,	129
XXXIV. Cleonæ—Nemean Forest—"Adventure with Brigands"—Habits and Tactics of the Greek Klephts,	142
XXXV. Nemea—Defile of Tretus—Turkish Bones,	154
XXXVI. Plain of Argos—Mycene—"Treasury of Atreus"—Gate of Lions,	160
XXXVII. Tiryns—The Heræum,	173
XXXVIII. Argos—Nauplia,	183
XXXIX. Lernæan Hydra—Pyramid of Erasinus— Arcadia — Tripolizza — Græco-Bavarian Hospitality,	190
XL. Mantinea—Italian Revolutions and Refu- gees—Foreigners in Greek Pay—Political State and Prospects of Greece—Khan of Kryóvrysi,	206
XLI. First View of the Spartan Plain—Maïnotes —Sparta,	220
XLII. Hospitality of Spartan Commandant—Lace- dæmonian Supper,	235
XLIII. Tumulus of Baphiío—Bridge of Xerókampo —Carriage Roads of Heroic Age,	245
XLIV. Messenia—Aristophanic Frogs—Triangular Bridge of Maurozúmeno—Ithome—Con- stantín—Messenian Démarchus and Fa- mily,	256
XLV. Arcadia—Temple of Bassæ—Andrítzena— Vale of Alpheus—Mókritza — Lawless State of the Country,	269

CONTENTS.

v

Page

CHAP. XLVI. Olympia—Pyrgo—Hospitality of Anglo-Ionian Consul—Remains of Ancient Greek Manners,	280
XLVII. Klephtic Ferocity—Convent and Khan of Ali-Tschelepi—Trait of Modern Greek Character—Patras,	291
XLVIII. Voyage to Ancona—Life in Lazaretto,	306
ADDITIONAL NOTES,	315

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TOUR IN GREECE.

CHAPTER XXII.

CITHÆRON—PASTORAL BRIGANDS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ATTICA.

οὐκοῦν ἐπιβαίνωμεν ἤδη τῆς Ἀττικῆς· καὶ μοι ἔπου, ἐχόμενος
τῆς χλαμύδος, ἄχρῃς ἂν πρὸς τὴν ἐσχατιὰν ἀφίκωμαι.

LUCIAN. *Timon*.

“ Let us then now cross over into Attica; and if thou wilt be my fellow traveller, I will accompany thee to the very extremity of the land.”

THE road across Cithæron, from Plataea to Eleusis, after leaving the ruins of the former city, coasts along the declivities of the mountain to the eastward, and then winds up through the passes to the right. Our track over the higher regions was in many places covered with snow to a considerable depth; it seemed, however, to be fresh-fallen during the late storms, was fast melting off, and there was none visible even on the summit of the mountain facing the Saronic gulf a fortnight afterwards. The descent on the other side terminates in a narrow defile, formerly guarded by the frontier fortress of Eleutheræ—or Œnoe—as variously conjectured by Attic topographers. Its ruins form a conspicuous object on the summit of a height to the left of the road. They now bear the name of Gyphtócastro, or Gipsy castle; a title

not uncommon for buildings of this class among the modern Greeks. The walls and towers, of Hellenic masonry, still remain in a high state of preservation, but offer nothing of peculiar interest in an architectural point of view.

Just below this ruin, where the pass it guards opens into a barren rocky plain, is a khan, with a station of gendarmes, where we halted to refresh at midday. A fire was burning in the centre of the floor—around which were sitting several of the soldiers; and, stretched at full length on one side, was a man muffled up in his cloak, whom I at first supposed to be merely a traveller resting from his fatigues. Observing him, however, to groan and sigh, and to turn himself with difficulty in attempting to change his position, I asked if he was ill, and was informed that he had just been attacked by robbers at a few miles' distance, on the road from Athens, plundered of what money he had about him, and so severely beaten that he had hardly strength to crawl up to the khan. It appeared that the poor fellow was a native of Thessaly, who had travelled to Athens in quest of service, where he had been so successful as to scrape together about thirty dollars, with which he was returning to his native country. The thieves, four or five in number, were described to be, as in the previous case of Tálanta, not regular brigands, but parties of shepherds or other rustics, who combined for an occasional exploit of the kind, on the roads in their immediate neighbourhood. They were unarmed, that is to say, carried no weapons but clubs, and the knives they habitually wear in their girdles, but which they do not generally use unless in cases of the last necessity. Hence, the Thessalian being a stout fellow, loth to part with his hard-earned treasure, and undaunted by the number of his assailants, had made a vigorous resistance; which was the cause of

nis being so severely handled. This was Nicóla's report of the case, who acted as my interpreter on the occasion; and who, somewhat disconcerted at the evidence which now began to thicken around us, of the inaccuracy of his previous reports of the security of the roads, or at least of the failure of his own boasted powers of ascertaining their state in each district, was loud in his imprecations against "these rascally shepherds," (*questi birbanti di pastori*) as he called them, and whom he described as a new class of Klephts that had sprung up since the period of his last tour. The whole evil he attributed to a law of the new Bavarian code, which he denounced as—*questa maledetta legge dei testimonj*, "this cursed law of witnesses." The law in question was simply that in usage among all civilized nations, that persons arrested on suspicion of crime should not be punished without competent evidence of their guilt. What may have been the practice under the old system, I could not exactly ascertain. A story is told of Pope Sixtus V., that he was in the habit of publicly executing a murderer in the city of Rome on a certain day of the year, in order that the periodical return of the fatal solemnity might act as a more impressive warning against the crime of which it was the consequence. Upon one occasion, however, his minister of police informed him that there was no criminal. The Pope directed him to send out his officers at the Porta del Popolo, lay hold of the first roguish-looking fellow they met, and bring him to the scaffold. The order was obeyed—and no sooner was the victim seized and informed of the object of his capture, than he exclaimed: "Alas, am I discovered at length!" and immediately fell down on his knees and begged for mercy, making a full confession of all the particulars of a homicide of which he had been guilty some years before. It may be, that had the Greek code of former years pro-

ceeded upon this plan, it would not often have been taxable with injustice.

There was, however, no doubt, some plausibility in Nicóla's objections to the present system, which the guards and other travellers present heartily concurred with him in denouncing as both absurd and pernicious. The ancient Turco-Greek law of property, which seems to have established little more than what is praised in our own popular tradition, as,

.. "The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

was perhaps as well adapted to the circumstances and habits of the country as the more refined European practice. Travellers went well armed; prepared, where not too greatly outnumbered, to fight their own battle. If afraid of assault on their proposed line of march, they took a circuitous route, or put off their journey till a quieter period, or until they could muster a strong caravan or a good escort. The Klephts, under these circumstances, were by necessity declared brigands and outlaws, and were organized in bands which could only be dispersed or annihilated by the systematic employment of military force. To put an end to this evil, a law has been passed, and as far as possible enforced, rendering it illegal to carry arms without a license—a privilege which, of course, should only be obtained by honest men; and as in Greece it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish between an honest man and a thief, the number of persons so qualified is but small. As, on the other hand, the predatory habits of the peasantry have been rather increased than diminished by the late political changes, they have been naturally led to turn the present state of things to account; and two or three country fellows, provided with knives and bludgeons, and possibly with a pistol concealed in the

folds of their drapery, will attack and plunder small parties of travellers in an unfrequented pass, with little risk either of resistance or detection. Their booty, according to the usual mode of disposing of valuables in this country, is forthwith buried, or stuffed into the crevice of a rock. Assuming a criminal to be arrested and brought before the judge—as the native peasantry are all dressed very much alike—as the faces of the depredators are usually concealed or disfigured, and as the individuals concerned are, perhaps, the only indwellers in the land for several miles around, how is it possible, as Nicóla and the rest of the company round the fire triumphantly asked, that there should be a witness? That one of a party should peach seemed to be considered as out of the question; doubtless, because the state of the Greek treasury does not admit of such a reward being offered as to make it worth while. The consequence is, they further observed, that a rustic or two on such occasions are usually arrested on suspicion, and kept for a few weeks in jail, while it is vainly attempted to collect evidence of their guilt. They are then set free; and, fully impressed with the impossibility of a conviction in any future case of the same kind, return with renewed zeal and confidence to their old practices.

A party of the guards had been sent in quest of the thieves—but, to judge by the firm conviction expressed by their comrades of the impossibility of identifying the offenders, were not likely to give themselves much unnecessary trouble in tracing them. We continued our route, however, with the less apprehension, since the moment immediately subsequent to the commission of an outrage, when it is known the neighbouring police are on the alert, is always the most favourable to the safety of the succeeding passenger.

Few tracts of country could be better adapted for

the scene of lawless adventure than that through which our evening journey lay; and it seems to have been equally notorious as the haunt of banditti in ancient times.* After crossing a bare dreary valley which separates the upper and lower ridges of Cithæron, we ascend another rugged declivity. The road here winds through the mazes of a wilderness of the usual rich varieties of Greek underwood, interspersed with stunted pine forest, and extending for many miles around, so as to afford every facility for ambush, with secure retreat to the neighbouring mountain fastnesses. From this ridge we again descend into a precipitous valley, down which the track continues to wind without interruption to the Eleusinian plain. The scenery here is the most beautiful of its kind I had yet seen. Our track lay through a deep gorge or glen watered by a noisy torrent. Its sides, with the lower declivities of the lofty mountains which rise above it in every direction, have just sufficient soil spread over their rocky surface to afford root to dense masses of coppice wood, consisting in great part of wild olive, the degenerate descendants, no doubt, of rich gardens of the same tree, which had anciently formed the wealth of some Attic landholder. Further up the base of the mountain the coppice gives place to forests of clustering pines, which, distributed, sometimes in irregular masses, sometimes in dropping trees, over the sides and summits of the surrounding heights, relieved on the sky-line by a bright blue heaven, or lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, produced a most brilliant effect, and afforded an agreeable foretaste of the splendours of Attic scenery. We fell in with several other parties of travellers in the valley. The precipitous nature of the ground below, rendered it necessary for the horses to follow a zigzag path along the more open declivities, while the foot-pas-

* LUCIAN. *Dial. Mort.* xxvii. 2.

sengers took short cuts from point to point through the depths of the gorge. The appearance of the motley calalcades winding their way above, with the picturesque figures of the pedestrians scrambling from rock to rock, or vanishing and reappearing amid the mazes of the wilderness below, and the wild cries and halloos with which they enlivened their course re-echoing from the surrounding cliffs, all supplied a scene of the most animated and romantic description.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NIGHT IN THE KHAN OF SAN VLASIO—GREEK DOMESTIC HABITS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ἐνθ' ἄλλοι πάντες λαχάνοις ἐπὶ χεῖρας ἱαλλον
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην, ἀλλ' ἥσθιον εἶδατα πάντα
οἱ δὲ κυλινδόμενοι καναχὴν ἔχον.

Matron ὁ παρωδ. ap. Athenæum.

“Then all the rest their hands on potherbs laid,
But I their rules ascetic disobey'd,
For more substantial meal; then on the ground
They sprawl, while loud debate and merry jest resound.”

It was our original intention to have reached Lipsina, the ancient Eleusis, that night; but the depth of the ground on the plains, and the snow on the mountain, had so far retarded our course, that we were obliged to halt at a khan, called San Vlasio, not far from the extremity of the valley—the poorest place of its class I had yet seen. It was, as usual, an oblong shed, but without subdivision or compartment of any kind. Three-fourths of the area were occupied by stabling; the remaining space, allotted for the accommodation of travellers, wanted the raised wooden platform which we had hitherto found in similar establishments, and offered nothing but a vacant extent of bare ground, slightly raised into a hearth in the centre, with the shelf of the khanjee in one corner, and the luggage of the travellers deposited along the walls on each side. The place was already occupied by several guests, and the number was

swelled by the arrival of fresh parties every two or three minutes. There seemed to be many travellers on the road, and this khan had been selected by the majority as their halting-place for the night; I know not by what fatality, as it was but a halfway house from the capital in this direction. The wretchedness of this night's lodging, and of several others, equally comfortless, with which I was afterwards obliged to be satisfied, was amply compensated by the opportunity they afforded of witnessing scenes of a very curious description, and of obtaining an insight into the habits of the population, of which I should have been deprived, had I adopted the plan sometimes resorted to by travellers, of pitching my tent at each resting-place; the only one by which a tolerable degree of personal comfort can be secured in a tour through these regions.

The party within the khan consisted, on our arrival, of an Albanian chasseur, of the same class and equipment as my fellow-lodgers at Livadía, an Athenian barber, and his travelling companion, a substantial-looking person, who, from his excessive loquacity, in which he was only surpassed by his comrade of the razor, I presumed to belong to the same lively race. It was afterwards increased to fourteen men, and at least an equal number of horses or mules, by the arrival of new guests in rapid succession, each of whom, after tying up his beasts, took his place in the circle by the fire in the usual squatting position. I had secured on one side space sufficient for my mattress, and as I sat contemplating with dismay the rapid accumulation of animal filth in the midst of which I was to pass the night, I saw thrust through the entry the head and neck of a camel; which, however, after gazing wistfully around, first at the stable, and then at the fire, was withdrawn by its proprietor, convinced of the insufficiency of the passage to admit the residue of

his person, which had remained outside during the reconnoitre. This apparition excited peals of laughter from the party within, who all united in good-humoured entreaties to the landlord of the khan to extend its hospitality to the poor foreigner. The thing, however, was found impracticable; and he was obliged to pass the night in the open air, meekly kneeling on all fours under an olive-tree, and munching a bundle of hay strewed on the ground before him.

These hovels have no chimneys of any kind—a rare luxury even in the better class of Greek cottages, the smoke being allowed to escape through the roof. This is very severe upon the eyes; but as the wood used is generally of a kind that emits but little smoke, and the open spaces between the tiles are not only quite sufficient to give it free issue, but even to afford a good view of the starry heaven above, one suffers less from the inconvenience than might be supposed. On the present occasion, indeed, there was some danger of a practical illustration of the old Greek proverb,—“Out of the smoke into the fire.”* The night was chill, and the flames were soon increased by an accumulation of dry pine and olive branches from the neighbouring forest, to a furnace of terrific heat and power, crackling and blazing most furiously to the very roof-tree of the hovel. This at first afforded much childish diversion to the rest of the circle, but great discomfort to myself, from the excessive heat and dazzling of the flames. I was besides in momentary expectation of the khan taking fire, when it would certainly have been burned to the ground—a catastrophe which, with its consequences, would at least have supplied my journal-book with an important adventure. The khanjee, however, with several of his other

* ἐξ αὐτὸ τὸ πῦρ ἐκ τοῦ καπνοῦ βιάζεσθαι.

guests, also soon became alarmed, and took effectual measures to reduce the flames.

Each man now pulled out his supper from his wallet, consisting of brown bread, garlic, leeks, preserved olives, and other dried vegetables,* with abundance of wine. Every traveller or party carries his supply of liquor, in one or more large round wooden bottles, with flat sides, in form not unlike a lady's flat-sided smelling-bottle, with a short neck or spout at one end, and four little pegs or feet at the other, to admit of its standing upright. Glasses or mugs are dispensed with. The bottle, when common to a party, is handed round, and each sucks his fill from the spout in his turn. The practice of diluting with water, so universal in antiquity that drunkard and "bibber of unmixed wine" (*ἄκρατον πίνων*) were nearly synonymous terms, is now quite obsolete. The khanjee is expected to furnish little more than shelter, fireplace, and fuel. The remainder of the entertainment for either man or horse forms part of the traveller's baggage. Mine host has, however, generally a limited stock of the customary fare for a case of emergency. The dried olives chiefly belonged to his store; and I seldom failed in obtaining plenty of fresh eggs, or even a fowl from his hen-roost. On the present occasion, as there appeared a deficiency of bread, he set about providing a supply, in a mode which realized to the letter the scripture account of Sarah's baking. He "took quickly a measure of meal, kneaded it, and made a cake on the hearth." The loaf he

* A Greek meal in Lent is well described in the following verses of ANTIPHANES, *ap. Athenæum*, L. ii. p. 60, c.

τὸ δεῖπνόν ἐστι μάζα κεχαρακωμένη,
ἀχύροις πρὸς εὐτέλειαν ἐξωπλισμένη,
καὶ βολέως εἰς τις, καὶ παροψίδες τινές,
σόγχος τις, ἢ μύκης τις, ἢ τοιαῦθ' ἃ δὴ
δίδωσιν αὐτοῖς ὁ τόπος ἄθλι' ἀθλίους.

produced was in fact a large round flat cake or bannock, of about twenty inches in breadth, and three in thickness. When properly kneaded and shaped, it was laid upon the hearth, completely imbedded in a nest of fine embers deadened with ash, and was very soon ready for consumption. This was a common kind of loaf among the ancients, called Encryphias, or Pyriates,* and by other varieties of name in different provinces and dialects.

The conversation, in the mean time, became exceedingly animated, and would doubtless have been to me as interesting as to those who took part in it, could I have followed it out sufficiently, nor had I ever more reason to regret my imperfect familiarity with the modern Greek idiom. But although unable to keep pace with the voluble rapidity of the discourse, I made out from its general tenor, and the frequent recurrence of the word Klepht, with some others of similar import, that the subject of one of the liveliest discussions was the “cursed law of witnesses,” in connexion with the robbery of the morning, and others recently committed in the neighbourhood under circumstances equally tending to evince the bad effects of the new statute. All agreed in reprobating so dangerous an innovation on old national custom, though not without a good deal of altercation on collateral points. Each man had his tale of predatory adventure to relate, in which, doubtless, not a few had been actors, as well as sufferers. From hence they proceeded to politics at large, and the state and prospects of the country. The principal orators were the barber and his fellow-traveller; the former, more especially, who harangued with surpassing grace and fluency, and with all that air of conceit and authority which both his profession and nation entitled him to assume. His eloquence, though addressed to his antagonist or the company at

* *Athenæus*, L. iii. c. 25, § 74, *seq.* LUCIAN, *Lexiph.* 3.

large, I plainly observed, from his occasional side glances in my direction, at the moment of his most pompous periods, was chiefly intended to produce an effect on myself. He was a short, slight, compactly built figure, with lively black eyes, a swarthy complexion, and somewhat oriental cast of countenance; dressed, not like his neighbours, in the white fustanella or philibeg, but in loose jacket and levant trowsers of a dingy olive colour, fastened at the knee round a stocking of the same hue; and as he sat, with his body bolt upright, his head crowned with his little conical skull-cap, and his legs tucked under him, sawing the air with his arms in energetic action, he put one very much in mind of an Indian juggler, or of one of those little squatting bronze idols, representing, I believe, the god Budha, which became common in our mythological cabinets after the last great Birmese war. The Chimariote warrior and Nicóla, who resembled each other a good deal in temper and manner, occasionally hazarded a few laconic or sarcastic remarks, indicating the mixture of amusement and of contempt excited by the garrulity of the Athenian; but scarcely any one of the party ventured formally to enter the lists with the two Attic orators. My Bœotian attendants said little or nothing; but with the characteristic phlegm of their race, turned their eyes from the one speaker to the other, as each took the lead in the argument, with looks, whether of indifference, or of admiration at their eloquence, it was not easy to distinguish; and during the heat of the discussion, their physical wants having been satisfied, they lay down and composed themselves to sleep.

As the debate began to flag, their example was followed by the rest of the company. The bed accommodation consisted partly of rush mats, of which the khan supplied a certain number, its only domestic furniture: partly of their own shaggy goat-skin capottes; while those who

affected the luxury of a pillow, used their wallets, corn sacks, or other articles of luggage best adapted to the purpose. Each man, as successively overpowered by the influence of the drowsy god, stretched himself out with his feet to the fire and his head to the wall, so that their arrangement might be compared to the spokes of a wheel, of which the hearth was the axle. The symmetry of this figure was, however, soon greatly disturbed. The space was but confined for so large a party, and when some of them, growing restless, began to turn or toss in their sleep, the spectacle that presented itself was as curious as it was degrading and offensive. Every here and there the figures were to be seen promiscuously blended, so as to render it difficult to distinguish to whom the splay feet, brawny legs and arms, and bushy heads, sprawling over each other, belonged. The snoring too was deafening, and the animal stench, independent of the fumes of onions and garlic with which the air was previously impregnated, most overpowering. I had managed to keep my bed in a corner tolerably secure from the encroachments of the crowd; and, deprived of sleep by the assaults of my cruel enemies the fleas, amused myself, as I lay contemplating the scene, with the parody which offered itself on Homer's description of the bed of Ulysses among the seals, in the island of Pharos:

κεῖθι μὲν αἰνότατον λέγχος ἔπλετο, τεῖρε γὰρ αἰνῶς
 Ἑλλήνων σκοροδοτρεφέων ὀλωώτατος ὀδμή.—*Odys.* iv. 441.

"A fearful couch was there, where smells unclean
 Salute the nose from garlic-fed Hellene."

Nor were we long in want of a Proteus to make up the fulness of the analogy; for in the midst of my Homeric reveries, I was startled, together with my sleeping companions, by a loud knock at the door, and on the latch being drawn up by the khanjee, in walked a Chorophylax, or gendarme, in full accoutrement, with a country

fellow behind him carrying a long gun upon his shoulder; a detachment of the party engaged in unsuccessful pursuit of the thieves. After reconnoitring with an air of official authority the groups around the fire, the gendarme enquired, in a peremptory tone, who and whence we were, and insisted on each man giving an account of himself. The Albanian, and the stout Athenian, who seemed to be considered the principal civilian present, became vouchers for the respectability of their fellow lodgers, explaining to the best of their knowledge, in answer to his queries, the character and profession of each, commencing with myself and suite; and all to his apparent satisfaction. His stern rigour of mien and language gradually thawed; and after swallowing a draught of wine from the bottle next within his reach, and exchanging a word or two with his Albanian comrade, in which he described the inefficacy of their search after the robbers, he warmed himself over the embers for a few moments, and then taking his place in the circle, with the remainder of the party, was soon fast asleep:

... πάντα δ' ἄρ' ἐπύχεται, λέκτο δ' ἀριθμόν
 ἐν δ' ἡμέας πρώτους λέγει κήτεσιν, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
 αἰσθῆ δόλον εἶναι, ἔπειτα δὲ λέκτο καὶ αὐτός. — *Odys.* iv. 452.

“The whole he counts and passes in review,
 Ourselves first reckon'd to the slumbering crew;
 Then all mistrust discarded from his breast,
 He lays him down and slumbers with the rest.”

Harassed by my feverish state of wakefulness, I walked out to regale myself with the fresh air. It was a calm clear night. The rays of a brilliant moon playing through the silvery foliage of the olive groves, over the dark clustering tops of the pines, and lighting up the mountain glades and rocks which they clothed, made one feel one's-self the more certainly in Attica, while they rendered the contrast between the splendours of nature, and the de-

graded condition of nature's lords in this fair desert, the more striking. On a piece of smooth greensward, hard by the door, under a large olive-tree, knelt the camel, in the same humble posture in which he had been left by his master five or six hours before. I made acquaintance with him by gathering and presenting him with a few fresh blades of grass, scratching his forehead, and other little marks of attention. I had serious thoughts of taking up my mattress and cloaks, and making my bed by his side. The air, however, though clear and tranquil, was damp and chill; and preferring present discomfort to the risk of catching a fever, and the consequent interruption of my journey, I returned for the few remaining hours of night to the warmth and stench of the khan.

In participating in such scenes as that here described, one was led to moralize on the vicissitudes of human affairs, by which the representatives of the most refined and polished race of the ancient world had been reduced, by many centuries of political degradation, and the adoption of the filthy habits of the successive races of barbarians by whom they had been overrun, not only to a complete ignorance of every thing that can be called domestic comfort, but to a state of squalid misery that places them nearly on a level with the brutes. A little further reflection, however, may suggest a doubt, whether it were fair to throw the whole blame of the present state of things upon either time or destiny, the Sclavonian, the Arnaut, or the Turk; and how far these very habits be not, among the middle and lower classes at least, an inheritance transmitted from the glorious days of their ancestors. I remember, indeed, to have heard a very learned friend on the other side of the channel, whose name occupies a high place in the annals of Hellenistic science, maintain, in talking over our respective travels in this country, that—in spite of the exterior dazzle

of art, science, and literature, shed over the age of Pericles—there is much reason to believe, that the domestic manners which give such offence to those used to the higher standard of modern European civilization, were nearly the same then, among the class of society where they now prevail. To this extent I am not prepared to go; although, at first sight, there may appear something in favour of his view. I was indeed forcibly struck at the moment with the resemblance between the scene in this very khan, (besides others, which I afterwards witnessed in the private dwellings of the upper class of peasantry,) and the description given by Homer, in the *Odyssey*, of the routine of daily life in the cottage of Eumæus. While viewing, by the dim light of the expiring embers, the architecture and furniture of the apartment, and the brawny limbs of my fellow-lodgers scattered in picturesque groups around the hearth—derogatory as it may be to the dignity of a Homeric hero—I could not help figuring to myself the evening circle in the cottage of the hospitable swineherd, comprising, besides himself and his landlords old and young, four or five of his own subalterns, as presenting about the same hour of night a very similar aspect. The dwelling of the chief of one of the most important branches of the rural economy of the wealthy king, must have been, as in fact it is said to be, one of the best habitations of its class. Yet its interior seems to have been very little better fitted up than the khan of San Vlasio. Both Ulysses and Telemachus are welcomed to the place of honour on the hearth, the same on which their victuals are afterwards prepared. They are here accommodated, squatting there can be little doubt *à la Turquie*, with rush mats and shaggy goat-skins, which were spread on the bare ground, as we are informed, for their more honourable reception; and on which, after the repast

and the ensuing conversation give place to repose, they are stretched for the night, surrounded by the inferior members of the establishment. This, we are also told, was considered by Ulysses as most excellent entertainment. The following lines will still apply to the best accommodation a Greek peasant can offer a stranger, to whom he is especially anxious to do honour:—

“ Within the hut the godlike swineherd leads
His unknown lord ; a carpet thick of reeds
Upon the hearth he strews ; above, the hide
Of shaggy goat his guest a seat supplied.
Pleased with his vassal’s hospitable care,
The king with joy accepts the proffer’d fare.”—*Odyss.* xiv. 48.

And on retiring to rest:—

“ Beside the cottage fire the hero’s bed,
With sheep and goat skins, warm and soft he spread ;
In tranquil sleep the king forgets his woes,
And by his side four rustic swains repose.”—*Odyss.* xiv. 518.

Telemachus, on his arrival, is welcomed with the same comforts, a rush mat and goat-skin, by the side of the hearth.*

The following affecting description of the careless slovenly habits into which the old King Laertes had relapsed, in the retirement of his farm, when oppressed with age and grief for the loss of his son, proves these manners to have been universal among all but the more refined and luxurious classes:—

“ No downy bed supplies his resting-place,
No costly rugs his lowly pallet grace ;
Abroad, in summer, careless he reclines,
On the dry leaves among the blooming vines ;
But when rude winter chills the midnight air,
Within the house for shelter he’ll repair ;
There with his rustic hinds in poor attire,
He slumbers in the dust beside the fire.”—*Odyss.* xi. 188, *seq.*

Another point of resemblance is worthy of remark.

* *Odyss.* xvi. 47.

Homer, in making his heroes rise from their beds in their own more luxurious dwellings, seldom fails to describe their toilet, enumerating every leading portion of their apparel. In the hut of Eumæus, in a similar case, we are only informed that they *put on their shoes*, an article of attire which, as appears from the same passages, it was not customary for persons of the rank of Eumæus to wear at all within doors. Thus, when Telemachus sends the swineherd to the city, it is said, that before setting out “he bound his sandals on his feet.”* This was in the middle of the day; and the next morning, when the young hero rises early, to proceed himself in the same direction, we are merely told that he “drew his sandals on his feet, and took his spear in his hand.”† No mention here occurs, as on most other similar occasions, of the rest of his clothes; and naturally enough, for he had slept in them, as his worthy host and his domestics were in the habit of doing all the year round. But his shoes he had pulled off, according to the same custom which now prevails, and doubtless for the same reason. The first and only change of raiment with a Greek traveller of the present day, on accommodating himself in his night’s quarters, is to take off his shoes, or rather slippers, which are laid aside until required on resuming his journey. This is in some degree necessary, for the more convenient tucking up of the feet under the hams, and to prevent the upper garments, in such a posture, from being defiled more than necessary by the mud or filth contracted on the road; and the foreground of the picture, in such a circle as that above described, consists of the ponderous bare toes and heels of the squatters, projecting from their woollen socks, or rather gaiters, which are usually in rags, and even when entire, are seldom so fashioned as

* *Odys.* xvi. 154.

† *Ibid.* xvii. 2.

to cover more than one half of the foot. The practice was common, in Homer's time, to both gods and men. Minerva and Mercury, setting out on their journeys from the palace of Olympus, are both described as putting on their shoes.* For the same reason the ancients, in their more civilized ages, took off their shoes at meals, after the fashion of reclining on such occasions became prevalent.†

The dwellings of the upper class, indeed, in the heroic age, as well as their own state of domestic refinement, were on a vastly superior scale to that exemplified in the hut of Eumæus. Their palaces, though of primitive plan and structure, were commodious, or even splendid. They used both beds, chairs,‡ and tables; and attached the greatest importance to regular ablution, and other essential observances of personal cleanliness. Still, however, there are some curious points of analogy between the internal arrangement and economy of their mansions, and of the swineherd's hut, or the modern khan. The want of a proper vent for the smoke in these cottages, causes much importance to be attached to the use of dry firewood; that is, not merely well-seasoned, as we should require it, but so completely arid as to be on the point of rotting; and Nicóla used to call the khanjees severely to account when they failed in providing it. Fuel, when thus prepared, especially if from the olive or pine tree, emits in fact little or no smoke. Hence, in Homer, the marked emphasis laid on the same precaution of using *perfectly arid* fire logs.§ Although no mention occurs of

* *Odyss.* i. 96; v. 44.

† LUCIAN.; HERODOT. 5; TERENT., *Heaut.*: Act. i. 72.

‡ Yet in their festivals celebrated out of doors, they seem to have followed the more primitive fashion. At the banquet in honour of Neptune, *Odyss.* iii. 38, Nestor and his court sat upon soft rugs on the sands:—*κῶεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσιν ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις ἀλίγησι.*

§ *ξύλα κάγκανα—αῦα πάλαι—περίκηλα—δανά.*

a chimney in the poet's description of his heroes' palace halls, we shall assume that they had one, similar probably to that described by Herodotus in the residence of the king of Macedon; a hole, namely, in the roof, above the hearth, through which the sun shone on the floor of the apartment.* The hearth, as in the modern khan, was in the centre of the floor,† so that the smoke or vapour from the fire curled round the roof before it escaped through the aperture. Hence we find the epithet smoky, or black with smoke,‡ familiarly applied to the roof and joists of the saloon, while the arms hung around the walls are described as blackened with smoke.§ Hesiod also talks of hanging up his rudder for the winter in the smoke.|| In the Odyssey cleft wood is also used to give light—a purpose for which, when selected and prepared in the mode above described, it is not ill adapted. Three tripods, covered with chips of the driest and best-seasoned wood, were stationed in different parts of the hall, when the suitors rose to dance.¶ The wood here used was probably olive or daphne, which, with a bright flame, emits but little smoke or vapour; yet that little must have ranged freely through the apartment before it reached the vent.

The “*Works and Days*” of Hesiod also supply evidence that the state of domestic manners among the agricultural classes, in his time, offered many points of resemblance to that which now prevails in the Greek cottage. Among the detailed descriptions contained in that poem, both of the mode of living within doors and of the comforts or furniture of their dwellings, there is

* HERODOT. viii. 137.

† HOM. *Hymn. Ven.* 30. ORPH. *Hymn.* lxxxiv.

‡ αἰθαλόεις. IL. ii. 415. *Odyss.* xxii. 240.

§ *Odyss.* xvi. 288.

|| *Op. et D.* 629.

¶ *Odyss.* xix. 63.

no mention of chair or table, and much that tends to show that they were little, if at all, in use. It is probable that the obscure proverb, in the last of the two following verses, descriptive of the evils of poverty during winter, alludes to the practice of sitting crosslegs on the floor:—

“Lest winter come, with hunger and distress,

When skinny hand a big swoln foot shall press;—*Op. et D.*, 495.

For a common, and as any person who makes the experiment will perceive, a natural and convenient mode of disposing of the hands in such a position, when sitting idle or reposing after fatigue, is to rest them, one or both, upon the feet.

The text of Hesiod above cited is introduced with especial reference to the Lesche, and its lazy lounging habits. This place, coupled by both Homer* and Hesiod† with the smithy, as the resort of the vagrant poor or the idle, especially in cold weather, seems to have been very similar to the common Greek khan of the present day; a cottage or shed namely, with a hearth, around which the loiterers by day, and the houseless by night, gossiped, ate, drank, and slept, in the same attitude, it may be presumed, as now.‡

But whatever may have been the case in the days of Eumæus or Hesiod, there is no reason to suppose that the better class, even of the peasantry, in later times, were strangers to the comforts or luxuries of more advanced civilization. Such manners as those above described, must have been common in remote and barbarous epochs to every people; and may have been

* HOMER. *Od.* xviii. 328.

† HESIOD. *Op. et D.* 491, ἐπαλία λῆσχη. *Hesych.* in v. ἀλεινοῦς τόπος.

‡ The term in later times was familiarly applied to various places of public resort, at Athens and elsewhere, such as with us would be called taverns or coffee-houses, (LEAKE, *Topogr.* p. 388;) also to the casinos or public saloons of Delphi and Sparta, &c.

retained among the inferior or servile class of Hellenic peasantry, Helots, Penestæ, &c., transmitted by them to their successors, and finally, in the progress of national debasement, spread through the whole native population in the new and inferior state of society, without the aid of exotic example, from either Sclavonian, Turk, or Ar-naut. The following extract from the graphic description given by Aristophanes of the wretched lot of his countrymen, when the demon of poverty shall have established her reign over the land, which applies with such singular closeness to their present domestic habits, was, there can be little doubt, derived from those of the lower orders in his own time:—

“ Of fleas, and lice, and gnats, ’twere vain
 To calculate the number,
 That, softly buzzing round your heads,
 Awake you from your slumber,
 In gentle tones like these: ‘ ’Tis true,
 No morning meal doth greet you,
 Yet rise you must, to lie too long
 In bed will overheat you.’
 Then for a cloak a tatter’d rug
 Shall from the storm preserve you;
 An old rush mat, with many a bug
 Alive, for couch will serve you;
 Another o’er your limbs to spread,
 Will make your bedding tidy;
 A block of stone beneath your head
 For pillow she’ll provide ye.”—*Plutus*, 536, *seq.*

There are, it is true, some other passages of the same author, which would seem to justify us in looking for the original of a portion, at least, of this dismal picture in a still higher quarter; as, for example, where Strepsiades, son of a wealthy agriculturist, contrasts his former habits of rural simplicity with those which he had been obliged to adopt on taking to wife an Athenian fine lady:—

“ Alas! how sweet my country life, when I
 In wholesome filth did dwell—unwash’d—uncomb’d;

And laid my limbs, fatigued with honest toil,
At will where suited best.*

Even here, however, there is perhaps as much of satire as of truth.

One conclusive argument in favour of the cleanly habits of the ancients, even of the lowest class, during their best ages, is to be found in the fact, that personal ablution, the simplest but the most important element of all cleanliness, now all but unknown among the Greek lower orders, (or which at least I never saw practised by any of the company assembled on such occasions as on this evening, except by myself,) was then carried among all ranks to the highest perfection, or even to excess. The use of the daily bath in Athens, as we learn from numberless passages of the ancients—of Aristophanes more especially—was universal; and the public accommodation for the purpose more than ample for the supply of at least the whole free population, even for the indigent and destitute poor. Xenophon tells us,† that although it was customary for wealthy Athenian families to have their houses fitted up with baths for their private use; yet the poor were still better off than the rich in this respect, from the number and size of the public establishments of the same kind which the democracy

* ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἦν ἄγροικος ἡδίστος βίος,
ἐὐρωτιῶν, ἀκέρητος, εἰκῇ κείμενος.—*Nub.* 43.

The phrase εἰκῇ κείμενος is but a concise mode of expressing what Homer says of the bed-accommodation of Laertes in the passage above cited. That Daphnis and Chloe, in the romance of Longus, though children of the upper class of peasantry, never undress from one end of the year to the other, were perhaps scarcely a fair case to quote. Pastoral heroes and heroines have the privilege of exemption from all such unpoetical obligations, the observance of which would, indeed, in this instance, have been more than usually detrimental to the spirit of the narrative. *Lib.* ii. cc. 4, 5, 27, &c.

† *De Republ. Athen.* ii. § 9. Conf. ARISTOPH. *Vesp.* 141, *Equit.* 1060, *seq.*

had taken care to provide for their own comfort. This is also implied by an allusion contained in the same context above cited from the comic poet, where, among the benefits poverty is allowed to confer on her votaries, are "blisters from the hot bath;"* signifying, first, that a person in want of every thing else could at least obtain this luxury; and secondly, the little advantage resulting from it to a squalid and unwholesome habit of body. Of the inveteracy of the custom, even among the most degraded members of the community, we have a curious instance in Lucian's romance of *The Ass*, where the robbers, on arriving at their cavern, solace themselves, both chief and gang, by warm bathing.† The Spartans alone seem, like the Palikars of the present day, to have affected filth of person and contempt for ablution, as an attribute of martial genius.‡

That this usage was as old as the days of Homer among the better class, we learn from passages of his poems too numerous and familiar to render it necessary here to quote them; and in the time of Hesiod, its excess in the male sex is already stigmatized as a mark of effeminacy.§ In Athens, during her best ages, the luxury seems to have been abused to an equal extent as in the lower ages of Rome. It may, indeed, safely be assumed, in spite of the arrogant pretensions of modern civilization, that both Greeks and Romans in their best days far surpassed even those nations of modern Europe most distinguished for refinement, in this essential element of civilized life. This consideration is in itself sufficient to free them from any general charge of per-

* σὺ γὰρ ἂν πορίσαι τί δύναι' ἀγαθὸν πλὴν φάδων ἐκ βαλανείου.
PLUT. v. 534.

† LUCIAN. *Asin.* 20, seq.

‡ ARISTOPH. *Plut.* 84, seq. et *Schol. ad loc.* *Aves*, 1281, seq.

§ *Op. et D.*, v. 753. Conf. ARISTOPH. *Nub.* 991, 1039.

sonal filth. Washing the human body is the foundation of all cleanliness; and a people so much alive to its advantages, could hardly be callous to the contamination of their habiliments or dwellings.

As regards the mode of taking food, the practice of the Greeks, even in their days of greatest politeness, is certainly not very congenial to our notions of delicacy. Homer's familiar common-place—

οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείατ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον—

“They laid their hands upon the meats prepared,”

may safely be taken by the letter; nor is there much reason to believe that either Pericles or Alcibiades were acquainted with the use of a knife and fork. The witty speech of the poet Philoxenes* to Dionysius of Syracuse, recorded by Athenæus, could hardly have found place at a table where the refinements of modern manners prevailed. Hence the indispensable ceremony of the *chironiptron* or hand-washing, both before and after meals, which travellers describe as still prevalent in Greece, but which I never happened to witness in any native society into which it was my lot to be thrown.

That the travelling accommodation of the ancients was but indifferent, there can be no doubt. In the large

* Supping one day with the tyrant, and observing that a very small mullet was served on his plate, while that of his host contained a much larger one, he took up his own in his hand, and held its head to his ear. When asked the reason, he replied, that being about to compose an ode to Galatea, he had been desirous to know how matters stood at the court of Nereus; that his fish had told him she had been caught so young, that she could give him no information, but that her sister on the plate of Dionysius was older, and would be better able to answer his enquiries. The tyrant laughed, and sent him his own mullet. (ATHENÆUS, *lib. i. p. 6, E.*) The same author (*Lib. i. p. 6, D.*) mentions an epicure named Pithyllus, who always came to table with gloves on his hands, that he might be the better able to handle the meat when hot from the kitchen.

towns the practice of mutual hospitality, public or private, superseded in a great measure the establishment of inns; as it does to this day in Spain, the two Sicilies, and other less frequented parts of southern Europe. Inns, however, they had in plenty upon their roads, and of a vastly superior description, no doubt, to any now to be found;* yet those who wished to insure their comfort, were anciently, as now, in the habit of carrying their own beds and provisions. Aristophanes introduces Bacchus, in his journey to Hades,† with an equipage very similar to that now customary among the less luxurious class of tourists.‡ The better sort of inns, as we have seen, were probably very similar to the Turkish khan as represented by that of Livadía.

Such were the reflections on the past and the present with which I endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours of wakefulness, as I lay longing for the first dawn of morning to emancipate me from my comfortless quarters. As daylight broke in, the group around the fire grew restless; and the separate parties, according to their respective gifts of natural activity, or the urgency of their affairs, arose drowsily and silently, set their equipage in order, and departed, each in their appointed direction.

* DICÆARCHUS, *De St. Gr.* p. 11. Ed. Huds,

† *Ran. init.* conf. ÆSCHIN. Ed. Reisk. vol. iii, p. 273. PLUTARCH, in *Cat. Min.* c. xii.

‡ As exemplified in my own, described in chap. vii. vol. 1,

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RARIAN PLAIN—BAY OF SALAMIS—BOREAS IN ATTIC FABLE—
GRÆCO-BAVARIAN ROADS.

ἔς δ' ἄρα 'Ράριον ἵξε φερέσειον οὔθαρος ἀρούρης
τὸ πρὶν, ἀτὰρ τότε γ' οὔτι φερέσειον ἀλλὰ ἔκηλον
ἑστήκει πανάφυλλον.—*Hymn. Cer.* 450.

“The Rarian plain we cross, once fertile shore,
Now bless'd, alas! with Ceres' gifts no more.”

AT some little distance below the khan the valley begins to widen, and soon after we obtain a view of Salamis and the landlocked bay of Eleusis. The foreground is the celebrated Rarian plain, here barren and rocky, or covered with brushwood and low straggling pine forest, which, as we approach the sea, gives place to arable land, in a poor state of cultivation. The quality of the land where we crossed the plain seemed less rich, even by nature, than might have been expected in the environs of the favourite abode of Ceres, and on the fields where tradition places the first growth of wheat on the soil of Hellas. The prospect is bounded, to the left or north, by the ridge of Ægialeos, now called Daphne, which hides the plain of Athens; in front by Salamis, with Ægina in the extreme distance. At the southern extremity of the plain, the acropolis of Eleusis is the principal object; behind it is a conical knoll crowned by a round tower of the middle ages, and connected with a range of undulating heights of a peculiarly beautiful outline, projecting from the lower declivities of Cithæron,

and bounding the prospect in this direction. Although there is nothing very striking in the features of this landscape, the whole presents a singularly graceful, and—as forming a circle around the bay of Salamis—a no less interesting composition.

Hitherto, with the exception of the four disastrous days of Livadía, we had been, upon the whole, favoured by the weather, which from the first commencement of our journey had been for the most part not only bright and cheerful, but remarkably mild for the season even in this latitude; and such as would not have disgraced a fine summer in my own country. The alteration of temperature we now experienced, on entering the genial plains of Attica, affords a striking evidence how dangerous it is for the traveller to pronounce judgment, as he is so apt to do, from the experience of a single visit, or even a single season, on the climate of the regions he traverses. During the previous winter at Florence, while making ~~preparation~~ preparation for this journey, I happened one raw wet evening to be walking home from a round of visits, with a friend who had lately returned from a tour in Greece, and, having spent the previous winter at Athens, had brought back an enthusiastic sense of the delights of its atmosphere. While crouching under our cloaks, vainly endeavouring to shield ourselves from the sleet that drizzled in our faces, he exclaimed:—"Ah, how different was it with the bright heaven and balmy air of the Attic winter nights!" This remark was fresh in my memory; and having been favoured with so fine a spring in central Italy and northern Greece during the month of February, I expected at least a warm summer in Attica towards the end of March. Great was my mortification, therefore, at being welcomed into the genial clime by the coldest weather by far which it had yet been my lot to experience, since I left Florence on the last day of Jan-

uary. The morning, like the previous night, though sharp, was clear and calm; but as the day advanced, the sky was overspread with a dim autumnal haze, and about the centre of the Eleusinian plain we were suddenly greeted from the gully between Ægialeos and Parnes by so fierce a boreas, that I was nearly blown off my horse, and for the first time at so late a period of the day while in motion and exercise, was obliged, not only to resort to a cloak, but to accumulate several upon my shoulders, and make every exertion to quicken the pace of my beast into a jog-trot; no easy task, and one which the traveller is seldom induced to undertake unless by some similar case of extreme necessity.

It may be attributed to the singular inclemency of this wind as experienced by the inhabitants of Attica, that he plays so prominent a part in their early figurative tradition. His rape of Orithya, the "mountain vegetation," and of Chloris, "the tender young grass," are plain types of the fatal influence of his blast on the arid soil of this region. Another nymph, Pitys, the "pine-tree," struggling against his embraces, is dashed to the ground and destroyed. The Athenians however, in later times, acknowledged themselves under obligations to their fabulous kinsman, calculated to make ample amends for his habitual acts of aggression, and which were rewarded by an addition to the divine honours he enjoyed among them. The destruction of a part of the Persian fleet by the north wind, off the coast of Athos, was considered by them as an answer to their supplication to him for assistance;* and a new temple was accordingly erected to him on the spot where he seized the daughter of Erechtheus. Simonides,† in his poem on the battle of Salamis, also makes mention of him, possibly in connexion with his influence on the issue of the engagement fought in

* HERODOT. *Hist.* vii. 189.

† *Fragm.* clxxiv. Ed. Gaisf.

this beautiful gulf, whose waters were now agitated by one of his keenest blasts as we passed along the shore.

Upon the whole, however, I have no just ground of complaint against the climate of Attica. The weather brightened into a fine clear sunset on the evening of this very day, (March 13th,) after our arrival in the city. During the whole of my sojourn in the province, there was not a drop of rain, but with the exception of this forenoon the sun shone brilliantly, in a cloudless sky, from morning till night; and although for the first eight days the air was somewhat piercing, it afterwards softened down into a fair English summer temperature.

As we approach the shore, the horse track joins a good carriage road, made within the last few years by the new government upon the remains of an old Turkish causeway, and in some places on those of the sacred Eleusinian way, of which Leake describes vestiges as formerly visible. I saw none, and they have probably disappeared in the course of the modern improvement. This line is now completed from Athens to Lipsina, and is intended, I believe, to be continued to Corinth, an undertaking which would require the resources of a Napoleon rather than those of an Otho. The other regularly made roads which existed in Greece, complete in whole or in part at this period, were one from Athens to Piræus, another between the same city and the marble quarries of Pentelicus, a third from Nauplia to Argos, and a fourth from Argos to Tripolizza. How far these undertakings be worth their expense, in the present state of the country and its finances, seems very questionable. In Turkish times such a thing as a wheel-carriage was unknown in Greece proper. At present the leading members of the court and diplomatic corps, with a few other persons among the upper class of residents in the capital, keep their equipages. There are also regular

public conveyances between Athens and the Piræus, and a partial intercourse of the same kind between Argos and Nauplia. A few carts or waggons, of German construction, are also to be met with in the city or its vicinity, chiefly or solely the property of the government; but if such a thing exist at all beyond the immediate environs of Athens, it is at least a phenomenon of the greatest rarity in the country at large. Even on the newly made roads, therefore, with these exceptions, horses, mules, or asses, still supply the only means of transport; and it is likely that the poverty, as well as the prejudice of the natives, will long prevent any other from coming into general use. Of the four works above mentioned, the first no doubt is not only useful but indispensable, and the traffic upon it as brisk and constant as may be expected between the metropolis and its port. The second was constructed for the transport of materials for the mason-work of the new palace, and serves apparently no other purpose of any importance. A certain communication by carriage also exists between Argos and Nauplia. But the two most extensive and most costly undertakings, the fourteen miles of route from Athens to Eleusis, and the thirty yet incomplete from Argos to Tripolizza, are of little more apparent use, in as far as the general commerce of the country is concerned, than the old bridle tracks which they were meant to supplant, but which the native traveller still prefers whenever they afford the shortest cut. The modern Eleusinian way, on emerging from the outskirts of the capital, leads across an uninhabited waste, through not a single village, scarcely to my recollection past a single house, to an insignificant port, and a mass of ruined hovels. It may, indeed, enable the classical tourist to visit the site of Eleusis in a caleche, instead of on horseback; and possibly the produce of the royal salt-ponds

which I observed to the left, on the marshy part of the plain near the sea, may occasionally be conveyed to Athens on a pair of wheels. But I saw neither carriage nor wheel-track on the whole line. It is true that these works must be presumed to have been undertaken for the purpose of accommodating the traffic they were to create, rather than that which already existed, and are no doubt the first steps towards the encouragement of commercial or agricultural communication on the improved European system; since no person, however well disposed to the use of a carriage, will be willing to build one, unless he has a road upon which to drive it. A chief part of the labour is also said to have been done by the German soldiers in the pay of the king, as a useful and popular mode of employing the idle time of a most unpopular class of public servants; and in so far the work may be considered worth its cost. Otherwise, in the present state of the national finances, such undertakings, unless, indeed, where they may be essential to the establishment of a military command of the country, must be considered as altogether premature. In a commercial point of view it would surely be for the present far wiser policy, instead of making expensive roads which no one uses, and which, unless maintained at a proportional cost, will speedily fall to decay, to endeavour, by diminishing the taxes, and otherwise improving the condition of the people, to raise them to a state of prosperity which may enable them to benefit the more by such as shall hereafter be rendered necessary by their real wants.

These strictures apply, perhaps still more pointedly, to the immense marble palace now constructing at Athens. For many years to come it would have been far more dignified, as well as more politic, for the newly created sovereign to have contented himself with a homely dwelling, in better keeping with the actual resources of his

kingdom, and with the wretched state of domestic accommodation among his subjects. As matters now stand, these pompous displays of European civilization, contrasting so broadly with the semi-barbarism in the midst of which they are exhibited; fair wide carriage roads, frequented by a few squalid pack-horses or mules, and gorgeous palaces surrounded by hovels and rubbish; instead of conveying an impression of the advancing civilization and prosperity of the country, tend but to display in a more glaring light its misery and barbarism.*

The apology, of encouraging art and industry, or affording employment, is scarcely valid in the case of this royal structure; since the species of labour which forms the great item of its expense, that of marble-cutting, while it is one which cannot for many a year become one of general necessity or utility, must for the present be confined chiefly to foreign mechanics. Standing one day, before dinner, with the lady of a distinguished foreign diplomatist at Athens, on the balcony of her drawing-room, I happened to notice a checquered marble pavement with which it was adorned. In her reply to my observations, she mentioned incidentally that it had been imported by her husband ready-made from Carrara. At this I expressed my astonishment, considering that the outer courts of their own dwelling were strewn with ancient fragments, of the finest produce of the native

* The reproaches placed by Aristophanes in the mouth of the sausage-vender against the demagogue Cleon, for his indifference to the comfort of the Athenians of those days, admit of a curious application to their present rulers:

καὶ πῶς σὺ φιλεῖς, ὅς τοῦτον ὀρεῶν οἰκοῦντ' ἐν ταῖς πιθάκναισιν,
καὶ γυπαρίοις, καὶ πυργιδίοις, ἐτὸς ὕγδοον, οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις.

Equit. 792.

“Is this the way you show your royal pity for a nation,
Who dwell these eight long years in huts and holes amid starvation?”

quarries. She assured me, however, that before sending to Italy, they had made a calculation of the relative expense of the two modes—the result of which was, that the mere hewing of the ancient blocks to which I alluded, would have cost as much as the whole charge from Carrara, including raw material, work, and freight; that they had, however, for the interest of the thing, employed a native artist to operate upon one or two of the ancient fragments; but that the utmost his skill had been able to effect was to shiver in pieces, or otherwise mutilate them, so as to render them altogether unfit for the purpose for which they were destined. Such is the present state of this branch of elegant art among the descendants of Phidias and Ictinus.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIRST VIEW OF ATHENS—PARALLEL OF ATHENIAN PLAIN AND ROMAN CAMPAGNA—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY—ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

ἀλλ' ὀλολύξατε φαινομένησιν ταῖς ἀρχαίαισιν Ἀθήναις.
ὦ τὰ λιπαρά, καί, ἰστέφανοι, καὶ ἀριζήλωτοι Ἀθηναί.

ARISTOPH. *Equ.* 1327.

“Then shout for joy, old Athens now appears, renown’d in story;
O city fair! desired of all, and crown’d with wreaths of glory.”

At the point where the flat shore is bounded to the east by the ridge of Ægialeos, the road, after coasting along its base for a few hundred yards, strikes off to the left across the heights, through the pass of Daphne. At its summit is the convent of the same name, now occupied by a station of Bavarian soldiers. A little further on, Athens—its mountains—and its plain—open suddenly upon the view. Amid the most intense anxiety to obtain a first sight of this celebrated region, I had not formed any very exaggerated expectations of the impression it was to produce. I was so familiar, as I imagined, with its site and principal features, through the medium of so many published descriptions, and of still more numerous drawings and engravings, by professors and amateurs of every variety and degree of talent; and I had both heard and read so many ebullitions of the enthusiasm which every well-educated man must experience, in a greater or lesser degree, on his first personal introduction to a scene, around which are concentrated so many associations of what is beautiful and glorious in the his-

tory of our species, that the claims, either classical or picturesque, of Athens and its environs on my sympathies, had become, in some measure, a hackneyed and threadbare subject. I was consequently, as frequently happens in such cases, prepared for disappointment or indifference, on first acquaintance with the original of so many high-drawn pictures. The disappointment, however, for such it may still in so far be called, was a most agreeable one. To me Athens and the surrounding landscape presented, not only from this pass, but from every other leading point of view, features of novelty almost as fresh as if I had never seen an outline of the Acropolis. Nor have I ever known an instance in which the efforts of artists, even of the most approved skill, have so entirely failed in conveying any thing like the real effect of their subject.

The great natural amphitheatre, of which Athens is the centre, possesses, in addition to its beauty, certain features of peculiarity, which render it the more difficult to form any adequate idea of its scenery, but from personal view. The chief of these is a certain degree of regularity, or rather of symmetry, in the arrangement of the principal parts of the landscape, which enables the eye the better to apprehend its whole extent and variety at a single glance, and thus to enjoy the full effect of its collective excellence more perfectly, than where the attention is distracted by a less orderly accumulation even of beautiful objects. Its more prominent characteristics are: first, the wide extent of open plain in the centre; secondly, the three separate ranges of mountain—Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes—to the eye of nearly the same height, and bounding the plain at unequal distances on three sides, to the south-east, north-east, and north-west; thirdly, the sea on the remaining side, with its islands, and the distant mainland of Peloponnesus;

fourthly, the cluster of rocky protuberances in the centre of the plain, the most striking of which either form part of the site of the city, or are grouped around it; and fifthly, the line of dark dense olive groves, winding like a large green river through the heart of the vale. Any formality, which might be expected to result from so symmetrical an arrangement of these leading elements of the composition, is further interrupted by the low graceful ridge of Turcovouni,* extending behind the city up the centre of the plain; and by a few more marked undulations of its surface about the Piræus, and the neighbouring coast. The present barren and deserted state of this fair, but not fertile, region, is perhaps rather favourable than otherwise to its full picturesque effect, as tending less to interfere with the outlines of the landscape in which its beauty so greatly consists, than a dense population and high state of culture.

The analogy between the natural features, as well as the present fate, of the Roman campagna and the Athenian plain, cannot fail to occur to every one possessed of the means of forming the comparison. I say analogy rather than resemblance, because, however striking the points of general correspondence, in many of the details there is an equally marked difference. Each, no doubt, has its peculiar excellences; but, upon the whole, the palm of beauty must be awarded to Athens. The Alban and Sabine mountains form boundaries to the vale of the Tyber, less grand, it is true, but no less graceful and ornamental, than Hymettus and Pentelicus to that of the Cephissus. The resemblance, indeed, between the outline of Pentelicus and of the Mons Lucretilis or Monte Gennaro, as seen from Athens and Rome respectively, is very remarkable, and has frequently been noticed. But the third great landward boundary of the Campagna to-

* Turk's hill.

wards Viterbo, is monotonous and tame, in comparison with the Attic Parnes and Ægialeos. The sea view of the Saronic gulf, for which the dreary line of plain towards Ostia forms so poor a substitute, were in itself sufficient to turn the scale in favour of Athens, even were all other claims equal. The Attic mountains too have this advantage, that, while so far removed as to admit of that width and extent of prospect so essential to the higher species of landscape composition, they are yet sufficiently near to produce, each in itself, its full effect of mass and loftiness, which is but partially the case with the Latin hills. On the other hand, the greater breadth and more open character of the Roman plain, with its graceful undulations, and beautiful varieties of light, shade, and colouring, with its solitary groups of ruined villas, temples, and tombs, and its aqueducts stalking in broken fragments like a routed army of giants across its level, give it perhaps, in its individual capacity, a superiority over the arid vale of Athens, which even the fine effect of the olive groves is not sufficient to counterbalance. Another advantage of the Roman landscape consists in the number and elegance of the modern buildings scattered here and there over the face of the Campagna; the castle and tower of the middle ages, the lonely convent, casale, or villa farm, sheltered by its groves of cypress or stone pine, together with the fair white towns and villages of the lower mountain declivities. These are features which, while they impart a certain air of cheerfulness and festivity to the melancholy grandeur of that beautiful desert, contrast there, as elsewhere in Italian scenery, most favourably with the unseemly groups of hovels that disfigure more frequently than they enliven the landscape of Greece. But then those bold and varied natural features of the lower and more central portion of the Attic vale, the Acropolis,

the Museum, the Lycabettus, &c., are altogether wanting in that of the Tyber, where they are still more required to relieve the greater extent and uniformity of the plain. Nor does Rome herself, either ancient or modern, add much to the general effect of her environs. Instead of boldly standing forth with her temples and palaces, as if proud of her own beauty and of the fair region she commands, she is sunk in a hollow crater, the boundaries of which, as seen even from within her own limits, are but tame objects, and altogether insignificant as general features of the distant prospect; while the city itself, for the same reason, is scarcely visible from any point without the walls, but in bird's-eye view from the summit of the surrounding heights. It is, however, but an ungrateful task to cast up an account of the respective claims on our admiration of two regions both so replete with beauty and interest; more especially where, as in my own case, the balance is likely to be unfavourable to one endeared to the fancy by so many old and delightful recollections. If the Attic plain must be allowed to combine, more perhaps than any other district in Europe, the higher excellences of classical scenery, as little can it be denied that the panorama of the Campagna from Roma Vecchia, towards sunset on a bright afternoon of autumn, is about as brilliant and inspiring a prospect as the imagination can conceive.

The full perception of scenery of this class is in itself an acquired taste—as in fact are all our finer tastes in their more advanced stages. So at least I have found in my own experience. It required, I well recollect, several months' residence in Italy and Rome, and many a ride across the Campagna, to initiate me fully into its beauties. But the mind, through this very medium, was already prepared to enter at once into the full charm of the Attic landscape. With the majority of travellers,

however, this would not appear to be the case. I remember a resident Philhellene, of both taste and genius, in the course of a walk I enjoyed with him in the environs of the city, expressing surprise that a stranger, on first arrival, should appear so much alive to the beauties of a class of scenery, the full value of which had forced itself but slowly and gradually on his own apprehension. The above remark applies perhaps more pointedly to our own countrymen, whose early ideas of perfect landscape composition are inseparably associated with verdant lawns, majestic oaks, richly wooded hills, and gothic spires. Hence it will not uncommonly happen that an honest English country gentleman, who in his own province had established a high reputation for proficiency in the art of landscape gardening, for laying off his plantations in the most graceful lines, or thinning his park timber into the most picturesque groups, on being propelled, by the national obligation to perform the grand tour, into the classic regions of the Mediterranean, finds himself quite unable to apprehend the merit of that scenery which formed the favourite study of a Poussin or a Claude, and makes little scruple in denouncing the admiration expressed for it by his more advanced fellow countrymen, as mere pedantry and affectation.

It may here indeed be urged, by the advocates for the influence of fancy and classical prejudice in such matters, that much of the admiration bestowed on scenes of this description, originates in sources altogether distinct from our abstract sense of their natural beauty—in the historical associations, namely, with which they are connected; that the desolation which is so inspiring in the campagna of Rome would be viewed with very different feelings in the neighbourhood of a city north of the Alps; and that the arid hills and dark olive woods of Athens,

might appear gloomy and cheerless on the shores of Africa or Spain.

There is much truth, no doubt, in this ; yet the impressions themselves are not the less real or the less pure from being traceable in some degree to such causes. There is no part of the mechanism of the human mind more difficult to fathom, than that which regulates our perceptions of ideal beauty. It is certain, however, that two of its most powerful organs are, association and sympathy. And this law, like most of those affecting the exercise of one branch of our imaginative faculties, extends in a greater or less degree to all the others. It is in the case of poetry, perhaps, that the principle is most strikingly illustrated. As long as the poems that still bear the name of Ossian were acknowledged the genuine effusions of a Caledonian bard of the 4th century, they were classed among the highest efforts of heaven-born genius, and their author, by the award of the first European critics, was assigned a place on the pinnacle of Parnassus by the side of Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare. No sooner was it established that they were for the most part the productions of a Scottish bookmaker of the last generation, than they were contemptuously laid on the shelf, and the real beauties which cannot be denied them, ceased to command either admiration or popularity. Why is this? The poems are the same, and the taste of the age has undergone no essential alteration. The change can only be explained, and at the same time vindicated, by reference to the principle above mentioned. The whole of that sympathy which had at first been felt with both author and subject, resting on the conviction of an equal degree of sympathy between his subject and himself, was found to be delusive, and the charm was at once dissolved. This may at first sight appear an arbitrary

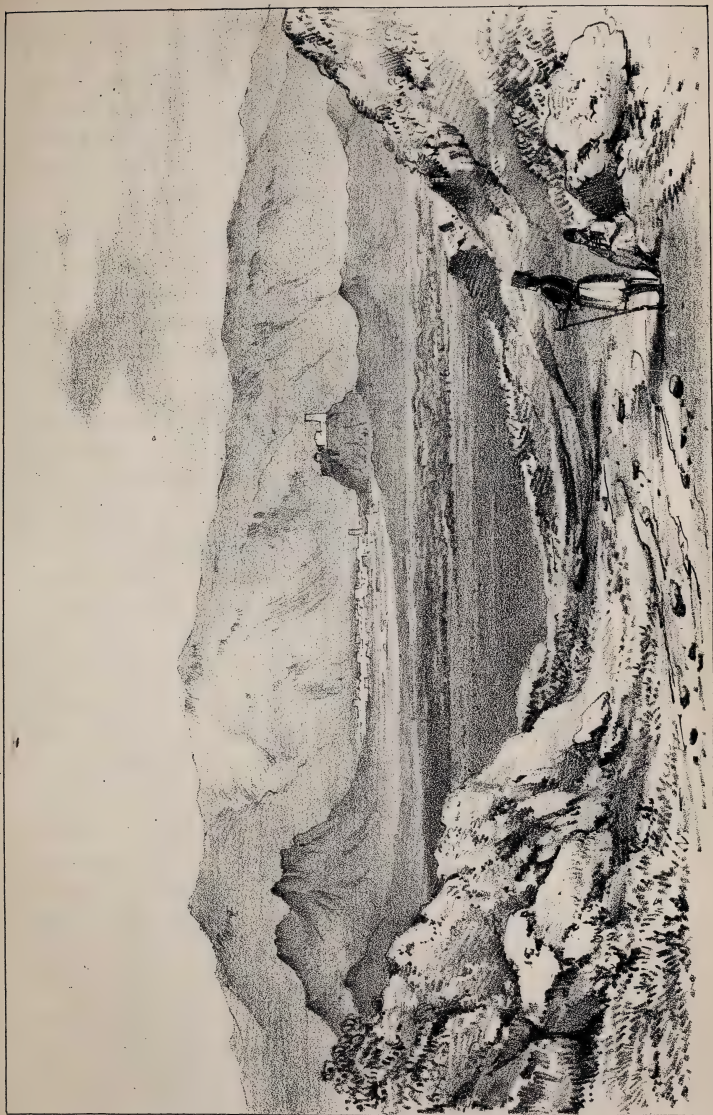
principle, and, like so many other questions of taste, may be an inexplicable one; but it is one inseparably interwoven with the most delicate fibres of our ideal perceptions; and by equal reference to its operation, could it be established to-morrow by some subtle train of topographical enquiry, that the ruins which we suppose to represent Athens were really those of some favoured colony of Hadrian, and that the Olympium, the The-seum, and the Parthenon, (as the learned Spon maintained of the principal sculptures of the latter,) were original works of that emperor, the result would, and ought to be, with every man of true taste, a proportional diminution of the picturesque effect as well as of the historical interest of her landscape. Could those disciples of the romantic school, who attribute that admiration for the scenery of Attica or Latium in others, which they themselves are unable to feel, to the delusions of classical enthusiasm, be convinced that Fountain Abbey or Melrose were but modern imitations of the Gothic style, erected by some virtuoso of the last century to adorn his park—would they contemplate them with the same feelings as hitherto?

The pass of Daphne is perhaps the most favourable point for a first view of the city, as presenting the leading features both of its site and environs in the most distinct and prominent groups. It possessed, to myself, the additional advantage of novelty, as I do not recollect having seen any view of Athens from this spot in the published collections. The wind had fallen, and the sky, though dull and overcast, was not altogether unfavourable, being overspread with that light blue haze which tends less to conceal than to darken the bolder features of a landscape, or, to use an expressive sea phrase, causes the cliffs or mountains to loom in broader and more prominent masses. The foreground is a deep cut

in the hill, with sloping sides, through which the road winds in its descent from the summit of the pass, forming, as it were, a frame to the picture. Below, extends the plain with the olive groves, and beyond it lies the city, bounded to the right by the acropolis, to the left by Lycabettus, which here, without forfeiting any of its boldness, assumes a greater variety of outline than as seen from any other point. Immediately to the right of the acropolis rise the heights of the Museum. The background is completely occupied by Hymettus; the flatness of its outline on this side forms the only defect of the landscape.

The new city really presents a brilliant aspect as beheld from this point, and at this distance, the more refreshing to my eye, after the dingy masses of hovels and rubbish with which it had been familiar as the representatives of Greek towns, since my departure from Ithaca—presenting a long line of glittering white edifices, and displaying much of the elegance and gayety of a fair Italian city.

On descending the hill, after a considerable stretch of open plain, we enter the olive groves, scattered over marshy fields irrigated by the Cephissus—once the classic gardens of the Academy. As he emerges from the thicket, and obtains a nearer view of the town, the traveller is mortified to find what a change has come over the fair vision which lately enlivened the prospect, and is apt to think that he has been the dupe of some *Fata Morgana*, or optical deception, on observing, as he advances, the previous broad expanse of cleanly edifices gradually vanishing from his sight, and resolving itself into the customary groups of ruins and hovels. The illusion is easily explained. At the conclusion of the war, modern Athens was one mass of rubbish, out of which her previous inhabitants, on their return to the



ATHENS FROM PASS OF DAPHNE.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

seat of their altars and hearths, threw up such structures as were immediately necessary for the actual shelter of their persons and goods. But since the selection of their native town as the metropolis of the new state, a regular plan has been formed for its reconstruction, to which all the new private edifices must conform. Any settler, however, is at liberty to fix his dwelling where he pleases, provided he adhere to the *alignement* of the street or square which he may select for its site. In this way a considerable number of good houses have sprung up, chiefly on the side of the town which fronts the Daphne road. These, at a certain distance, exclusively engage the eye, and impart to the whole city the gay appearance above described. But on penetrating into the interior, one speedily discovers that these fair palaces are but pearls in a dunghill, scattered here and there at wide intervals among cottages and ruins. Although the place already contains many tolerable, and some few really elegant buildings, not a single street can yet be said to exist, unless an uneven expanse of bare earth and rubbish, bounded on each side by sheds and cottages, with here and there a more substantial edifice, can deserve the name. Even the bazar, or principal thoroughfare, has no pavement or causeway of any kind. During my residence in the city, the weather was dry; so that, with the exception of clouds of dust on windy days, one walked with tolerable comfort from place to place. But in the rainy seasons the mud must be, and indeed, as I was informed by the residents, is a most intolerable nuisance.*

* Here again, in contemplating the splendid pile of marble now raising, for the accommodation of a prince whose whole state produces scarcely the revenue of a wealthy English nobleman, one could not help feeling the more forcibly how much more usefully, and even ornamentally, he might have employed this portion of his income, in rendering the approaches from his city to the more homely residence with

It may be questioned whether the ancient Athenians, even in their best days, had great reason to pride themselves on this department of their city police. In picking my steps through the mud, by the aid of a lantern, in the lower parts of the town, on my return one evening from a visit, my mind reverted to the scene in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, where the midnight visitors of Philocleon are exhibited in the very same predicament;* and that also, as further appears from their own remarks, during a period of dry weather.† It would seem, indeed, from several other pointed allusions of the same dramatist, that the internal economy of the city of Pericles, if not quite in so low a state as that of its modern representative, was little superior in these respects to that of the filthiest towns of southern Europe at the present day; and that her places of public resort, the purlieus of her sacred edifices more especially, were among the chief repositories of every kind of nuisance.‡ A bold sceptic might, perhaps, even find reason to doubt whether ancient Athens was regularly paved. Strabo seems to assert the contrary, ascribing to the Romans the first introduction of this and other public conveniences of the same class; and, although his testimony may here not be admissible to its full extent, it is in itself probable, that, in an age and country where wheel carriages were so little in use, the pavement of cities may have been confined to a few of the principal thoroughfares.§

which for the present he ought to have been contented, permanently passable.

* *Vesp.* 248, *seq.*

† *Ibid.* 260. }

‡ ARISTOPH. *Plut.* 1183, *seq.* *Nubes*, 1384, *seq.* *Eccles.* 320, *seq.* *Vesp.* 394.

§ STRABO, *Lib.* v. Edit. *Falcon.* p. 336.—“The Greeks,” says he, “in building their cities, attended chiefly to strength of site and fortification, convenience of ports, fertility of surrounding country, and elegance of architecture. The Romans, on the other hand, provided

Neither Athens, nor any other unfortified Greek town has, as yet, either barrier or gate, but the entrance is altogether free, as with us in England; nor is it, let us hope, in contemplation to saddle the interior traffic of the infant state with any of those semi-barbarous restrictions, which still prevail in most of the civilized countries of Europe. I felt rather ashamed of riding into an European metropolis with so uncouth an equipage, but was soon comforted on observing nobody in the principal thoroughfares much better appointed than myself. Among the first symptoms of more advanced civilization were several beggars, stationed at some of the chief points of public resort. This is a class of society to which, since my landing in Greece, I had been a stranger. Amid all the external appearances of abject poverty in the provincial towns and villages, mendicity is altogether unknown. One might be disposed to explain this phenomenon by reference to the universal indigence of the people, which would render begging from each other but an unprofitable business, while the number of passing strangers is not sufficient to have introduced it as a new profession. I have, however, been assured, that the outward appearances of pauperism among the lower orders are delusive; and that there are few Greeks who have not, either on their persons or buried under ground, a considerable amount of property

what the others neglected, paved ways, aqueducts, and common sewers." This account, in so far as unfavourable to his own countrymen, must be taken with considerable modification. It is certain that Athens, by whatever means, was well supplied with water. Otherwise the allusions of Attic writers to the number of her baths, both public and private, could not be explained; and the existence of such establishments presupposes a proportional number of conduits and public sewers. Of these, indeed, vestiges are extant at Athens as well as other Greek cities; although certainly on a scale inferior to those of Rome.

in specie or valuables. It is certain that a larger proportion of the immense treasure, plundered from the Turks on different occasions during the war, was distributed among the population at large, than found its way into the coffers of the provisional government. These *peculia* were carefully hoarded; and, as the Greeks are naturally a provident and money-making people, in most cases their store may be presumed to have since been rather increased than diminished.

After threading the greater part of the town, I dismounted about an hour after midday at Casali's Royal Hotel, a good house, fitted up in the Italian style, where I secured a handsome sitting-room, commanding a full view of the eastern extremity of the Acropolis, with a bed-room contiguous, at prices similar to those paid in the most expensive capitals of Italy. After a couple of hours spent in arranging my person and goods, and as many more in a general survey of the site and remains of the city, I found myself seated at the hospitable board of Sir Edmund Lyon, surrounded by every English comfort, and in the midst of a most amiable family circle. Sir Edmund is precisely what an Englishman, arriving in the capital of a strange land, would desire to find as the representative of his nation. To the manners of the well-bred gentleman he adds the open frankness of the British seaman, and is distinguished for politeness and friendly attention to all classes of his countrymen.

Hospitality is said to be the virtue of barbarous nations, a fact which may be accounted for by reference to two very simple causes: first, the mutual dependence of the members of such a state of society on the good offices of each other, which renders its exercise in some degree a matter of necessity; secondly, the rarity of the visits of strangers, which, by making them objects of interest and curiosity, equally ensures their entertainment, as a matter

of inclination to their host. This rule applies, perhaps, still more forcibly to colonies of civilized men settled in barbarous regions, than to the natives, at least in so far as regards their attention to travellers on the same grade of social advancement with themselves. European visitors are indeed no longer such a rarity in Athens as to admit of the full operation of either of these causes, and the establishment of several tolerable hotels places the stranger and the resident much on the same footing, with regard to each other, in respect to lodging, as in more advanced countries. Still, however, a foreigner arriving in Athens with good introductions, finds himself much more an object of attention than in any capital of western Europe. During the ten days of my residence there I never dined at my hotel, and on many of them, had I been master of sufficient time and stomach, might have eaten two or three dinners. But not to mention these more vulgar and sensual advantages derived from the letters with which I was provided, they were the means of procuring me the society, and I trust I may venture to say the friendship, of several persons as distinguished for their literary attainments as their social virtues. Since the establishment of the present government, numerous foreign men of letters have been led to settle at Athens, for the most part in an official capacity. Among these ornaments of modern Attic society, the first place in my own catalogue belongs to the Chevalier de Prokesch, the Austrian minister, whose published researches in Greece and the Levant have obtained him a high rank among German travellers and authors. I must attribute it more to his own high-bred courtesy, and to respect for the quarter from whence I was introduced to him, than perhaps to a certain congeniality of tastes and pursuits, that we were from the first on a footing of intimacy. During several days he was kind enough to act

as my cicerone, and I could not readily have found so agreeable or instructive a guide, or one more feelingly alive to the interest of those scenes which are so eloquently described in his own pages. His lady is no less distinguished than himself for graces and accomplishments of mind, and has few or no competitors in the society she adorns in those of person and manner. Their house is the best in the town, and every way worthy the residence of the ambassador of a first-rate court. It was also my good fortune to become intimate with two other distinguished Germans, Professors Brandis and Ross. The former, well known by his writings illustrative of ancient philosophy, the friend of Niebuhr, and his associate in the direction of the first series of the Rhenish Museum, was invited to Greece from the University of Bonn, where he filled a professor's chair, and at the period of my visit to the city, held the situation of Royal Librarian.* The latter now occupies the chair of ancient Greek literature in the University of Athens, and is distinguished for his researches into the topography of the city, as well as in various other departments of Hellenistic science. I found but two old friends at Athens, Sir Richard Church and his lady, neither of whom I had seen since their marriage; the latter I had known intimately as Miss Wilmot, we both felt ashamed to reckon how many years before. Sir Richard's character and services are too well known to require any comment from me. He is now one of the most popular men in Greece. If to this list be added the names of my own more immediate fellow countrymen, General Gordon, distinguished by his services in the war of independence, and still more for his able and impartial history of its vicissitudes, and Mr Finlay, author of some valuable

* This post he has since resigned, and returned to his academical life at Bonn.

tracts on Attic topography—it will easily be understood how much the society of modern Athens was calculated to enhance the enjoyment of its classical interest, and my regret for the shortness of the space I was enabled to allot to so agreeable a residence. My introduction to the natives consisted only of a few literary circulars to correspondents of the Roman Archæological Institute—and the only one of them which possessed any value, was that to Signor Pittakys, the Conservator of Antiquities, to whom I was indebted for much kind attention.

My little experience of Athens led to the impression, that, for a Frank, there can hardly be said to exist any society excepting that of the Frank residents. The Greek ladies appear but little in public; and as yet neither their habits nor their education fit them, generally speaking, for an European drawing-room. Lent was not the season for large parties or public festivities, and in the domestic circles which I frequented, the only natives I met were a few men of letters at a private literary club, and one or two Greek families of distinction at a *soirée* of Lady Lyon, where the native ladies, both in costume and demeanour, seemed altogether strange to the circle by which they were surrounded. An exception may, perhaps, be made in favour of those who have married Franks, several of whom appeared well-bred and agreeable women.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENIUS OF ATHENS AS TYPIFIED IN HER EXTANT MONUMENTS—
UNCERTAINTIES OF ATHENIAN TOPOGRAPHY.

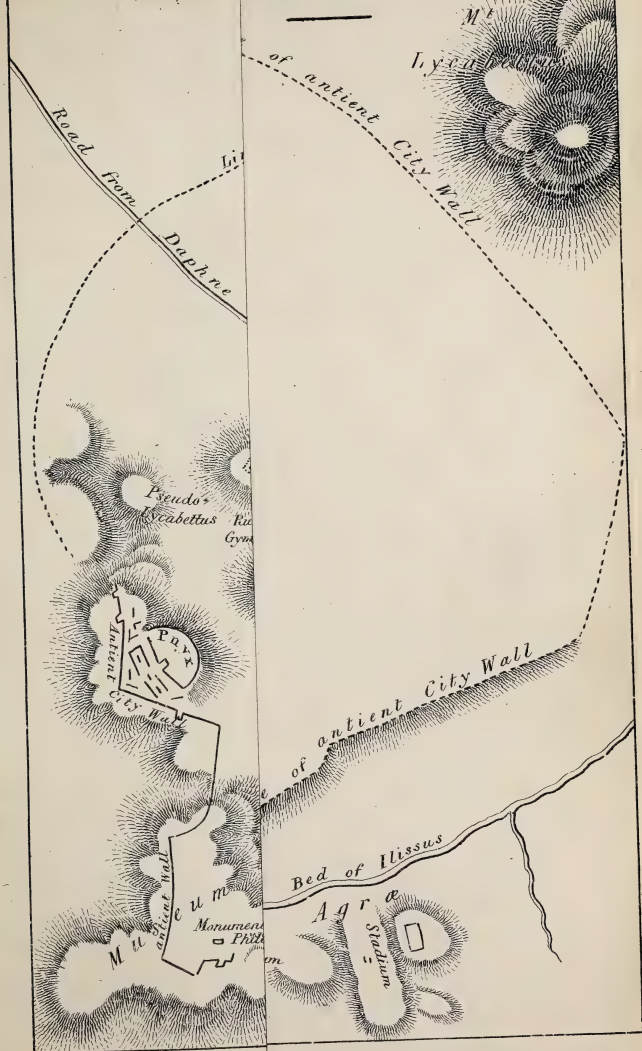
οὐ τὰδε θελξιμελῆς Ἀμφιονὶς ἤρατο Μοῦσα,
οὐδὲ Κυκλωπείας χεὶρὸς ἔλασσε βία.

“No muse-inspired Amphion raised these walls,
Their structure no Cyclopiian hand recalls.”

AMONG the cities of first distinction in the historical ages of Greece, Athens is perhaps the one which plays comparatively the least important part in her heroic annals. To those who have been accustomed, as is doubtless the case with many, to form their notions of early Greek history and mythology from the page of the Attic dramatists, this may, perhaps, appear a somewhat paradoxical opinion. But the genuine traditions of the heroic age must be estimated by its genuine organs. It requires but a very moderate share of critical acumen to perceive, that many of the Attic fables which, on the establishment of the political and literary ascendancy of Athens, were permanently invested with a national or panhellenic character, similar to those of Thebes, Argos, and Mycenæ, were, in their origin, if not arbitrary corruptions of the primitive legend, at the best mere local traditions, enlarged and adorned by the genius of her native writers, anxious to maintain the celebrity of their country, at every period of her history, on a footing with that of her neighbours; and whose efforts have been crowned

ATHENS :

after Wordsworth .



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ATHENS :

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with signal, and, it must be admitted, deserved success. Athens, indeed, has scarcely a fabulous worthy, of any universal celebrity, with the exception of Theseus; who certainly stands forth, from a very remote period, among the giant heroes of the olden time. All the other prominent legends of genuine Attic origin have a physiological, rather than an historical character, while their heroes are figurative personifications rather than representatives of a human agency. Athens plays but a sorry part in the page of Homer, the fountain-head of the genuine heroic fable of Greece. Her king, Menestheus, scarcely occupies a secondary rank among the chiefs of the host before Troy. He is, indeed, the only warrior of name who is never represented as killing his man, or so much as entering the lists with an adversary. Nor does the *Iliad* present any other champion, among the Athenians, distinguished from the vulgar crowd of combatants; while the poet's incidental allusions to their concerns at large, are no way compatible with the belief in that prominent rank among the Greek states, at this early period, which we see them occupy in the page of their own poets five or six centuries afterwards. Homer's text furnishes positive as well as negative evidence of the late origin of some of the most popular Attic legends, in the contradiction it offers to their most essential particulars.*

The national boast of the Athenians in later times, that they alone, among the leaders of the confederacy, could make good an indigenous origin, or an uninterrupted possession of their primitive seats, combined with other traditions originating in this claim, seems indeed to imply an acknowledgment on their own part, that their virtues at that remote period were rather of a sedentary than an enterprising character. While other nations, whether as a consequence of their own rest-

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

less ambition, or of the ordinary vicissitudes of a barbarous state of society, wandered, or were driven, from country to country, they gloried rather in the pacific maintenance of their own boundaries, and in the opportunities it afforded them of showing kindness and hospitality to their distressed neighbours. Hence the prominent place assigned in their traditions to the refuge afforded by them to Œdipus and to Adrastus, when driven from Thebes; to the Heraclidæ, when ejected from Peloponnesus by the Pelopidæ; and to these last, when fugitives in their turn from the Heraclidæ. Hence their fabulous tribunal of Areopagus, as the common court of last resort in the graver class of criminal actions, to litigants, both human and divine, from every part of the Hellenic world.

This, however, is a feature of the history of Athens which, if properly estimated, no way detracts from the interest with which we contemplate her ruins. At an early stage of this Journal we had occasion to remark, that the power of the associations connected with a particular spot, may be rather enhanced than weakened, by being concentrated around a limited period or train of events. The feelings with which we wander among the ruins of the Castle of Ulysses, or the Cyclopiac acropolis of Agamemnon, would not be improved, had either Ithaca or Mycenæ remained throughout historical ages a powerful or a flourishing community. The converse of this observation holds equally good in the case of Athens. That city was destined to be the leader of Greece and of Europe, not so much in the arts of war as in those of peace. Hence, during the period when the youthful energies of her neighbours and rivals were wasted in barbarous adventures or acts of outrage, her talents would appear to have been providentially treasured up, in order that they might be ultimately brought

to bear, with unimpaired vigour and freshness, on the period best fitted to derive the full benefit from their exercise. This decree of destiny is figuratively shadowed forth from her very infancy, in her selection as the chosen seat and name-child of the goddess of science—an honour which forms her most solid title to distinction among her fellow states during the mythical ages, and of which no rigour of historical criticism can deprive her. Accordingly, by another singular enough coincidence, she is indebted for the few more pointed marks of attention with which she has been honoured by Homer, to the worship of this deity in her city and territory.*

The character of her extant monuments is in happy keeping with this feature of her history. Although superior in number, variety, and elegance, to those which the united cities of Greece can now show, there is not one that can advance a reasonable claim to an heroic origin. Here are no mysterious Treasuries, or massive mausolea of semi-barbarous patriarchal chiefs; no “Heavenly Cyclopiæ walls;”† not even a fragment of polygonal masonry to attest her own Pelasgic origin, or the works of her Pelasgic architects. This defect, if such it can be called, of her architectural remains, has been concisely stated and admitted in the inscription still legible on a remnant of an uncertain building among her ruins, which has been placed at the head of this chapter, as equally applicable to all those of Athens. The one among her monuments whose claims to remote antiquity, as resting both on its own appearance and on reasonable probability, appear to be the strongest, is the Pnyx, or great Athenian council-hall. This is as it should be. The Pnyx, as representing the republican constitution of Athens, is but a type of the genius that

* *Il.* ii. 546, *seq.* *Odyss.* vii. 80.

† *Κυκλώπεια οὐράνια τείχη*.—EURIP. *Troad.* 1088. *Electr.* 1158.

regulated her whole social and political career. The history of this massive and simple structure comprehends, in fact, her own. In her youthful and virtuous days, it was the cradle of her power; in her old age, the source of her corruption. It is the theatre on which the great drama of her existence was acted; the birthplace and the sepulchre of her glory.

Since the establishment of the present government, the settlement of several distinguished Greek scholars at Athens, together with the greater frequency of occasional visitors of the same class, has rendered the topography of the ancient city more than ever a subject of critical investigation. The present tendency of all historical enquiry, more especially of that directed to classical subjects, is not favourable to the durability of received opinions; and the monuments of Athens, in the fluctuating plans of the present race of antiquaries, seem destined to undergo the same vicissitudes of name and character to which those of Rome have been subjected during the last three centuries. Speculative varieties of opinion are indeed almost as old and as numerous, comparatively speaking, among the topographers of the one as of the other city; but those of more ancient date are here for the most part of little value, otherwise than as affording amusement by their frivolity or extravagance, when tested by the more sound researches of our own times.* It is to be feared, however, that many of the best accreted theories of the present school, if more plausible and ingenious, will hardly be found better able than their

* The Parthenon has been called the Pantheon, and the Temple of the unknown God; the Propylæa the Arsenal of Lycurgus; the Olympium the Palace of Hadrian. The choragic monument of Lysicrates still bears the vulgar name of Lantern of Demosthenes. The Pnyx has been taken in respectable quarters for the Areopagus—the Odeum—or the Theatre of Regilla.

predecessors to withstand the spirit of sceptical analysis with which they are now destined to be assailed.

It is not my intention to enter very closely on the more subtle details of Athenian topography. The small degree of taste which I remember to have imbibed for this species of research during a first visit to Rome in early youth, has long been superseded by the habit of concentrating my interest in ancient monuments around the realities, rather than the speculative probabilities of their history. An exception, no doubt, must be made in favour of those uncertain monuments, which, either from their own magnitude and beauty, from their remote and mysterious antiquity, or their more especial tendency to elucidate doubtful and interesting questions of history or of art, derive a more powerful claim on the attention of every intelligent student of antiquity. But the case is different with questions regarding the exact line of a wall, or the precise position of a gate, all traces of which have been extinct for the last thousand years; whether a particular column of indifferent Roman style belonged to a stoa, a gymnasium, or a basilica; whether there were two agoras or one, in the time of the Antonines; or what may have been the exact site of each of the 174 demi or parishes of Attica, the names of many of which have scarcely been transmitted with sufficient certainty to afford positive evidence that they ever existed at all. These are points in the decision of which, I confess, I do not feel very deeply concerned. My own speculations will comprise little more than such remarks as naturally suggested themselves in the course of a ten days' survey of the actual site and remains of the city, with an eye, perhaps, rather to their picturesque than their archaeological features, and with incidental allusion to the effects, of which the late change in her political destinies has been, or may be productive, on those of her monuments.

Let not these observations, however, be understood in the least degree to reflect on the utility of such researches, still less to disparage the zeal and ingenuity which so many distinguished scholars have displayed in their prosecution. Every addition, however small, to our stock of knowledge, in whatever department of science, has its value; and it is hence the more fortunate, that among the varieties of taste in historical pursuit, persons of learning and talent are found willing to devote themselves to those particular branches which, to others, appear most dry and laborious. The identifying a single stone among the rubbish of an ancient city, or the deciphering a letter of a mutilated inscription, may lead to as important results in the science of history, as the measurement of a mathematical figure, or the analysis of a chemical property, in the exact sciences.

To those who take a livelier interest in the picturesque beauty than in the architectural remains of Athens, the most important of the late innovations is that which affects the lofty insulated mountain, called the Hill of St George, which bounds the site of the city to the eastward. This is not only the most prominent, but upon the whole the most ornamental, among the natural features of the immediate environs, and is in fact to Athens what Vesuvius is to Naples, or Arthur's Seat to Edinburgh. Hence the traveller who, like myself, on his approach to the city, was unacquainted with the recent speculations concerning it, must have felt at a loss to account for the insignificant part it plays in the accredited systems of Attic topography, and still more for the neglect which, if they were to be trusted, it must have experienced on the part of the ancients themselves; accustomed, as they are, to dwell with such fondness, both in prose and verse, on the beauties of their native scenery, and amid the divine honours bestowed on the

streamless river that winds round its base, or the distant hills that bound the landscape, of which it forms so noble a foreground.

Till within the last few years, the classical title by common consent assigned it, was Anchesmus, a name which occurs but in one single passage of Pausanias, as that of an undefined Attic hill distinguished for a sanctuary of Jupiter. It has, however, lately been decided, with nearly equal unanimity on the part of the learned, to transfer to it the title of Lycabettus,* hitherto very undeservedly bestowed upon an insignificant piece of rock at the foot of the Museum. This change restores the hill of St George to its just honours; Mount Lycabettus being an object of no small celebrity, and a frequent and favourite subject of allusion with the standard writers of the best ages.†

A still more startling innovation is the proposal of Dr Ross, to transfer the edifice of white marble, familiarly known by the name of Temple of Theseus, from the worship of the Attic hero to that of the god Mars.‡ If his view be established—and the arguments in support of it are certainly very formidable—the change will not be limited to this temple; for its assumed identity with the Heroum of Theseus forms a main pivot of every system of Athenian topography, and more especially of some of the most elaborate lately promulgated; which, if this prop be removed, must fall to the ground.

* The principal arguments and authorities on the subject, which are as curious and interesting to the scholar as they are conclusive, will be found in Leake's late article on Athenian Topography in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, vol. iii. p. 211, *seq.*

† Strabo, among others, characterizes it in terms virtually the same as those above employed, as the Vesuvius or Arthur's Seat of Athens, coupling under the same category: "Athens and its Lycabettus—Ithaca and its Neriton—Lacedæmon and its Taygetus—Rhodes and its Atabyris."—Lib. x. p. 662, Ed. FALCON.

‡ See additional note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PNYX, OR GREAT COUNCIL-HALL OF ATHENS.

ἔρημος ἡ πνύξ αὖτη.—ARISTOPH. *Acharn.* 20.

“The Pnyx itself is now a solitude.”

IF, among the monuments of Athens, the Pnyx* be not to every one, as for the reasons above assigned it is to me, that to which the deepest interest attaches, it is certainly the one whose existing features bring home the associations from whence that interest is derived, with the most powerful reality to the senses. It is a large semi-circular area, on the level face of a rocky eminence, sloping gently towards the city. The chord of the semicircle is a wall or ledge of no great height, partly cut in the solid rock, partly built of colossal masonry, to supply the irregularities of the strata. It may thus be compared to a theatre, the shell of which, instead of curving upwards, slopes downwards from the orchestra. The upper part of the area adjoining the wall is also solid rock; the lower is forced earth, rendered necessary to complete its level, and is supported by a retaining wall of the same colossal character as that of the upper boundary. From the centre of this upper wall or ledge projects a square block, hewn out of the solid cliff into the shape of a pedestal, to a considerable height above the level of the area, and accessible by a flight of steps. This is the

* Πνύξ; from πνίγω—πνίξ—πυκνός—crowding or squeezing.

pulpit or Bema, familiarly called “the Stone,” (λίθος) by Attic writers, from whence the orators addressed the multitude. Hence the term is also used as a figure of the state or government of Athens. The “master of the stone” indicates the ruling demagogue of the day.* The position and perfect preservation of this relic can leave no doubt of its identity; and the traveller who mounts its summit may safely say, what perhaps cannot be said with equal certainty of any other spot, and any other body of great men in antiquity: Here have stood Demosthenes, Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, even Solon; for every feature of this monument authorizes the belief that it dates from an epoch prior to that great man.†

In standing upon the equally bare, though much broader summit of the neighbouring Areopagus, he may say—though not perhaps with the same degree of literal exactness: Upon this spot stood St Paul, when he reasoned with the men of Athens on matters of still greater moment than those of their democracy. It were difficult to imagine two localities within the same narrow circuit, calculated to draw more largely on the sympathies of the classical or the Christian traveller.

It would scarcely appear that the Pnyx could ever have been a very convenient place for its purpose. It supplied no natural species of gallery, similar to the cavea of the more regularly theatrical places of public assembly; while the tendency to convex in the form of

* ARISTOPH. *Pax*. 680; *Equites*, 956; *Acharn*. 683. Herein, too, lies the point of the allusion in *v.* 528, *seq.* of the *Thesmophoriazusæ*:

τὴν παροιμίαν παραινῶ,
τὴν παλαιάν
ὑπὸ λίθῳ γὰρ παντί που χεῖρ
μὴ δάκῃ ῥήτωρ ἀθρεῖν.

† See additional note at the end of the volume.

its arena was in itself rather unfavourable both for seeing and hearing. Nor, up to a late period at least, was it provided with seats, or any species of accommodation for the assembled crowd of councillors, who either stood or sat on the bare rock.* The Prytanes alone enjoyed the privilege of wooden benches.† Herein we have further evidence of the great antiquity of the monument, reflecting the simplicity and hardihood of public, as well as private life, among the Greeks in primitive ages.‡ The discomfort, however, seems to have been felt in the days of Aristophanes, and furnishes him with one of the burlesque arguments which, in the comedy of the Knights, he places in the mouth of the sausage-vending antagonist of Cleon, for the purpose of undermining the popularity of that demagogue. The former appears with a cushion in his hand, as an earnest of the greater attention to their comfort, which the democracy may expect from him when preferred as their leader, and when they shall no longer be obliged to squat on the bare rock, as they did in the isle of Salamis, when they took refuge in its fastnesses from the Persian invasion :

“To him it matters not a whit,
How long on these bare rocks you sit;
No cushion soft he ever brought you,
Like that which I, see here! have wrought you;
Then take and use it, lest once more
Your hinder parts be gall'd as sore,
As when upon the stony sides
Of Salamis ye rubb'd your hides.”—v. 783.

It was customary in the theatres, and other places of

* χαμαι, ARISTOPH. *Vesp.* 43. Hence the facility with which the women in the *Ecclesiast.* v. 99, expect to pass for men, by tucking up their drapery under them, so that only the upper part of their person, disguised with beard and male attire, should be seen.

† ARISTOPH. *Acharn.* 25.

‡ See *Pollux*, viii. 133. κατεσκευασμένην κατὰ τὴν παλαιὰν ἀπλότητα, οὐκ εἰς θεάτρον πολυπραγμοσύνην.

public assembly, for the spectators, who had any regard for their personal comfort, to bring cushions along with them. Hence Demosthenes is taunted by Æschines* as a sycophant, for performing the same office to persons with whom he wished to ingratiate himself, as the sausage-vender is made to do by Aristophanes to the Demus.

It is probable, therefore, that the present appearance of the whole lower portion of the area is very similar to what it presented in the days of Pericles. On occasion of my first visit, a few goats, stragglers from a herd browsing on the heights of the Museum, were reposing on its arid surface, fatigued, no doubt, with their search after the scanty morsels of herbage it supplied; thus realizing, in a very lively manner, the first two verses of the dream of Sosias in the *Wasps*, which form the exordium to a series of the most admirable touches of satire to be found even in the works of Aristophanes:

ἔδοξέ μοι περὶ πρῶτον ὕπνον ἐν τῇ Πνυκί
ἐκκλησιάζειν πρόβατα συγκαθήμενα.— *Vesp.* 31.

“Methought I saw upon the Pnyx a flock
Of sheep in grave deliberation sit.” . . .

Nor was the Pnyx provided like other theatres with any species of shade or awning, to protect the assembly from the rays of the sun, which, as reflected from its area and the surrounding rocks, must have been insufferably scorching. Hence, no doubt, the custom of holding the councils at daybreak; and persons more especially interested in the business of the day, or desirous of securing good places, were obliged to rise in the dark for that purpose.† This custom, so different from that which now prevails, appears, however, to be as old as the days

* *De Falsa Legat.* xlii. 33, and *Contr. Ctesiph.* lxiv. 27. Ed. Reisk. conf. THEOPHRAST. *Charact.* 11.

† ARISTOPH. *Eccles.* 20, 352. *Acharn.* 19, seq.

of Homer.* The disasters of the Greek fleet on leaving Troy, are ascribed to the circumstance of the council in which the embarkation was fixed having been held, "contrary to established usage, towards sunset, when the eyes of the Greeks were heavy with wine."† This latter reason supplies a good argument in all ages for the early sitting of parliament.

* *Il.* ii. 48. *Odyss.* ii. init. viii. init.

† *Odyss.* iii. 138.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACROPOLIS—STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ATHENS AS REGARDS
ART AND ANTIQUITY.

μετὰ δὲ ἡρώτα εἴ τις ἔτι λείπεται τῶν ἀπὸ Φειδίου.

LUCIAN, *Icarom.*

“He afterwards enquired who were the successors of Phidias.

THE exertions of the Græco-Bavarian Government towards the discovery, maintenance, or restoration of ancient monuments, have hitherto been concentrated almost exclusively within the limits of the Acropolis; and thus far, it must be admitted, the result of its measures reflects credit on the zeal, industry, and judgment of this department of administration. The walls of the Propylæa, with the extant columns of its portico, are in a great measure disengaged from the unseemly masses of Turkish masonry in which they were formerly imbedded; the original plan of the structure, which was before matter of doubtful speculation, can now be recognized nearly in its whole extent; and the square bulwark forming its left flank, which was lately the basement of a Turkish bastion, presents at least the skeleton of the celebrated Pinacotheca, or picture-gallery, mentioned in the description of Pausanias.

The opposite or southern bulwark is still covered by a lofty square tower, erected, probably, by the Frank princes of the middle ages. The future fate of this structure was a matter under consideration at this

period, and one upon which some difference of opinion existed; but the predominant feeling seemed to be in favour of its removal. It is built almost entirely of solid blocks of marble, from the ruins of the Propylæa, or of other ancient buildings in the neighbourhood. While its materials, therefore, are the same, its masonry is also so compact and substantial, as to require a somewhat close examination, before any great difference can be perceived between its style or merit, and that of the contiguous works of the Periclean age. It forms, whether as seen from the interior of the Acropolis, or the immediate environs, a great addition both to its dignity as a fortress, and to its picturesque beauty; and in the distance gives its whole outline a relief and effect, which the other more classical edifices on its summit fail to impart. The ancient building on which it is erected, the right wing or bastion of the Propylæa, is confessedly but an unimportant constituent part of that edifice, being much smaller than the one on the opposite side, containing the Pinacothek; nor is there good reason to suppose that the materials of the tower itself comprise any valuable remains of antiquity. Under all these circumstances, I cannot but think that its demolition would be an act of Gothic barbarism, little short of that of which its constructors may have been guilty, in the robbery of the neighbouring buildings to procure materials for their work.

The only argument I remember to have heard urged in favour of the proposed plan, is the abstract propriety of relieving the structures of Pericles from the encroachments of the barbarous ages, and restoring them, in as far as may yet be possible, to their original state; a duty the more imperative in the present case, as being necessary to complete the work already begun in the excavation of the rest of the Propylæa, and to enable us to

judge effectually of the entire plan and proportions of so remarkable an edifice. Such arguments, no doubt, may have weight with many. It is, however, very questionable how far the real interest of a classic monument may be in every case necessarily depreciated by its having been combined, in its ruined state, with others of a more barbarous period; while it will hardly be disputed, that such combinations are often in the highest degree favourable to picturesque effect. Nor would even the small addition that might be anticipated, in the present instance, to our knowledge of the architecture of the Periclean era, compensate for the destruction of so striking a feature of the old Athenian Acropolis, with which we are familiar since the days of Stuart and Revett, and which has been immortalized on the canvass of so many of the first landscape painters of our own age.

A nearly twenty years' experience of the vicissitudes to which the ruins of Rome have been subjected at the hands of this practical school of classical dilettanti, has led me, I confess, to contemplate with horror both their principles and their performances. Among the chief features that formerly attracted admiration in the Baths of Caracalla, one of the grandest, if not the most elegant of Roman monuments, and which formed its great excellence as a study for the painter, were the forests of evergreens that clothed its otherwise bare brick walls, or hung in rich festoons from the summit and sides of its broken arches. During the last season I passed in Rome, the whole structure was stripped of this beautiful appendage, by order of the person who then officiated as high-priest of the temple of archæological taste in that city, on pretext that the creepers were detrimental to the preservation of the building. Every one familiar with the arch of Titus in the drawings of Piranesi, must have admired the effect produced by the combination of

its solid masses of marble with the light brickwork of the thirteenth century, into the baronial fortress of the Frangipani, which, in those days, it still represented. Nowhere, perhaps, are the desolating effects of this prurient thirst for classical restoration more lamentably exemplified, than in the paltry gateway of Travertine stone, in which the same fragments of the sculptures of the Flavian age are now encased, like a tattered robe of rich brocade or damask patched up in a framework of new spun cotton and worsted. There is perhaps more excuse in the case of the Coliseum, where the repairs were, in a great measure, necessary for the immediate support of the building, although so tastelessly executed, that its picturesque effect is completely sacrificed from every point of view where even the least offensive of them are visible. It is certainly a nice question, whether it were not better to allow any such ruin to carry its beauty along with it to the grave, into which, if left to its natural fate, it might, perhaps a thousand years hence, be destined to crumble, than to bolster up its existence by such hideous expedients.

But the object which, on nearer approach, can hardly fail, by its novelty as well as beauty, most forcibly to attract the attention of the traveller familiar with the Acropolis only through the medium of the older drawings or descriptions, is the little Temple of Victory, situated on the south-west edge of the precipice, immediately below the tower. This building, which was still in existence when Wheler and Spon visited Athens in 1676, had long disappeared before the days of the present, or even the last generation of travellers. Some fragments of masonry, however, supposed to belong to it, still remained visible on the ground in the neighbourhood of its former site; and four slabs of its sculptured frieze, which had been built into a neighbouring wall, found their way,

in the course of Lord Elgin's operations, to the British Museum. One of the first undertakings of the Royal Conservators of Antiquities, was the excavation and re-composition of its materials. It has now, under the magic auspices of Messrs Ross and Schaubert, risen like a phoenix from its ashes; and, as seen from a little distance, has much the appearance of a new but unfinished edifice; its white marble columns and walls glittering in the sun, with a splendour little short of that which they displayed when fresh from the chisels of their original constructors. The materials were found nearly complete, buried under an upper story of rubbish belonging to Turkish buildings on the same site, ruined posterior to itself. This temple is of very small dimensions, and of the class called by Vitruvius amphiprostyle; consisting of a cell with four Ionic columns at each front, but none at the sides. The walls of the cell, with the two porticos, have been reconstructed in their integrity. The remains of the entablature, comprising nearly the whole frieze, with the exception of the pieces in the British Museum, were lying in a neighbouring shed, preparatory to being replaced. The reliefs are of the most perfect period of art, representing Greeks triumphant over Persians, or other oriental barbarians, in a style somewhat more easy and lively than that of Phidias. The epoch of the construction of this temple is doubtful. Some place it earlier; but it cannot well be brought lower than the Periclean era.*

A somewhat similar process of restoration was carrying on in the case of the Erechtheum. Many of its lost fragments had already been disinterred and replaced;

* Dr Ross dates it as early as Olymp. 78, about 460 B. C., and supposes the subject of the frieze may be the Battle of Marathon—or the victory of Cimon on the Eurymedon.—*Acropolis von Athen.* Berl. 1839.

and, as I understood from Signor Pittakys, who, since the appointment of Dr Ross to the professorship of Greek literature, holds the office of Conservator of Antiquities, it was the intention of the government to make good the remaining deficiencies to the extent of a complete reconstruction of the building, walls, porticos, and roof. In a neighbouring workshop, a Swiss sculptor was engaged in the execution of a new Caryatid of Pentelic marble, to supply the place of that removed by Lord Elgin. Capitals of columns and other ornamental pieces of masonry were also in progress. Signor Pittakys also expressed his conviction, that almost the whole of the architectural materials of the ruined portion of the Parthenon were lying where they had fallen, and might be replaced for a very small sum; and seemed sanguine of being able, with the help of a few blocks from Pentelicus, to carry into effect his project for its complete renovation. I was unable to congratulate him with any sincerity upon these prospects. The restitution of a building under circumstances similar to those above described in the Temple of Victory, ought doubtless to be a subject of gratification to every lover of art or antiquity. The same perhaps may be felt as regards the replacing of the fragments dislodged, in the course of the late devastations, from an edifice previously in so entire a state as the Erechtheum. But there is a limit to such projects; and the case becomes altogether different as regards the reconstruction of a ruin such as the Parthenon, by the aid of foreign materials, and the efforts of modern artists.

How far the restoration, even of a mutilated statue or relief of first-rate ancient workmanship, be a commendable object, has always been a doubtful question with men of taste; although the arguments on the affirmative side are here perhaps stronger than in the case of mere works of

architecture. Even here, however, it seems at least to be desirable, that the material employed in the repairs should be of such a nature, and the restoration itself so managed, that the adventitious parts should be easily distinguishable from the original work, and have no pretensions to be any thing more than a sort of stand or framework, to aid our judgment of what may have been, rather perhaps than what really were, its genuine proportions. It is certainly very doubtful whether the practice that has hitherto prevailed, of employing the greatest living artists to replace the defective parts of the more excellent fragments of ancient sculpture with precisely similar material, prepared by all the trickery of the profession to imitate, as closely as possible, both the form and colour, even the decay of the marble, and render it difficult or impossible for the unpractised eye to distinguish between ancient and modern in the renovated figure, be conducive to a more accurate perception of the character and spirit of the original, as it existed in its integrity. It may be said, however, that some of the most serious objections to the repair of works of statuary do not apply to those of architecture. In the former, the previous position or exact proportions of the deficient parts must always, even in the simplest cases, be more or less matter of conjecture, and the restored work, by consequence, but a false or doubtful representation of the entire figure. Hence the smallest increase or diminution of bulk in the supplementary parts, or the least deviation from the original attitude, might be sufficient to mar or extinguish the genuine effect of the whole. The case is certainly different with a piece of architecture like the Parthenon, of the plan of which, as regards the exterior at least, we have, it may almost be said, as accurate a knowledge as the artist who designed it, and where, by consequence, the repairs could hardly fail faithfully to represent both

its primary form and proportions. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that while even the finest statue, in a mutilated state, must always be comparatively an unseemly object, a mutilated building, or, in other words, a ruin, is usually in itself a beautiful, in many instances a far more beautiful, one than it was in its integrity. It were indeed preposterous to institute any comparison between the beauty of the ruined Parthenon of our own age, and the entire Parthenon of Pericles, resplendent with all those decorative accessories which the genius of the first artists of Greece was capable of accumulating within the bounds of such an edifice. These, however, no effort of modern art can ever replace; and without them, deprived also of the associations connected with the vicissitudes of time and destiny which its ruins, as they now exist, have survived, and of the picturesque effect which, as a ruin alone, it possesses, it is very certain that an entire Parthenon, as contemplated in the restoration of the modern directors of Attic taste, would be an object very inferior, both in beauty and interest, to the majestic remains that have inherited the name.

That the picturesque effect of the building which now forms so essential an element of its beauty, would be sacrificed by the completion of the projected repairs, there cannot be a doubt. A regular Grecian temple, in its integrity, as the most perfect model of architecture, in order to be justly appreciated, must be contemplated solely as an architectural work. The same nice harmony and proportion of the parts, the same compactness and solidity as a whole, which form its excellence as a work of art, detract from its effect as a single feature of a landscape. In its entire state, the most excellent structure of this class is perhaps a less picturesque object than many a modern village church, convent, or villa, in

a comparatively corrupt and semi-barbarous style. These remarks, it is true, must be limited to the appearance of such edifices in our own day, and in their solitary and isolated capacity. When grouped with others of equal elegance and greater variety of form, the case was probably very different. The fact itself, however, with this limitation, may be exemplified by a comparison of the Theseum, not merely with the gigantic Parthenon, but with other ruined temples of even inferior size—those, for example, of Ægina, Girgenti, or Pæstum. The first view of this celebrated edifice, as seen from a few miles' distance by the traveller approaching from the west, is very disappointing. As contemplated from the point for which the effect of its architectural combinations were calculated, it excites nothing but admiration. But as an object in the general landscape, it possesses comparatively little of that adventitious charm which imparts to the ruined portico, even of many a much more diminutive temple, an air of vastness and grandeur, altogether out of proportion to its real bulk; and appears, in fact, but a middling-sized oblong colonnade, supporting a roof. This remark applies, perhaps, more pointedly to the Doric than to the other orders of architecture, where a superior loftiness of proportion, and greater variety of light and shade, afford a more effectual relief to the compact solidity of the architectural whole.

The only considerable relic of modern structure now in the Acropolis, besides the tower at its S.W. angle, is the mosque in the centre of the Parthenon; the removal of which would not, probably, be detrimental to the general effect of the ruin. Upon the whole, although the summit of the Acropolis, since its area has been cleared of its other Turkish appendages, presents a

somewhat bare and desolate aspect, and is probably a far less picturesque scene than it was in Turkish times, yet hitherto it may be said, that what has been done, has been done well. But if the square tower be pulled down—if the Erechtheum and the Parthenon be restored and roofed in upon the new renovating principles—if the surrounding area be then levelled, paved, and appropriated, as will doubtless be the case if the system now in vogue continue to be acted upon, to displays of modern Hellenic taste in architecture—the result will hardly be such as to afford matter of congratulation to any true lover of art or antiquity.

It is indeed to be feared, that the mode in which the anxiety of the new state to honour and preserve the monuments of her ancient metropolis has hitherto been exhibited, may not only tend to defeat, but may even already in a great measure have defeated, its own object. The selection of Athens as the capital, a tribute partly to her pre-eminence in ancient history, partly, no doubt, to the number and beauty of her extant remains, was not probably, in any point of view, the most fortunate that could have been made. That it was not so in either a political or military respect, is a common, if not a universal opinion, among those best qualified to judge in such matters, upon grounds which it were foreign to our purpose to recapitulate.* But to the antiquary or the artist, the selection is still more to be deplored. At the conclusion of the war the whole area of the city was

* The preferable claims of Nauplia, more especially, or the Argolis at large, are such as to have forced themselves on several of the most experienced veterans of the revolution, by whom I have heard them urged; persons, too, in whom a taste for classical antiquity, combined with an accurate knowledge of the civil and military geography of Greece, afforded the surest guarantee that their judgment was impartial.

one heap of rubbish, strewed over the surface of a soil composed, in many places perhaps to the depth of thirty or forty feet, of fragments of ancient Athenian magnificence. There was never so favourable an opportunity offered, on so favourable a spot, for antiquarian discovery; and a well-conducted series of excavations, however slowly carried into effect, would not only have brought to light many treasures of ancient art, but have uncovered, to a great extent, the plan of the ancient city, its streets, and principal edifices. Here the circumstances are far more propitious than in the waste grounds of Rome. In her case, after the destruction of the old city, the inhabitants removed to the open space of the Campus Martius, and the ruins of their former habitations became, and have more or less remained ever since, a quarry for the materials employed in the construction of a large and splendid modern city. At Athens, on the other hand, as the buildings of the old city mouldered into ruins, the hovels of the modern town sprang up on the same site; and as the lightest materials were preferred in their construction, it is to be supposed that the more valuable remains of antiquity have been allowed to lie in a great measure undisturbed. The selection of Athens as the seat of government, followed up by the draught of a plan for a new town, and the rapid spread of new structures over the portion of the ancient site where the noblest edifices were formerly accumulated, has permanently extinguished all hopes of profiting by these favourable circumstances. As regards the Acropolis, it may further be remembered, that the natural features of this rock have at all periods rendered its summit a dangerous position for the monuments that adorn it; and the wonder is, perhaps, how any portion of them should have survived the vicissitudes to which they have already been exposed. As long as the capital

of the country surrounds its base, in spite of all the present schemes to convert it into a great museum of art, an Acropolis, in the military sense of the word, it must still remain. While Greece continues to enjoy the uninterrupted blessings of peace, the improvements of Signor Pittákys may continue to be successfully prosecuted; but should she, as can hardly fail to be the case at no very distant period, again become the theatre of war, foreign or domestic, the site of the Parthenon will probably be one of the first victims of its ravages. On the approach of an enemy, by sea or by land, it can hardly fail to become, if not the chosen stronghold of a faction, a place of refuge for persons and goods. Motives of public or personal security will then outweigh all considerations of taste and virtù; its museums and temples will afford, even in its present dismantled state, too convenient a material for its refortification, and will again be converted into magazines or bastions, and their valuables into weapons of defence.

The best mode of promoting the interests of Greek art, as concentrated around Athens, would have been to have made her, not the London or Paris, but the Windsor or Versailles of the new court. The seat of government might have been fixed at Nauplia, or in whatever other position was considered most central and convenient; Athens might have become the favourite villa or country residence of the sovereign. The town, being then limited to such buildings as were requisite for the accommodation of his court, might have been so planned as to encroach as little as possible on the area of the ancient city, which would thus have been left as one extensive field for the prosecution of the most interesting of all researches.

The mosque in the interior of the Parthenon has been converted into a repository for the relics brought to

light, from day to day, in the excavations of the Acropolis. Those discovered in the plain below, or in the provinces, are preserved in the Temple of Theseus, which has also been fitted up as a museum. The collection of the Parthenon is already so rich, as to require the additional accommodation of several temporary structures. Among its more interesting contents, are the architectural fragments of the old Hecatompedon or primitive Parthenon, destroyed by the Persians; which were found imbedded in the rubbish employed, after the completion of the new structure, to level the surrounding area. They are of stone, of not very fine quality, covered with stucco, on which the ornamental portions are painted of various colours, chiefly blue, red, and yellow. There have also been discovered, similarly buried, numerous large blocks of marble, wrought and unwrought, among which are some colossal drums of columns, originally destined for the peristyle of the new temple, but thrown aside from some defect in the material or the execution. A large portion of the rubbish in which they are imbedded consists of marble chippings, the same doubtless that once strewn the workshops of Ictinus and Phidias. From the midst of it have also been culled many of that minor class of relics, which, by their very homeliness, realize more effectually to the imagination the epoch from whence they have been preserved, and thus speak more directly and powerfully to the sympathies, than gigantic ruins or high-wrought works of finished art. Such are the fragments of the tools handled by the workmen, or even perhaps by the great masters themselves, to whom these precious models of the perfection of art are indebted for their existence; the lead pencils employed in sketching the design, the chisel and mallet in its execution; the wooden dovetails that connected the drums of

the columns, and other contiguous blocks of the masonry of the Hecatompodon; pieces of charred wood, still fresh from the flames of the Persian conflagration; besides small bronze images, and other coeval fragments of the inferior departments of art.*

* See additional note at end of volume.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLYMPIUM—ILISSUS—FOUNTAIN OF ENNEACRUNUS.

μετὰ δὲ ἡρώτα δι' ἣν αἰτίαν ἐλλίποινεν Ἀθηναῖοι τὰ Διάσια
 τοσούτων ἐτῶν · καὶ εἰ τὸ Ὀλύμπιον αὐτῶν ἐπιτελέσαι διανοοῦνται.

LUCIAN. *Icarom.*

“He afterwards enquired for what reason the Athenians had neglected the rites of Jove during so many years, and whether they had any thoughts of completing the Olympium.”

NEXT to the Acropolis, and the region to the westward, containing the Pnyx, Theseum, and Areopagus, the most interesting portion of the ancient city is that extending in an easterly direction from the theatre of Herodes Atticus, at the south-west corner of the rock, to the Panathenaic stadium on the south side of the Ilissus. Between these limits are situated, nearly in a straight line, besides the two monuments already mentioned, the Dionysiac theatre, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the Arch of Hadrian, the Olympium, and the fountain of Enneacrunus. This, as we also learn from Thucydides,* was the most ancient part of the lower city; in the days of Pisistratus, still its most distinguished quarter, and the one selected for the chief public works—buildings, gardens, fountains—commenced or completed by that munificent usurper, for the benefit or ornament of his capital. We shall consider its existing objects of interest in the order in which they attract

* L. ii. c. 15.

our attention, rather than that in which they succeed each other in the line above described.

The grandest extant remains of Greek masonry are the sixteen Corinthian columns of white marble on the left bank of the Ilissus, to the S.E. of the Acropolis, identified, to all appearance on unquestionable grounds, as those of the temple of Jupiter Olympius. The greater extent and better preservation of the ruins of the Parthenon, together with the late prejudice in favour of the primitive Doric order, the associations connected with the age of Pericles, and the brilliancy of its sculptured appendages, have all tended to give that edifice so powerful a hold on the sympathies of the classical tourist, as to absorb, in a great measure, the claims of all its rivals; and hence, while a page or two of rapturous enlargement on the sensations produced by a first approach to its porticos, is a customary appendage to every description of the wonders of Athens, these stupendous columns are frequently passed over with comparatively little notice. This circumstance may possibly have tended to enhance the effect of a first visit to them upon myself, which was at least equal to what I experienced in the case of the Parthenon; and may serve as an apology for dwelling on them somewhat more closely than were consistent with the general plan of this Journal in similar cases.

These are the largest columns of marble now standing in Europe, being $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, and upwards of sixty in height. The temple to which they belonged was the largest ever erected in Greece*—ever con-

* The temples of Diana at Ephesus, and of Apollo at Branchidæ, in Asia Minor, rather surpassed it in size. When complete, the Olympium, according to Stuart's measurements, had a double row of ten columns in each front, and of twenty on each side; which, with the four of each vestibule, give one hundred and twenty for the whole

structed in any part of the world of the Corinthian order, (the head corner-stone of the perfection of Greek architecture,)—or ever dedicated to the chief of the Hellenic pantheon. The desolation of the spot on which they stand, adds much to the effect of their tall majestic forms; and I scarcely know, in my own experience, any ruin calculated to excite stronger emotions of combined admiration and awe. An acquaintance, well qualified, both in point of taste and feeling, to draw such comparisons, and who arrived at Athens, direct from Egypt, nearly about the same period with myself, assured me that he had experienced the influence of such impressions more powerfully when standing beneath the columns of the Olympium, than among the most stupendous remains of Thebes or Dendera—a striking illustration of the superiority of form and proportion over mere enormity of mass.

It would seem indeed, that, in the estimation of the ancients, this edifice was considered superior in architectural splendour to any other temple of Athens, and second to none in Greece, with the exception, perhaps, of that of the Ephesian Diana. Its fame, accordingly, has been perpetuated by numerous authors of every age.* Commenced by Pisistratus in the infancy of elegant art, and finished by Hadrian in its old age, after numerous suspensions, interruptions, and alterations of plan, the work occupied a period of 700 years, hence called by Philostratus, “a great struggle with time.”† These

exterior portico of the building. Its length was three hundred and fifty-four feet; its breadth one hundred and seventy-one. The peribolus, or outer court, which was also filled with smaller temples, statues, &c., was four stadia, or half-a-mile in circumference.—PAUSAN. *Att.* 18.

* See MEURSIUS. *Athen. Att.* ii. c. x.

† χρόνου μέγα ἀγώνισμα.

remains acquire an additional interest from the circumstance, that the temple to which they belong should have been originally planned, and it would appear in all the extent and magnitude, if not in the style and proportions of its subsequent execution, by Pisistratus, a prince who, (whatever his political delinquency,) as the first great encourager of learning, and every kind of elegant pursuit in his native city, may be considered as the founder of her future superiority to her neighbours in the arts of civilized life. The work was continued by his sons; but remained in the same unfinished state in which it was left by them for near four hundred years; that is, throughout the whole flourishing age of Attic power, wealth, and art. It seems strange that, during this period, no anxiety whatever should have been displayed for the final consecration of an entire sanctuary to the chief Hellenic deity, amid the immense sums expended on other public buildings. Superstitious motives alone would have been sufficient, one might suppose, to secure to Jupiter his proper share in the distribution of these treasures. Possibly it was thought that amends were made by the amount of those lavished on his favourite daughter; or the prejudice against the Pisistratidæ may have operated against the prosecution of their unfinished monuments; although no allusion occurs in any writer to such a motive for the suspension of the work.

To what extent the masonry had been carried by "the tyrants," or of what material it then consisted, does not appear. Although there can be little doubt that the building was at all times partially used as a sanctuary, yet the assertion of those writers who record its completion by Hadrian, that this emperor first dedicated the statue of the deity, would imply that even the cell was not previously in such a state as to make it a fit recep-

tacle for so sacred an object.* Lucian,† also, in a passage apparently allusive to this edifice, seems to hint that the rites of Jove were during a long period neglected by the Athenians. Strabo‡ describes it as having been left half finished by the tyrant; and Dicæarchus,§ who visited Athens prior to any renewal of the work, speaks of it as a building, which, though incomplete, was yet in such a state of advancement as to excite astonishment and admiration by the splendour of its plan. Aristotle,|| at a still earlier period, classes its fragments among the colossal undertakings of despotic governments, in the same category with the pyramids of Egypt; and with Livy,¶ Vitruvius,** Plutarch,†† and other writers, it affords similar theme for hyperbolical eulogy. These testimonies imply that the Olympium had suffered little or nothing from the Persian invasion. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the ravages of Xerxes were confined solely or chiefly to edifices susceptible of the effects of fire, as was probably the case with most of the principal monuments of Athens at that period. It may therefore be assumed, that the work of the Pisistratidæ had not been carried beyond the solid masses of masonry,

* Chandler and others state, on the authority of Suetonius, (*Calig.* 22,) that the Emperor Caligula transported the statue of the god from this temple to Rome, and taking off its head, placed his own on its shoulders. This is a mistake. The statue alluded to was not that of the Athenian but of the Pisan Olympium. Nor does Suetonius describe the outrage as having been carried into effect. That it never was—apart from the testimony of Pausanias, who found the statue in its place at a much later period—we know from Dion Cassius (ix. c. 28) and Josephus (xix. 1,) who give the whole story in detail, describing the manner in which the emperor's Vandalic schemes were frustrated.

† *Icaromenipp.* § 23.

‡ *Lib.* ix. c. 1.

§ *De Stat. Gr.* p. 8. Ed. Huds.

|| *Polit.* v. c. 11.

¶ xli. 20.

** *Præf. ad lib.* vii.

†† *In Solon.* ch. xxxii.

which the enemy would hardly be at the trouble of demolishing, especially in an unfinished building.

On the decline of Athens, the zeal of foreign patrons of art led them to vie for the honour of completing this her greatest and noblest monument, which her own citizens during their days of prosperity had so strangely neglected. The project was first taken up by Antiochus Epiphanes.* The order preferred by him was the Corinthian, which was adhered to in the subsequent prosecution of the work. Ten years afterwards, the undertaking was again interrupted by the death of its promoter; and after another seventy years' interval of neglect, it was robbed of some of its columns by Sylla, who transported them to Rome for the service of the temple of the same deity in the Capitol.† In the reign of Augustus,‡ a society of princes, allies or dependants of the Roman empire, undertook to continue it at their joint expense. But the work was beyond their resources, and the honour of its completion was reserved for Hadrian; an honour to which his love of Greece and of the arts perhaps more justly entitled him than any other sovereign of *barbarous* origin.

The splendour of the edifice completed by this em-

* VITRUV. *Præf. Lib.* vii.—This author states that the work was entrusted by Antiochus to a Roman architect of the name of Cossutius; which seems strange, considering that the Romans were for long after this period in a comparative state of barbarism in respect to every branch of fine art, and dependant on Greek professors for the decoration of their own city. The Cossutian family were also of high patrician rank, which renders it the less credible that one of its members should have deigned to enter the service of a foreign prince, in what was then considered so degrading a capacity. Probably this architect was a Greek, who, like Ennius and others of that period, had been honoured with the patronage and name of some noble Roman.

† PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 6.

‡ SUTTON. *in Vit.* c. lx.

peror, on the plan of artists of a better period, contrasts, curiously enough, with the poverty of the original monuments of his architectural munificence still extant at Athens, more particularly of the arch that bears his name in the immediate neighbourhood. This paltry structure, as its inscription * informs us, gave access to the quarter of Athens containing the Olympium, and claimed by him as his own city, from his services in extending or adorning it. The style of this arch is indeed so unworthy of the real enlargement of taste which Hadrian is acknowledged to have displayed in the fine arts, as to warrant the suspicion that it may be a work erected in his honour by the Athenian municipality, or by some other class of admirers or flatterers, rather than by himself.

To the S. E. of the columns of the Olympium, is still visible a portion of the stone substruction of its peribolus. From this point there is a slope to the bed of the Ilissus, where are vestiges of the ancient fountain Callirrhoe or Enneacrunus, another work of the munificent Pisistratidæ. † Its structure, of which I had never been able to form any distinct notion from descriptions, is sufficiently evident on ocular inspection, and is somewhat curious. The name Callirrhoe properly belonged to the spring or source, that of Enneacrunus to the Fountain in the architectural sense of the term. The waters took their rise between the Ilissus and the Olympium, and were conducted by artificial means into the bed of the stream, just where it extends over a broad ledge of rocks terminating in a cliff of no great height. Here they were made to pass into small channels or pipes pierced in the rock, with orifices in the face of the cliff, whence they issued into the pool below. Although the more classic

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

† THUCYD. ii. 15. PAUSAN. *Att.* xiv.

term Enneacrunchus specifies these pipes to have been but nine, they are sometimes alluded to as amounting to twelve; hence the fountain itself was sometimes also called Dodeacrunchus. Of these orifices I counted seven; more might probably be detected by closer examination of the face of the cliff. From this arrangement of the pipes it may be inferred, that any little moisture the bed of the Ilissus occasionally afforded, was also made available for the supply of the fountain. Its purity, however, could hardly fail to be disturbed by the waters of the stream when in a swollen state. This is also implied in a passage of the comic poet Cratinus,* who compares a violent tirade of words to the "Dodeacrunchus with Ilissus itself rushing in its channel." The Callirrhoe was represented, at the period of my visit, by a small puddle of stagnant water at the foot of the cliff.

The bed of the river is now perfectly dry, unless when filled by heavy rains; nor in spite of the allusions of poets, ancient and modern, to "Ilissus' whispering stream," does it ever appear to have been much better supplied. Strabo,† a more matter-of-fact authority, describes both Cephissus and Ilissus as torrents, the waters of which failed entirely in summer. As regards, however, the celebrated passage of Plato,‡ from which, and, I believe it may be said, from which alone, we have any plausible ground to infer that the Ilissus was a perennial stream, perhaps somewhat more weight has been attached to it than it deserves. All that Socrates is there made to say is, that at the season and hour of his walk, it offered a limpid stream very refreshing to persons strolling on its banks in the heat of the day. The same might perhaps

* *Apud* SUID. v. δωδεκάκρουτος.

† Ed. Falcon. p. 581.

‡ PHÆDR. c. 3.

be said by an Athenian of the present generation in the course of any summer, after a few heavy thunder showers in the neighbouring hills.*

* The apology offered by Chandler for the present dry state of the river, that it is now deprived of the waste water of the fountain, will not hold good; for the place of meeting between Socrates and his pupil, where he praises its limpid stream, was three stadia, or nearly half a mile above the temple of Diana Agræa, which was itself above the sources of the Callirrhoe.

CHAPTER XXX.

STADIUM—HIPPODROME—THEATRE OF HERODES—MONUMENT OF
LYSICRATES—TOWER OF ANDRONICUS—REMARKS ON ANCIENT
AND MODERN HOUSES, AND HOUSE ACCOMMODATION.

*ἀλλὰ γὰρ εἰς πλῆθος ἐμπίπτων τῶν περὶ τῆς πόλεως ταύτης
ὑμνουμένων καὶ διαβωμένων, ὁκνῶ πλεονάζειν, μὴ συμβῇ τῆς προ-
θέσεως ἐκπεσεῖν τὴν γραφὴν.*—STRAB. ix. c. 1.

“ But I must make short in my description of this city, lest, bewildered by the number and celebrity of its objects of interest, I should be distracted from the original purpose of my narrative.”

STADIUM AND HIPPODROME.

ON the opposite bank of the Ilissus, a little further up its course, is the Panathenaic stadium. Its present appearance is probably not very dissimilar to what it originally presented before being fitted up for gymnastic purposes. It is now but a narrow valley or recess in a ridge of rocky swells, once perhaps the bed of a petty tributary to the river. During the flourishing ages of the republic, it would seem that the only assistance nature derived from art, in the further adaptation of the locality to its destined object, consisted in the levelling of the arena—the construction of the necessary apparatus for goal and boundaries—and the arrangement of turf-seats for the spectators on the side of the slope; with perhaps a parapet of more solid material for their support.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Greeks, who, while comparatively indifferent to display or luxury in

their domestic accommodation, prided themselves on the splendour of their public structures, should have remained during the most glorious period of their history so careless, not merely of ornament, but even of solidity and convenience, in those of a class so essentially linked with their whole political and religious system, as their Stadia and Hippodromes. Even the more important of the services above enumerated, are said to have been first rendered to the Attic stadium by the orator Lycurgus, in the 105 Olympiad, about 350 years B. C.* It was not till near 500 years afterwards, at a late period of the Roman empire, that Herodes Atticus adorned it, in common with the stadium of Delphi, with the coating of white marble which called forth the admiration of Pausanias.† The same author‡ describes the stadium of the Isthmus, at the epoch of his visit, as similarly decorated; but with these exceptions, the structures of this class throughout Greece, as he himself informs us,|| inclusive of those of the distinguished sanctuaries of Olympia§ and Epidaurus, were mere banks of earth. From the greater size or extent of the Greek Hippodrome, it

* PLUT. *de decem oratt. in Vita*.—Some have even gone the length of interpreting this text as intimating that an Attic stadium was first established by Lycurgus. But its terms seem merely to imply the improvements made by him on a more rude locality. Dr Wordsworth, [*Athens*, &c. note to p. 158,] in rejecting this inaccurate sense of the passage, urges, as an additional argument against the views of those who adopt it, that “Sophocles, in his *Electra*, [707, *seq.*] would never have made an Athenian charioteer victor over nine competitors at Delphi, had Athens not possessed a stadium in his time.” Here there is a misunderstanding. The chariot race was run in the Hippodrome, not the Stadium; which, neither in point of size nor arrangement, was adapted to the purpose. The Stadium was used for the foot race, and perhaps some other gymnastic exercises. Athens, however, as may be seen by reference to the sequel of our text, had a Hippodrome (and *a fortiori* a Stadium) long before the time of Lycurgus.

† PAUS. *Phoc.* c. xxxii.

‡ *Corinth*, c. xxvii.

|| PAUSAN. *ibid.*

§ PAUSAN. *Eliac.* ii. c. xx.

was hardly to be expected that even equal care should have been bestowed on its architectural embellishment; and accordingly none of them, not even that of Olympia,* appear to have been any thing more than earthen embankments, with the exception, perhaps, of the portion allotted to the accommodation of persons of distinction, which at Olympia was adorned with colonnades. The Hippodrome of Athens was not, it may be presumed, of any better structure than ordinary. It is passed over unnoticed in the ancient descriptions of the city, and has left no remains sufficient to attract the notice of the modern traveller. Nor is the existence of such a monument so much as alluded to in any of our standard treatises on Attic topography. It is certain, however, that Athens possessed a Hippodrome, at least as early as the days of Xenophon,† if not of Solon.‡ It was situated at a sandy place called Enechelido,§ on the low marshy ground between the Museum and the Piræus,|| where its vestiges may perhaps still be found, if carefully sought for, by those who have more time or diligence for the purpose than myself. There was also one at Thebes,¶ and doubtless in the neighbourhood of every considerable Greek city. Apart from the popular ceremonies of which they were occasionally the scene, such places were necessary for the practice of the cavalry, and of the combatants in the great national games. They seem to have been little more than exercising grounds, levelled and fenced off in such a manner as to prevent the horses from bolting. Hence they are never mentioned other-

* PAUSAN. *loc. cit.*

† *De Magist. Equ.* iii. 3, 10. Cf. DEMOSTH. *in Everg.* p. 1155, 1162. Ed. Reisk.

‡ PLUTARCH. *in Vit.* c. 19.

§ *Etym. M.* HESYCH. *et* STEPH. BYZANT. in v. Ἐνεχελιδώ.

|| XENOPH. *Mem.* iii. 3, 6.

¶ PAUSAN. *Bæot.* xxiii.

wise than incidentally in the notices of Grecian monuments preserved by Pausanias and other writers. The association of heroic simplicity and martial hardihood with gymnastic exercises, may, in the better days of Greece, have tended to prevent a more sumptuous decoration of the localities set apart for their performance. With the Romans the case was different; the circus being one of the first edifices which they were at pains to fit up and adorn at any expense.

THEATRE OF HERODES ATTICUS.

The remains of the theatre of Herodes Atticus, otherwise called the Odeum of Regilla, at the S. W. base of the Acropolis, in spite of their extent, good preservation, and the massive material of which they are composed, have a poor appearance, owing to the defects of the Roman style of architecture, especially of the rows of small and apparently useless arches, with which the more solid portions of the masonry are perforated, and the consequent number of insignificant parts into which it is thus subdivided. To such an excess is this defect carried in the present case, that but for other evidence to the contrary, one were tempted to pronounce this theatre a structure of the Byzantine age, rather than of a still flourishing period of Roman art.

This building and the arch of Hadrian seem to have been preserved as living witnesses of the inferiority of the architectural taste of Rome to that of Greece. The difference, indeed, is no less strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the leading extant edifices of the two cities, than of those which Athens herself contains of the respective periods; of the Propylæa, for example—the tower of Andronicus—the choragic monuments, with the

Coliseum—the Baths—the triumphal arches. The characteristics of the former class are solidity and simplicity, with elegance and aptitude for their purpose. In the latter the chief apparent object is to enclose the widest extent of space, often with the poorest description of material, and to afford the greatest distraction to the eye by an accumulation of subordinate parts, a varied surface, or a broken outline. Subservient to these objects was the great partiality of the Romans for the use of the arch, with which the Greeks were familiar from the remotest antiquity, but which, for reasons inherent in the fundamental principles of their art, they rarely employed during their best period, unless in cases of actual necessity. These respective characteristics of the two schools are the more interesting, as reflecting the corresponding varieties of social character in the nations themselves—the simplicity and frugality of even the more luxurious age of Greece, as contrasted with the wild ostentation and extravagance of that of Rome.

CHORAGIC MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

Of the great Dionysiac theatre at the opposite or south-eastern extremity of the Acropolis, there are unfortunately no remains sufficient to enable us to compare the genuine Attic taste in such structures with that of Herodes Atticus. Little more than the site is now to be recognised, by the form of the ground. Hard by stands the elegant little trophy of the victory of Lysicrates on its stage.* Diminutive as it is, it has weathered the ravages of the late war as well as its more ponderous

* This monument has been imitated in the pavilion on the roof of a chapel in Lower Regent Street, London, and in the monuments of Burns near Ayr and on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh.

neighbours. There is indeed nothing which conveys a more distinct idea of the excellence of the ancient masonry, than the almost complete state of preservation in which we still find every fragment that existed at the commencement of the revolution, amid the total and often reiterated ruin of the surrounding modern edifices with which they were in many cases connected as integral parts, and in common with which they have been exposed to all the recent vicissitudes of fire, battery, bombardment, and wilful dilapidation. Yet there they stand, both at Athens and elsewhere, each in its place, fresh and entire, as drawn by the last generation of travellers. I scarcely think I missed a single ruin, or even a single stone, noted by either Dodwell, Gell, or Leake, on our line of route, with the exception of such as have been carried off by antiquarian plunderers. During the various sieges of Athens, at least 6000 cannon shot or shells were aimed at the Acropolis; yet, by a strange enough fatality, the only very serious damage its buildings sustained, the fall of the porch of the Erechtheum, was caused, not by the shot, but by the precautions taken by Gouras, the chief of the garrison, to render it harmless. Having selected this edifice as his own quarters, he attempted to render it bomb-proof, by heaping earth on its roof, which, after his own death, sinking beneath the weight, buried under its ruins his widow, so distinguished for her beauty and virtue, together with some of the principal ladies of Athens, who had sought the same place of refuge during the bombardment. In a large number of cases, indeed, the desolation of the war has been, in so far, beneficial to the present race of antiquaries, by disencumbering ancient relics of the Turco-Greek habitations under which they were concealed. The successive sacks and sieges have here performed the same service, in stripping them of these unseemly appendages, as the aquafortis in

cleansing the surface of a gem or vase from the filth with which it had been encrusted in its subterranean abode. Among the more pointed illustrations of these remarks may be quoted, in addition to this elegant monument, which, from its diminutive size, tended more immediately to suggest them, the neighbouring tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, and the Doric temple of Corinth. By reference to the old drawings of these remains, it will be seen that, previous to the war, both were in a great measure encased in modern masonry. Both now stand in the centre of a considerable extent of free space.

TOWER OF ANDRONICUS CYRRHESTES.

This tower, vulgarly called also the Temple of the Winds, although not without its celebrity among the ancients, is perhaps the extant edifice of the old Attic period least calculated to exalt our modern ideas of the architectural splendour of the Greek cities. It is described as having been both the public clock and the weathercock of Athens. Such a building, unless placed in a very commanding situation, may naturally be assumed to have been so superior in height to the surrounding structures, as to be, if not visible from any great distance, at least a conspicuous object in its own immediate neighbourhood. But this edifice stands on the lower part of the site of the ancient city, with no apparent vantage ground, even as regards the contiguous level; while its actual height from the foundation is but forty-four feet, which, with a reasonable allowance for the Triton that formerly acted the part of vane on its summit, would make its whole elevation little more than fifty feet. As therefore, for the reasons above given, this tower must be supposed to have been one of the highest build-

ings of the quarter in which it was situated, it supplies a practical proof of what indeed might have been inferred from other general evidence, that loftiness of elevation was the property of which the structures of ancient Hellas, whether public or private, had least reason to boast.

The private dwellings of the Greeks consisted at the most of but one story above the ground floor, devoted solely or chiefly to the sleeping accommodation. All display of architectural luxury or magnificence; their vestibules, saloons, and reception-halls, with the principal family apartments, were on the level of the street, ranged around a succession of open courts, partly fitted up as halls or porticos, partly perhaps as flower gardens or pleasure grounds; which rendered each of the higher class of private houses a small self-contained country villa. Hence the staircase formed no part of the decorative architecture of the building, being little or nothing more than a convenient passage to the Hyperoon or garret. Their temples, as we know from extant examples, even those of the greatest splendour, rarely equalled in height an ordinary dwelling-house in any modern European capital. They had no lofty steeples, domes, obelisks, or even monumental columns, at least in their best days, to make a show at a great distance; and of the height of their towers, even where height was connected with utility, this monument of Andronicus may not unfairly be taken as a sample. The colossal statue of Minerva Promachus, on the summit of the Acropolis, seems alone among the Athenian works of art to have attracted the eye from afar by its surpassing altitude.

This peculiarity tends, no doubt, much to detract from the estimate we moderns may be disposed to form, either of the architectural grandeur or the picturesque effect of the cities of ancient Greece, as compared with the high

square towers, lofty domes, and broad masses of masonry, which vary the outline of the more elegant European towns of the present day, those of Italy more especially. It must, however, be remembered that variety, rather than mere height, is the attribute of those combinations which conduce to the beauty of landscape composition; and in this respect we have no reason to suppose the outline of the Greek cities to have been deficient; while the grace by which their edifices were individually characterized, the predominance of open colonnades, and of horizontal and perpendicular lines, in which the architectural picturesque mainly consists, as contrasting with the undulations of the landscape, might have more than compensated the want of loftiness. It is indeed very questionable whether the excessive height to which our towers and domes project, can in itself be considered as a beauty in landscape composition; nor has it been so, if we may trust their extant works, by any of the standard modern masters of the art.

The habits of the Romans, in respect to the structure and arrangement both of their domestic and public edifices, corresponded in their earlier days to those of the Greeks. The best houses of Pompeii have at the most but one upper story, which is little better than a garret; and many consist but of a ground floor. In later times, however, the case was different; and the remote cause of the change that has since taken place in this department of manners throughout civilized Europe, may perhaps be traced back to the excess of pomp and luxury in the days of Roman corruption, and to the overgrowth of population in the Italian towns. The ancients, in their comparison of the size of Rome with that of Athens* and other cities, dwell especially on the great height of its houses, many of which are specified as consisting of three

* LIPSIUS, *de Magnit. urbis Romæ*, L. iii. c. 4.

or four stories. These were chiefly the dwellings of the middle and lower classes, crowded into this focus of European population, where each family occupied separate floors one above another, as is still customary in the towns of every part of Europe, with the exception perhaps of England. It is probable that at this period the palaces of the great men of the city were less elevated, and that their principal suites of apartments were on the level of the street. Yet there can be little doubt that it is to this excessive accumulation of stories one above another, and the consequent exclusion of air and light from the lower part of the street, that we are to attribute the revolution which has since taken place in the habits even of the upper classes throughout Italy and the greater part of Europe, by whom it is now considered undignified to occupy the ground-floor. This portion of the building is consequently set apart chiefly or solely for the shops and dwellings of the lower orders, or, in the houses of the great, for servants' accommodation, stables, coach-house, magazines, &c. Hence the staircase, of which one hears so little among the ancients, and to which Vitruvius alludes but incidentally, and with mere reference to its mechanical structure, is now become an important element of architectural splendour. In proportion as the arrangement of a modern house appears to us essential to comfort, it would probably have been distasteful to an Athenian. To one habituated to the freedom of air and space, of sun or shade, provided for by the halls, porticos, and terraces, which formed the principal apartments of their dwellings, the inconvenience of mounting a stair, and the gloom and confinement to which it led, would have appeared intolerable. Hence too the custom, now universal, for the purpose of imparting cheerfulness to the principal rooms of a modern town residence, of making their windows face the street; and a favourite

amusement of the idle hours of its inmates is looking at what is passing below; an additional motive of preference for the second floor, as commanding a better prospect, and, at the same time, further removed from the noise, publicity, and other inconveniences arising from a too immediate contact with the public thoroughfare. A Greek house of distinction, on the other hand, was entirely shut out from all connexion with the public, beyond that afforded by the door of entry to the premises. The front towards the street was probably but a curtain wall, relieved by a porch or some other variety of architectural ornament; as we still see exemplified in the principal palaces of Pompeii. The publicity of life, which the habits and duties of an Hellenic citizen imposed upon him as regards the state, was such as to leave no desire for its extension to the interior of his dwelling. When done with the Pnyx, the Agora, the Stoa, or the Gymnasium, he was glad to enjoy unmolested the seclusion of his own social or domestic circle.

There can, however, be no doubt, that the Greeks even of the wealthier classes, and during the best period of their history, were, in comparison with their proud neighbours and conquerors to the westward, but very indifferently lodged. We hear of no sumptuous town mansions or country villas among the Athenians, that could compete with those of the Roman nobility from the later ages of the republic downwards. Dicæarchus* describes the private dwellings of Athens as so mean, that to judge from them, apart from the public edifices, no one on entering the gates could imagine himself to be in so celebrated a city. What Horace said of the primitive worthies of his own country, will apply with still greater justice to the Greeks during their most flourishing period:

* *De Stat. Gr.* p. 8. Ed. Oxf.

“Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum.”

The modest simplicity of their domestic accommodation was honourably counterbalanced by the splendour of their national monuments.*

* The remaining doubtful, or less interesting ruins—the gate of the Forum—Gymnasium of Ptolemy—Stoa of Hadrian, &c., here require no comment in addition to those of which they have so often been the subject, and the substance of which will be found in any of the popular guide-books which it is to be presumed already abound in Athens, as in every other European metropolis.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EXCURSION TO MARATHON—M. DE RUDHART—HIS ADVENTURE ON
MOUNT PENTELICUS AND DEATH—ANCIENT GREEK FIELD TACTICS
—PENTELIC QUARRIES—KING OTHO AND HIS QUEEN.

ON the forenoon of Saturday the 17th, calling by appointment at the Austrian legation, for the purpose of renewing an interrupted walk of the day before with its hospitable chief, I found that, on the early part of that morning, arrangements had been made for an excursion on the day following to Marathon, Thebes, and back by Plataea to Athens; and that I was included in the party, should my other engagements permit. As regards the former place, the proposal was joyfully accepted: the further extension of the tour into Boeotia did not, of course, suit my plans.

This project, it appears, had originated in the unexpected arrival at Athens, that morning, of Monsieur de Rudhart, ex-prime minister of King Otho, and whose name had lately occupied so prominent a place in the European gazettes, in consequence of his political differences with our own worthy minister, Sir Edmund Lyons. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the result had been his retirement from office, and he had since been engaged in a tour in the Levant, before finally returning to Munich. He was now on his route homewards, and was anxious to devote the few days at his disposal to an excursion, in the capacity of a private tourist, through this interesting region, which, owing to the pressure of

public affairs, he had been unable to visit during the period of his official career.

There are four roads of access from the plain of Athens to that of Marathon.* The most northerly enters the centre of the latter district near the modern village of the same name. The next to the southward, at the convent of Vraná, situated at the northern base of Pentelicus.† The third leads over the higher ridge of that mountain, to the east of its summit, passing close to the marble quarries, and enters the plain between the sea and Vraná.‡ The fourth, and most level, passing through the valley between Pentelicus and Hymettus, follows the shore for the rest of the distance.

It was arranged that our party should proceed in two divisions. M. de Rudhart preferred the track over the mountain, purposing to halt a few hours to examine the marble quarries, and descend upon Marathon in the afternoon. His detachment comprised himself and four ladies, his wife, sister, and two sisters-in-law. Owing to the length of time their journey was likely to occupy, their departure was fixed for the first dawn of morning. The other division consisted of Monsieur and Madame de Prokesch; the Austrian secretary of legation; the Bavarian minister, and his lady; Dr Ross, whose professional avocations only permitted of his accompanying us halfway; his brother, a young landscape painter, and myself.

We started soon after sunrise by the direct road for Vraná, where all the accommodation the convent afforded had been secured for the night. The first half of the

* See Sketch, *infra*, p. 108.

† These two lines branch off from the same point, about two hours' ride before their respective entries into the plain.

‡ The situation of the ancient *demus* of Marathon is doubtful; some place it at Vraná; others, in deference to the existing correspondence of names, at Marathona itself.

road, being the same which leads to the Pentelic quarries, is practicable for carriages; and the ambassador's equipages accordingly conveyed us as far as Kiphisía, where the horses and baggage were to be in waiting, with the guides, guards, servants, &c. The muster took place under a large platanus tree in the centre of this pretty village, which still retains the name of the ancient Demus it represents. It is the most thriving and cleanly in appearance that I saw in Greece, embedded in gardens, and with well built, and for the most part whitewashed cottages. The party, including guards and retainers of all kinds, may have amounted to about a score—and our cavalcade, by its varieties of character and costume, reminded one strongly, amid many broad points of difference, of Stoddart's picture of the pilgrimage to Canterbury. The road from Kiphisía lay chiefly over rugged heaths, interspersed with patches of cultivated ground, or through open forest glades, covered with numerous varieties of beautiful shrubs—arbutus, oleander, myrtle—rather than with wood. Here and there we passed small clusters of ruins, originally, no doubt, those of Attic Demi, but for the most part so blended with lower Greek structures, as to present few or no distinct remains of genuine Hellenic antiquity. On gaining the summit of the rocky ridge connecting Pentelicus with the lower ranges of mountain to the westward, there opens up one of the finest prospects in Greece. The foreground is a deep wooded ravine extending to the plain, at the foot of which the convent is situated. On each side rise the mountains in precipitous masses of rock, covered with straggling pine forest, or with evergreen copse, and terminating in bold projecting peaks. Below, the eye stretches over the green expanse of level plain, so well described by Aristophanes* as the “pleasant mead of

* λειμῶνα τὸν ἐρέοντα Μαγαθῶνος.—*Aves*, 246.

Marathon"—in the midst of which the tumulus of the Athenians is the most conspicuous object—backed by the sea, and by a small sickle-formed cape, which jutting with a graceful sweep into the channel, supplies the Marathonian port. The prospect is bounded by the lofty mountain ridges of Eubœa, and the contiguous island of Andros.

The convent of Vraná is situated in a small recess of the plain immediately below the steepest part of Pentelicus. It comprises a considerable range of buildings, apparently quite unoccupied, and presenting a desolate enough appearance. The accommodation for the party was on an upper floor, and consisted of a large dreary hall or gallery, with three small cells contiguous, all opening on the wooden staircase and balcony by which they were approached. The smaller apartments were allotted to the married couples—the hall served as a common dormitory for the remaining male members of the party. All were without windows or furniture, and the common hall was without a door. The whole had, however, the advantage of being comparatively free from vermin, the chief bane of all comfort in these halting-places, not having apparently been inhabited for some time past unless by fowls, wild or domestic.

After arranging our quarters we proceeded to the tumulus, which we reached about two o'clock. This had been agreed upon as the point of rendezvous with the party from the quarries, upon whose arrival we had calculated an hour or two after our own, as their road, though more mountainous, was not longer than ours. We remained several hours in the neighbourhood of the monument, and amused ourselves for some time in picking up the small pieces of dark-coloured flint that abound on its surface, vulgarly supposed to be fragments of the Persian arrow-heads. The ladies now grew tired of

waiting for their companions, and returned to the convent. The gentlemen of the party, after riding across the plain in different directions, and examining such objects of curiosity as it offers, once more returned to the tumulus, where we waited another hour; but still no appearance of the Rudharts. Night now began to close in, and the melancholy cry of the jackalls to be heard on the mountain side. We now also took our way back to Vraná, confidently expecting that, owing to the lateness of their arrival, or the fatigue of their journey, the mountain party had proceeded at once to their quarters for the night, and that we should find them safely housed in the convent. In this, however, we were disappointed. We waited supper for them another hour, but in vain. The matter now became serious, and anxiety for the fate of their absent friends tended not a little to mar the conviviality of the circle round the well spread board, supplied from the household of the diplomatic heads of our expedition; for my invitation to join it had been coupled with the condition that I should consider myself as their guest, and all picnicking was strictly prohibited. Gendarmes and peasants were sent in different directions to explore the various paths leading across the mountain, but returned at intervals, each with the same report of the bad success of their mission. The case was therefore given up as hopeless for the night, and all retired to rest, trusting that the mystery would be cleared up in some satisfactory manner in the course of the following morning.

These hopes were in so far realized, that, about seven or eight o'clock, the hallooing of the peasants stationed on the look-out announced the discovery of the party on the upper ridge of the mountain; and soon after they appeared in view, scrambling down a scarce practicable zigzag track among the rocks. They arrived in miserable plight, wan and haggard with fatigue and want of

sleep, covered with dust and mud, their clothes torn to tatters, and their faces and hands scratched by the brambles and branches of the forest.

Owing partly to their having lingered too long at the quarries, partly to the ignorance and mismanagement of the guides, they lost their way, and were benighted when scarcely through one-half of the second stage of their journey. Whilst wandering up and down the mountain, in their vain attempts to discover some direct path of descent to the plain, they parted company with their baggage-train, and, by consequence, with all their provisions, warm clothes, and bedding. The night was far from mild, with a fresh north wind even on the plain below, as we ourselves had experienced in our open dormitory; and on the top of the mountain it blew a storm. As the midday sun at this season in Greece is as powerful as that of July in our climate, the ladies were equipped in little better than light summer dresses; and in this state they were obliged to halt for the night, fasting and shivering, and avail themselves of such shelter from the blast as the foliage of the forest supplied. To ensure what little comfort was possible in such a predicament, wood was gathered, and a fire lighted. The sparks communicated the flames to the neighbouring trees; and what with the drought of the season, the force of the wind, and the combustible nature of the pine timber, an extensive conflagration ensued, which again forced them to shift their wretched bivouac to another part of the hill. This episode of the tragedy caused much entertainment to the gossips of Athens;—as, among the beneficial laws introduced and strenuously enforced by M. de Rudhart while in power, was one for the better preservation of the forests, with heavy penalties against all wanton destruction or mutilation of the trees.

The four ladies, however distressed and dispirited, bore their misfortunes with great philosophy; and the ex-premier, a man of lively, animated manner, although in a state of evident excitement, seemed also well satisfied, upon the whole, that so disagreeable an adventure had ended so well. It was natural to feel apprehensive for the consequences to a party of ladies, some of them of rather delicate appearance; but neither he, probably, nor any one else, anticipated that it was to be, even indirectly, productive of such fatal results to himself. His voyage north preceded my own by a week or ten days; and while I was still detained in quarantine at Ancona, a report arrived that M. de Rudhart had died in the lazaretto of Trieste. This account proved incorrect; but it merely anticipated the truth: for he was at the time dangerously ill, and on being released from quarantine, he lingered and expired at a lodging in the town, a few weeks afterwards. The remote cause of his death, as I subsequently learned from his friends at Munich, was the adventure of this night. He was evidently a man of a very excitable temperament; and the bodily fatigue and exposure, added to mental irritation, brought on a feverish cold, which ultimately ripened into the illness that carried him off.

M. de Rudhart's political abilities were held in high estimation at Munich, where he seemed also to enjoy general popularity and respect. He was not a person of birth, and was indebted to his own exertions for his success in life; nor did his personal appearance belie his origin, bespeaking rather the substantial merchant or tradesman than the prime minister; but a quick eye and animated style of conversation gave earnest of considerable talent. His first introduction to public life was as a member of the Bavarian chamber of representatives, where he distinguished himself as a debater on

the popular side during the short-lived reign of constitutional liberty, or rather of zeal for its establishment, in his native country. His ultra-liberal principles, by one of those political paradoxes common even in other countries, where liberty is a more thriving plant than in Germany, were the source of his courtly dignities. It was chiefly for the purpose of disembarassing themselves of his interference with their well-directed and successful attempts to stifle the chartered constitution in its infancy, that he was promoted by the Bavarian rulers to place and honour, and finally sent out as successor to Count Armansperg in the presidency of the cabinet of Greece, where he appeared as the steady and uncompromising assertor of monarchical privilege. A few weeks before his death, he had been named plenipotentiary to the court of King Otho. This appointment, while it evinced the satisfaction of his government with the conduct that had led to his late retirement from office, was as flattering to himself, as it was little complimentary to our own minister at Athens, or the court he represented.

As the road I had selected for my return was the same which had been the scene of the late disastrous adventure, and as I was anxious to avoid all risk of similar mishap, at an early hour after the arrival of the benighted party, I was under the necessity of bidding—I regret to say, a final—farewell to my kind friends; for my own departure from Athens preceded their return from their excursion.

The plain of Marathon, which is about six miles long, and half that breadth in the broadest part, presents somewhat the form of a half-moon, the inner curve of which is bounded by the bay, the outer by the range of mountains extending from the maritime base of Pentelicus to the Cape of Cynosura. Within this cape, at the

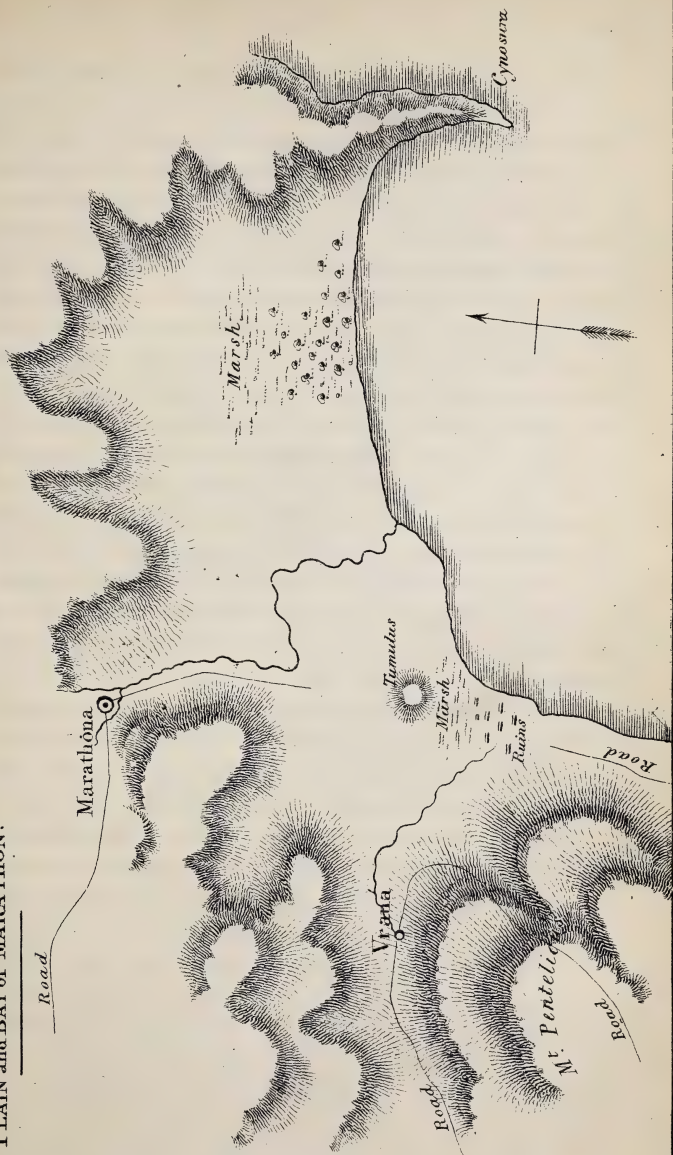
north-eastern extremity of the crescent, is a marsh, with a few low pine woods towards the sea. The other extremity gives entrance to the pass between Pentelicus and the sea, forming the most easterly of the four roads already described as leading from Athens to the plain. Upon this corner of the plain, which is also marshy, are extensive foundations, apparently of temples or villas. Here may possibly have been the sanctuary of Minerva Hellotia, already a favourite shrine of the goddess in the days of Homer.* In some stagnant pools among the ruins, are several fragments of marble statues, columns, &c. Through the centre of the plain runs the bed of the brook, now called Marathona, (anciently Asopus,) on the banks of which, a little way up the valley from whence it issues, is situated the village of the same name.

In regard to the plan of the battle, all that can with tolerable certainty be assumed is, that the Athenians must have been drawn up at the extremity of the plain nearest to Athens, in order to defend the roads of access to the city.† The existing lofty tumulus, therefore, identifies the point of collision between the two armies more satisfactorily than any learned investigations are ever likely to do. We have no certain knowledge of the etiquette followed by the Greeks in the erection of their *polyandria*, or common sepulchres. The probability is, that the spot here selected would be either that where the greatest loss was sustained, or where the

* *Odyss.* vii. 80.

† Perhaps the most plausible of the attempts to identify more closely the scene of action, is that of Mr Finlay, who maintains that the engagement must have been fought at the south-west corner of the plain, opposite the maritime road to the city, as the only one practicable for the cavalry on which the Persians placed so great reliance. This route, therefore, it would be the chief object of the enemy to force, of the Greeks to defend.—*Transactions of R. S. L.*, vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 363, *seq.*

PLAIN and BAY of MARATHON.



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general or principal warrior fell. In the former case, it would mark the centre of the Greek line; in the latter, the position of the left wing, where the polemarch Callimachus, who was slain in the action, commanded.*

There are several curious details in the narrative of Herodotus, which have, perhaps, obtained less attention than they deserve, either as illustrative of the conduct of this battle, or of the military tactics of the age. The Athenians are described as having weakened their centre, for the twofold purpose of extending their line, and of increasing the weight of their flanks, upon whose success they evidently rested their hopes of victory. This is a stratagem as contrary to our notions of the art of war, as it seems in itself bold and singular. One of the standard principles of tactics in the pitched battles of our own day is, that the strength of a line consists mainly in that of its centre, as the rallying point of the whole; and hence the favourite manœuvre of a bold and dexterous commander is, to break through this point, and defeat the divisions of the enemy in detail. It is to this manœuvre, that on all occasions small bodies of well-trained warriors have chiefly to trust, in opposing the tumultuous attacks of undisciplined troops. By it the British fleets have, for the greater part of a century, defeated those of every enemy. By it the armies of Napoleon gained most of their victories; and it was mainly by an adherence to a similar line of tactics on the part of our own generals, that he never was successful against them, but was invariably defeated, as it were, by his own weapons. An opposite plan was, however, here pursued, and with signal success, on the part of Miltiades. The centre of the Athenian army consequently gave way; but each wing of the Persians was defeated and

* Lib. viii. 111, *seq.*

fled. The Greek victors, instead of pursuing, united their force against the Persian centre, who, elated with their victory, and in hot pursuit of the enemy, were themselves forthwith put to the rout.

An additional motive with Miltiades for weakening his centre seems to have been the extension of his line, to avoid being outflanked by the superior numbers of the enemy. This may be inferred from another peculiarity in the conduct of the action mentioned by the historian :* that the Greeks, contrary to their previous practice, here for the first time advanced to the assault at full speed, and from no less a distance than eight stadia, or about a mile. Herodotus does not assign any motive for this change of method ; but it is explained by the previous details he supplies. Had the Athenians, after equalizing their line as nearly as was in their power to that of their opponents, remained inactive, they would have given them opportunity to deploy, which would have defeated their purpose. Their policy therefore was, to charge at once with such rapidity as should leave no time for a counter manœuvre on the part of the Persians.

There can, however, be little doubt, if not, as Mitford† supposes, that the flight of the Athenian centre was feigned, that its weakness and consequent defeat formed at least part of a stratagem of Miltiades, to lead the mass of the enemy's force out of the field, and engage them in unprofitable pursuit, trusting to the superiority of his own wings to ensure the final success of the action. Such a stratagem would show a singular confidence on the part of Miltiades in the valour and steadiness of his own troops, and the comparative ill discipline or unskillfulness of the enemy. For had the victory of his wings been less decided, or had the Persians shown a little

* HERODOT. vi. 112.

† *Hist. of Greece*, ch. vii. sect. 4.

more judgment in the use of their temporary success, considering their superiority of numbers and cavalry, the consequence would, or at least ought to have been, the cutting up in detail of the Athenian army.

It is indeed evident from the accounts both of this and other engagements during the earlier and more glorious part of their military career, that the Greeks attached much greater importance to the strength of their wings than of their centre, and seem to have had scarcely a notion of the value of the modern system of breaking the opposite line. The best troops were always stationed in the wings; and the critical turn of an action depended mainly on the efforts of the two armies to out-flank each other. This was the defect of the Lacedæmonian tactics, as compared with the improved system of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, which involved the defeat of their armies by those generals. The great battle of Mantinea, more especially, was gained by the modern manœuvre of breaking the line.* The Macedonian phalanx was also formed on the principle of concentrating the whole weight of attack on a particular point of the enemy's line, so much so as to have been somewhat unwieldy, and hence unable to withstand the still more advanced science of the Romans, who appear to have blended all the excellences of the previous systems into one.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the tumulus in the centre of the plain is the *polyandrium* or common burial-place of the Athenians; nor is it easy to under-

* XENOPH. *Hellen.* vi. 4, 13; vii. 5, 22.—The historian describes Epaminondas at Mantinea as collecting his best troops into the centre, and there disposing them in the form of a "strong wedge," (*ἰσχυρὸν ἔμμελλον*;) with which he charged the hostile line, "as a ship assails the flank of its adversary with its rostrum." The manœuvre of his cavalry was very similar.

stand how various travellers should so confidently ascribe it to the Persians, in the face of the distinct testimony of Pausanias,* that although the victors had buried the bodies of the enemy, no memorial was extant of their place of sepulture; from which he infers that they had been thrown into the grave, less as a mark of respect, than in conformity with religious observance: he might, perhaps, have added—in order to get rid of the nuisance of their carcasses. It is not indeed to be supposed that the Athenians should have been at pains to erect so bulky, and, considering the labour it must have cost, so expensive a monument, to their hated invaders, while they themselves were contented with so much humbler a mound, that the weather, or the labours of the husbandman, should have since swept it from the face of the plain.

The opinion that this tumulus indicates the burial-place of the Persians, was suggested, apparently, by the small pieces of polished flint that abound among the earth of which it is composed, and have, upon grounds that will not stand the test of criticism, been considered as fragments of the arrow-heads used by the archers of Artaphernes. The number of these curious relics is very surprising. During the hour or two that our party loitered on the side of the tumulus, I picked up about forty, and several of my companions nearly an equal number. As most other visitors amuse themselves in the same way, and with similar success, to judge from the proportion already found, or daily brought to light on the surface of the tumulus, those originally imbedded in its earth must be incalculable. They abound, however, in other parts of Greece and its dependencies, where no Persian is even reported to have set foot; while neither at Thermopylæ, where the Persian arrows—in terms of

* *Attic.* xxxii.

the celebrated Spartan apothegm—were so thick as to darken the air, nor at Plataea, has a single one been found; although Dodwell* assures us he sought them carefully on the scene of both actions. They are not uncommon in the waste grounds in the neighbourhood of Athens, where I added a fragment or two to my stock. The largest and most entire specimens I have seen, or which I believe have yet been discovered, were found in the island of Santorini, the ancient Thera, and are now in the possession of Mr Finlay.† They are usually formed like the point of a very small dagger, with the surface shaped on each side into three flat faces or compartments. Some of those belonging to Mr Finlay are slightly curved at the extremity, presenting the appearance of a xystra or strigilis. These, it is evident, could not have been used either for the point of an arrow or a javelin, but were destined rather for domestic or mechanical, than military purposes. Hence it has been more reasonably conjectured, that these supposed oriental arrow-heads are but the remains of the old stone implements used by the Pelasgi and other aborigines of Hellas, during its barbarous ages, before the greater extension of the use of brass or iron. The extraordinary quantity observable in and about the Marathonian tumulus must, however, still remain a mystery. Assuming them to have been the arrow-heads of the Persians entombed beneath it, we must suppose, either that the greater proportion of the barbarians slain in the action were archers, and were cast into the grave each with a well-stocked quiver, or that the Greeks had been at pains to collect the weapons scattered over the plain, and heap them up with the earth of the tumulus. Both these hypotheses are obviously most improbable. It were,

* Vol. i. p. 280.

† See *Op. sup. cit.* 392.

perhaps, more reasonable to suppose, that the site accidentally selected for the monument by the Athenians, was that of a former magazine of cutlery in the days of their barbarous ancestors.

The battle of Marathon is the most brilliant exploit in the military annals of Greece. It was achieved single-handed by a petty republic, against the hosts of the mightiest sovereign of the world at that period, on the spur of the moment, and by the simple impulse of genuine valour and patriotism, unsullied by that intrigue, chicanery, and cabal, which disgraced the conduct, and marred many of the subsequent operations, of the confederacy against the Persians, under the guidance of the Lacedæmonian system of selfish patriotism. It nipped in the bud a project for the subjugation, not of Athens alone, but of all Greece, which had been formed and matured under the most favourable auspices; and although, unlike the more decisive battle of Plataea, far from putting an end to the ambitious schemes of conquest on the part of the "great monarch," it immediately led to their boundless extension, yet its moral effects on the whole subsequent destinies of the war were most important, by first opening the eyes of the Greeks to their real superiority over an enemy, with whom, whether in point of numbers, prowess, or tactics, they had hitherto imagined themselves unable to cope. At this period the Persian troops, we learn from Herodotus, far from being considered, as afterwards, in the light of undisciplined barbarians, were objects of terror to every foe. In allusion to the charge of the Athenians, he says: * "They were the first of all the Hellenes, to the best of my knowledge, who attacked an enemy at full speed, and the first who could behold without alarm the dress of a Mede, still less the man who wore it; for up to this day so much as the

* vi. 112.

name of a Mede was a terror to the Greeks." The Persian arms, in fact, as we learn from the previous details of his own history, had hitherto been favoured with uninterrupted success against all the nations of European blood. In their previous long-continued wars for the subjugation of the Greek states on the coast and islands of Asia Minor, now their own vassals, considered in those days no way inferior to their western kinsmen in military conduct, and superior to them in numbers and resources, although our accounts are derived from Greek historians alone, we scarcely hear of their ever having experienced any serious check. Yet under all these apparent disadvantages, both moral and physical, an army which cannot safely be rated much above 15,000 men, without cavalry, assaulted in an open plain a host of many times their number of these same formidable warriors, combining every advantage of composition and equipment, and defeated them by one of the boldest manœuvres recorded in the annals of ancient warfare. Apart, therefore, from the military credit of this achievement, the moral courage displayed by the Athenians entitles it to a higher rank in the list of heroic exploits than any other of the subsequent battles of Greek against barbarian, where all these unfavourable circumstances were reversed. In each of these encounters, the only disadvantage on the side of the Greeks, if such it can be called, was that of numbers. But the heroes of Marathon had taught them that a small band of experienced Hellenic warriors, opposed to an unmanageable crowd of half-disciplined irregulars, might look with full confidence to their own valour and conduct for an easy victory.

Athens indeed, in common with her Bœotian ally Plataea, whose destinies and interests are at this period so inseparable from her own, that the history of both

forms but a single chapter in the annals of the confederacy, is justly entitled to the first honours as representative of the heroic genius of republican Greece, during the whole of this eventful era, in spite of all the prejudices, ancient and modern, in favour of the ascetic prowess and selfish patriotism of Sparta.* Ever ready, at a moment's warning, to act or to suffer in her own or the public defence—patiently submitting, for the common good, to every evil that can befall a country—she beheld her city burnt, her territory ravaged, her population forced to seek refuge among barren rocks and mountain fastnesses, without ever for a moment relaxing her energies, or allowing the very name of accommodation—still less of treachery—to be whispered in her councils; although deserted or betrayed on every side by those very allies for whom, in a great measure, those sacrifices were made, but to whom the severest of her calamities were objects of indifference, or even of secret satisfaction.

The alliance between Athens and her spirited little ally on the other side of Cithæron, gives an additional interest to the part they were jointly destined to perform during the more eventful periods of their common history, by tinging it with a shade of romance, such as rarely attaches to the details of international politics. There are, indeed, few more striking examples of sincere and constant friendship, either in public or private life, than this alliance. Nor can its influence or results, with more immediate reference to the case in point, be more touchingly characterized than in the simple but elegant language of Herodotus. While their other neighbours

* At the period of the Gaulish invasion, the Athenians, though now in the last stage of their corruption, were still foremost in the struggle for Hellenic independence, (PAUSAN. i. c. 4;) and indeed on all other occasions were the readiest to offer resistance to a foreign invader.

were lingering and temporizing, engaged in public festivals, or preparing to make the best terms in their power in case of the further advance of their formidable enemy, "scarcely," says the historian,* "had the Athenians taken up their quarters in the Marathonian sanctuary of Hercules, than the Plataeans joined them to a man; for the Plataeans had given themselves up to the Athenians, who for their sake had already suffered much and often." And much, as we have seen, the Plataeans, in their turn, were destined to suffer for the Athenians.

Marathon was the field of a well-fought battle between the Greeks and the Turks, on the 16th of July 1824, in which the former, to the number of 800 men, commanded by Gouras, were completely victorious.

Our return from Vraná to Athens, over the higher ridge of Pentelicus, past the quarries, was performed with such ease and expedition, as to prove that the disaster of the day before could only have been the result of gross mismanagement. The route is rugged and precipitous, without much picturesque beauty, until the traveller reaches the side of the mountain facing the city, in the neighbourhood of the convent of Pentéli, and of the quarries. From both these points the landscape combines all the more excellent features of Attic scenery. The declivities of the hill, the plain, and the olive-grounds, form the foreground. Beyond appears the city and its heights, backed by the gulf and its coasts and islands. To the left the landscape is bounded by Hy-mettus, the outline of which here combines boldness with elegance in the happiest proportions; to the right by the lower declivities of Parnes, backed by the lofty peaks of the Megarian range. The monastery of Pentéli, which, with one or two other establishments of the same kind in other parts of the mountain, has survived the ravages

* vi. 108.

of the late war, consists of an extensive range of courts and miscellaneous edifices, all in a sufficiently desolate and dilapidated condition, and the principal use of which is to accommodate travellers and picnic parties from Athens. The marble quarries form a range of cliffs on each flank of a deep ravine, which runs for upwards of a mile in a north-westerly direction, towards the summit of the mountain. A considerable part of the open space of the ravine is formed by the ancient excavations, which, extending here and there into the sides of the hill, as the convenience of working or the quality of the marble suggested, offer a succession of projecting angles and recesses bearing the marks of chiseling quite fresh. The bed of the ravine supplies now, as it did formerly, both the channel for carrying off the water from the works, and the carriage-road for the transport of the marbles. The best material is found in the upper quarries, from which the blocks for the structure of the royal palace are procured.

In the afternoon, I galloped across the level plain into the city, with the rich rays of the setting sun in my face, gradually becoming fainter behind the dark colossal height of Lycabettus. I spent the evening with Sir Edmund Lyons and family, who were as much diverted with the ludicrous portion of his late political antagonist's disaster, as they would no doubt have been distressed could they have anticipated its fatal consequences.

The following evening I was presented to king Otho and his queen, an honour which was not obtained without some little management; for, besides that their majesties had returned but a few days before from a tour in the provinces, it appeared that the etiquette of the infant court was sufficiently matured, to allow of some demur being made to the reception of a person travelling under a military title without a military uniform. This was the

less to be wondered at, as the king himself seemed invariably to wear regimentals. The manner of both, especially of the queen, is very affable. His majesty's appearance and address convey a more favourable impression of his temper than of his talents. He is a fair young man, with a good figure, but a plain unmeaning countenance. The queen is a fresh pretty German girl. Her beauty I had previously heard more commended than it deserves. His principal amusements are riding excursions, in which the queen takes part, and playing at billiards; but I was assured that he had lately paid much attention to business, and shown a great anxiety to take an active share in the direction of his cabinet, however little qualified for such duties.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PIRÆUS—VOYAGE TO SUNIUM.

ἔνθεν μὲν προτέρῳ πλέομεν ἀκαχήμενοι ἤτορ.—Hom. *Odyss.*

“With heavy hearts our onward course we sail.”

THERE are few things more painful than the sudden interruption, after so brief a period of enjoyment, of social relations which have been the source of much pleasure, and which one would fain have rendered permanent, without any apparent prospect of their renewal. Such was my case at present; and my regrets in quitting Athens were at least as much for the many kind friends I left behind, as for the shortness of the time I had been able to devote to its objects of local beauty or interest.

On the forenoon of Saturday, March 24, we started for the Piræus, where we had engaged a bark to take us, wind and weather permitting, to the Sunian promontory, and from thence, by way of Ægina, to the Corinthian isthmus. The port of Piræus has a more animated and flourishing aspect than any other I visited on the Greek coast. Its excellence as a harbour is, I believe, generally admitted by the learned both in the ancient and modern science of navigation; and the justice of their opinion is fully borne out to the eye of the less skilful observer, by the beauty and tranquillity of its capacious basin. The town has already many tolerable streets and houses, and the eastern shore is lined with magazines of respectable size and structure. Within

the port, besides many large-sized traders, were moored several French and Russian men-of-war, while a great part of its interior circumference was thickly fringed with inferior craft of every size and denomination. The whole scene offers a most agreeable contrast to the "silent sepulchral gloom of the Piræus" in the days of Dodwell; when a few hovels were the whole town, and frequently not a boat was to be seen in the harbour. The extant relics of the ancient grandeur of the place, are but a few cycloplan or polygonal foundations on the heights to the eastward, the shell of a theatre, and some broken columns and sarcophagi near the point which bounds the entrance of the port to the right, in approaching from the sea. Among these the imagination is at liberty to identify the remains of the tomb of Themistocles, supposed to have stood upon this cape.*

After a walk over the desolate range of peninsulas and promontories, formerly covered by the ancient town, and encircling the once still more animated, but now deserted ports of Munychia and Phalerus, I ate a bad dinner at a trattoria, which professed to be all 'Italiana—retired to rest on board our bark—and at daybreak, March 25, found myself coasting slowly along the shore of Hymettus. The day was fine, but not favourable to our progress, and the wind towards evening freshened into a gale, for weathering which the harbour of Sunium, now about eight or ten miles distant, even could we have reached it, would not have been a safe station. We therefore withdrew into a little bay or cove, sheltered by a projecting headland, and by a small but lofty and precipitous island. This is the bay called Anaphlystus by Herodotus and Xenophon,† and Hyphormus by

* LEAKE, *Topogr.* 317, *seq.*

† HERODOT. iv. 99. XENOPH. *De Vectig.* iv. c. 43.

Ptolemy;* the promontory by which it was sheltered was named Astypalæa; the island Eleussa. It was, together with the corresponding inlet of Thoricus on the east coast of Attica, strongly fortified, for the protection of the silver mines worked in the surrounding hills of Laurium.

I walked up to the summit of the rocky height immediately above our station, to obtain as extensive a view as the twilight would permit of the interior of the country. It were difficult to conceive a more dreary scene of desolation than here presented itself, or indeed than that offered by the whole of this once populous region, as far as the eye could stretch in coasting along its shore from Athens to the Sunian promontory. With the exception of a small deserted hovel, whether cottage, chapel, or magazine, it were difficult to decide, immediately above our moorings, not a symptom of human life or industry could be descried—nothing but a barren waste of rock, heath, or mountain, unrelieved by forest or tree. Not even the bleat of a goat, the tinkling of a sheep bell, or the evening call of the herdsman, sounds which seldom fail to enliven even the most desert mountain solitudes of Greece, were here to be heard. The only sign of animal existence that offered itself in the course of my ramble was a solitary owl, which I disturbed from a crevice in the hut in passing; as if in satirical fulfilment of the satirical prediction of Aristophanes:†

Γλαῦκες ὅμῃς οὐποτ' ἐπιλείψουσι Λαυριωτικάι,

“In Attica the Laurian owl shall never fail.”

We were again under weigh a little after sunrise, (26th,) and a two hours' sail brought us to the little bay below

* PTOLEM. L. iii.

† *Aves*, 1106. In allusion to the silver coin stamped with the figure of an owl.

the Sunian promontory, where we leave our bark at anchor, while we mount to the ruins. The day was bright and warm, and the cheerful prospect over a fair blue sea studded with islands, compensated for the still desolate features of the interior. Sophocles calls Sunium a woody promontory,* a description no longer applicable. But a few stunted fir bushes, straggling over the declivity below the temple, would seem still to vouch for its propriety in his own age.

Next to the grandeur of their situation, the peculiarity of the Sunian columns which chiefly attracted my attention is their milky whiteness. The marble of which they are composed is by nature of a much lighter colour than that of the Pentelic quarries, and the perpetual action of the spray, while it corrodes and bleaches their surface, prevents the formation of that fine yellow crust which we admire in the Parthenon. As seen from a distance, glittering in the sun across the blue sea, they look like pillars of snow or salt, rather than stone.† The traveller just arrived from Athens cannot fail also to be struck with their diminutive size, as contrasted more especially with the celebrity of the edifice to which they belonged.

In the afternoon, we pursued our voyage towards the isle of Ægina. Our progress was again but slow. During the last few hours of our course, the columns of the Æginetic temple were in full view in front of us; but we reached the shore too late to admit of a visit to them that evening, and again took up our moorings for the night in the little port below. In the morning, I was upon the

* *Ajax*. 1235.

† This supplies an item to the catalogue I have collected, of the infidelities to nature of which professional landscape-painters are guilty, in their treatment of Greek subjects. In all or most of the many beautiful drawings I have seen of these columns, they are represented very much of the same mellow colour as those of the Parthenon and Olympium.

esplanade of the temple in time to see the sun rise out of the waters of the Ægæan.

It seems now to be established on satisfactory grounds, that the title Panhellenium, which has attached to these ruins at least since the days of Wheler and Spon, is misapplied, and that the inscription by which, in our own time, it has been attempted to sustain its accuracy, is a forgery. The conical mountain top towards the southern extremity of the island, now called the "oros," or mountain, of St Elias, which is by far the highest point of land within its bounds, and forms so striking an object of view from every part of the gulf, is supposed, with far greater justice, to have been the real site of this celebrated sanctuary. It presents considerable traces of ancient masonry. The title Panhellenium appears in itself to bear allusion to the conspicuous character of the peak, as forming the centre of the prospect from some point or other of each of the most influential subdivisions of the old Hellenic territory.*

The claims of Minerva to supplant her father as the real patroness of the existing temple, though not perhaps altogether beyond the reach of controversy, are very strong. That she had a distinguished seat of worship in the island, we know from Herodotus;† and that it was situated, not in the town, but in the open country of Ægina, may be inferred from the text of Pausanias,‡

* The other arguments in favour of this view have been stated by Dr Wordsworth, (*Attica*, p. 270, *seq.*) and still more fully by M. de Klenze, (*Aphoristische Bemerkk.* p. 182, *seq.*) To the authorities there quoted, one may here be added which has escaped their notice. The Scholiast of Pindar (*Nem.* v. v. 17) designates the Panhellenium by the term ἀκρωτήριον, which, unless we render it promontory, a sense inapplicable to either site, must here be understood, as it is familiarly used by Herodotus, (vii. 117,) to denote the highest point of land in a district.

† iii. 59.

‡ *Corinth.* xxix.

who in his list of the buildings of the city and its environs mentions no temple of this goddess. The evidence of the sculptured groups that adorned the pediments—those noble specimens of Æginetic art,* in each of which Pallas occupies the central and most conspicuous position, as directress of the combat that takes place in front of her, also tends powerfully to establish her claims. It was, in fact, the disinterment of these marbles that first excited doubts of the accuracy of the popular title of the ruins. They have, however, in spite of all argument or evidence to the contrary, retained, during the twenty-seven years that have since elapsed, and will probably long continue to enjoy, in popular usage and belief, the name and honours of the shrine of Jupiter Panhellenius.

The picturesque beauty of this ruin is too universally known and appreciated to require either description or commentary. In the small portion of the island which I had opportunity of visiting—although I saw neither house nor human being—I was struck with appearances of agricultural industry, to which I had lately been a stranger. A great part of the rugged declivity between the temple and the sea was laid out and cultivated, where practicable, in the same form of plots and terraces already described in similar localities at Ithaca and elsewhere, and under circumstances perhaps still less favourable to so laborious an operation. The inhabitants of this island, so remarkable for its barren soil and mountainous surface, have in all ages been distinguished for their industrious habits. They were so even in Turkish times, and to the same cause must chiefly be attributed the high

* Now in the gallery of Munich. Dr Wordsworth's theory, (*Athens*, p. 170, *seq.*) that this temple was a work, not of the native Æginetes, but of their Athenian conquerors during the Peloponnesian war, is completely set aside by the style of these sculptures, of which there are casts in the British Museum.

pitch of prosperity and power attained in the flourishing days of Greece, by a territory of so limited extent, and so little favoured by nature. If we may trust Aristotle,* Ægina at one time contained 470,000 slaves. The slave population of Corinth in her greatest prosperity was rated at only 460,000;† that of Athens itself at the commencement of her decline, at but 400,000.‡ The population of this island must therefore have equalled or exceeded that of Attica, a country which, even exclusive of several dependencies whose inhabitants were probably comprised in the above estimate, boasted a ten times greater extent of surface. Ægina, on the other hand, had no dependencies, while Salamis alone, among those of Athens, was superior in size to herself. This rugged little state, therefore, supplies one of the most remarkable instances on record of the effect of talent, industry, and commercial enterprise, in conquering natural difficulties, and promoting wealth and power. In modern times, the neighbouring islands of Hydra and Spezia offer examples on a smaller scale of the same union of sterility and opulence. The Æginetes may, indeed, be considered as the flower of the Dorian race. They united to its sterner martial features, of valour, simplicity, and independent spirit, the vivacity, grace, and expansion of mind, proper to their Ionian kinsmen. One-fourth of all the victors in the great national games celebrated by Pindar, were citizens of Ægina. The rivals of Athens, during several generations, in naval and military power, they were also the founders of the school of sculpture to which Hellenic art was indebted for the first decided steps towards its perfection; and the specimens of which still form the noblest ornaments of some of our great modern collections.

* Ap. ATHENÆUM, L. vi. c. 20. Cf. *Schol. PIND. Ol. viii. v. 30.*

† *Epitimaus*, ap. ATHENÆUM, *ibid.*

‡ *Ctesicles*, ap. ATHENÆUM, *ibid.*

The maritime commerce of Ægina, however, was doubtless the immediate source of her political power. Aristotle* assigns her commercial navy the first rank in Greece; and hence the island was called the "Eyesore of the Piræus"—a saying as just, perhaps, in a political, as it is false in a picturesque point of view.† A large proportion, however, of her multitude of slaves must have been agricultural serfs, and the whole island, no doubt, was cultivated like a garden, its rugged mountain steeps every where laid out in terraces, covered with vines and olives, studded with villages or country houses, and intersected with roads and enclosures. To the over-population of the country may perhaps be traced the sense of an obscure allusion of Plato, indicating an excess of strictness in its rural police. In condemning the practice of unreasonable digression from the direct line of an argument, he adds: "lest we should be liable to a penalty, like those found wandering late at night in the roads in Ægina."‡

As a general rule, I observed, on my route through Greece, that agricultural industry has a greater tendency to flourish in rugged mountain districts than in fertile plains. This may be owing partly, perhaps, to the proverbial cause, that necessity stimulates the energies of mankind; partly, however, to the circumstance, that the richer lands were chiefly the property of the Turks. These tracts, since the expulsion of their ancient possessors, form part of the crown domains; and as it is difficult, in the present low state of population and capital, to find purchasers or cultivators, they are allowed for the

* *Politic.* iv. 28.

† This saying is ascribed by some to Pericles, by others to the Attic rhetor Demades.—See MUELLER, *Æginet.*, p. 3

‡ ἵνα μὴ ὀφλωμεν, ὥσπερ οἱ ἐν Αἰγίνῃ νύκτωρ περιμόντες ὀψὲ ὁδοῦ.—*Cratyl.* p. 443.

present in a great measure to lie waste. On the other hand, the native Greek population of the mountain communes, whose numbers had been less reduced by the vicissitudes of war, on the establishment of tranquillity and security of property, were stimulated, by the natural reaction subsequent to a long suspension of settled habits, to more than usual exertions.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO SALAMIS—PARALLEL OF HOMERIC AND MODERN GREEK
NAVIGATION—TO MEGARA AND CORINTH.

ὃ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς εἰς Κόρινθον ἐστ' ὁ πλοῦς.

“Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

WE were again under sail several hours before mid-day, (March 27th,) hoping to reach Corinth that evening. But the wind proved unfavourable, and we were once more obliged to put in for the night at the cove of Peristéra, near the southern extremity of the isle of Salamis. Some amends were made for the loss of so much valuable time, by the lively reality with which these little halts and interruptions of our course brought home to the fancy the ancient system of navigation, as exemplified more especially in the spirited passages of the Odyssey, descriptive of the successive arrivals, departures, debarkations, and disappointments of the hero and his fleet, among the coasts and islands of the seas, real or imaginary, across which lay their adventurous course. The following series of extracts,* if it be permitted to

* As the passages in the original occur at intervals, blended with or interrupted by the remaining details of the narrative, they are here subjoined in continuous order, to guarantee the fidelity of the version:—

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἐπὶ νῆα κατήλθομεν ἠδὲ θάλασσαν,
ἐν ῥ' ἰστοὺς τιθέμεσθα καὶ ἰστία νηϊ μελαίνῃ,
ἡμεῖς δ' ὅπλα ἕκαστα πονησάμενοι κατὰ νῆα,

compare small things with great, are little more than a poetical paraphrase of the account already given of the leading vicissitudes of my own voyage from Athens up to this point :

“ Down to the shore our parting steps we bend,
Where lies our bark, and straight on board ascend ;
The mast the seamen raise and spread the sail,
The helm directs her path before the gale ;
The livelong day we plough the watery plain,
Till night's descending shades our course restrain.

Now in the bosom of a hollow bay,
The ship we moor till morn's returning ray.
Their meal the crew make ready on the shore,
Whilst I walk forth by twilight to explore
If human voice within the coast resound,
Or trace of man's abode or works be found.
The summit of a lofty crag I gain,
But gaze across the dreary land in vain ;
Where far and wide no living signs appear
Of man or beast, the solitude to cheer.

Refreshed with frugal fare and generous wine,
Our weary limbs to slumber we resign.
But when again the rosy-finger'd morn
Beams o'er the east, my trusty crew I warn
To mount the deck—the sails aloft to rear—
And o'er the sea our onward course we steer.”

On the present occasion, however, as the weather was

ἤμεθα· τὴν δ' ἀνεμός τε κυβερνήτης τ' ἴθυνεν·
τῆς δὲ πανημερίης τέταθ' ἰστία ποντοπορεύουσης.
ἤμος δ' ἥελιος κατέδυ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθε,
στήσαμεν ἐν λιμένι γλαφυρῷ εὐεργέα νῆα,
ἄγχ' ὕδατος γλυκεροῦ, καὶ ἐξαπέβησαν ἑταῖροι,
αἰΨα δὲ δεῖπνον ἔλοντο θαῆ παρὰ νηὶ μελαίνῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ παρὰ νηὸς ἀνήϊον εἰς περιωπὴν,
εἴ πως ἔργα ἴδοιμι βροτῶν ἐνοπὴν τε πυθοίμην·
ἔστην δὲ σκοπὴν εἰς παιπαλόεσσαν ἀνελθὼν,
ἔνθεν δ' οὔτε βοῶν οὔτ' ἀνδρῶν φαίνεται ἔργα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σίτοιο τε πάσσαμεθ' ἡδὲ ποτοῖο,
ἔνθαδ' ἀποβρίζαντες ἐμείναμεν Ἡῶ δῖαν.
ἤμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡῶς,
δὴ τοτ' ἐγὼν ἐτάροισιν ἐποτρύνας ἐκέλευσα,
ἰστοὺς στήσασθαι ἀνά τε πρυμνήσια λῦσαι·
οἱ δ' αἰΨ' ἄμβαινον, ἀνά θ' ἰστία λεύκ' ἐρῶσαντες
ἔνθεν μὲν προτέρω πλέομεν. . . .

fine, and we were still making some progress, however slow, I took the liberty to remonstrate against this plan of anchoring for the night, and urged the continuance of our voyage, in the hope of at least reaching Corinth the next morning. To this proposal, however, I could not persuade our Navarch to agree; and his arguments on the other side, if versified by Homer, would have sounded very much like those addressed by Eurylochus to Ulysses on a somewhat similar occasion, of which the following is a tolerably faithful version:—

“Thou reckless man! can thy stern breast of steel
 No pity? or thy frame no hardship feel?
 Wilt thou thy comrades, sore with toil oppress,
 And want of sleep, deny a short night’s rest,
 Upon this sea-girt isle, where from the blast
 Secure we might prepare a sweet repast?
 What profits it to wander thus in vain,
 At midnight—blindfold—o’er the boundless main?
 Night is the mother of the wintry gale,
 And if some sudden storm our bark assail,
 Of south or west wind, whose impetuous rage
 The seaman’s art or prayers can least assuage—*
 From swift destruction whither should we flee?
 The ocean’s bed full sure our grave would be.
 The hours of darkness let us then beguile
 With food and slumber on this friendly isle;
 Ready, with morn’s returning light, once more,
 The distant paths of ocean to explore.”—*Odyss.* xii. 279, *seq.*

There could be no reasonable doubt that the decision was right, or at least consistent with the rules of good boat navigation under similar circumstances; for timidity could hardly be laid to the charge of a Hydriote seaman, while self-interest would induce him to shorten the voyage; the stipulation being, that he was to take us to Corinth for a fixed sum. Our passage from Ithaca, it is true, was performed chiefly by night; but then we were becalmed, and could not help ourselves.

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

As we approached the island, I observed that they were about to avoid the mainland of Salamis, and anchor behind a reef of small projecting rocks in the deep water, about a stone's throw from the shore. Here, again I interfered, being anxious to avail myself of this, the only opportunity I had, of setting foot on the "divine island." The objection, danger from the Klephts, struck me at the moment as altogether visionary in so deserted a spot. I therefore, in the best Greek I had at command, of which the following, after Homer,* is an epic paraphrase, persuaded them to set me on shore, for the purpose of an hour's ramble among the heights, after which they might push off and moor the vessel wherever they pleased :—

" Abide ye by the ship, my comrades true,
If thus ye will, whilst I the country view,
Which from our toils affords a resting-place,
And try the temper of its native race ;
Be they barbarians, cruel, fierce, and rude,
Or men of godly hospitable mood.

I spoke ; obedient they to my command,
The vessel ground, and on the coast I land.
Upon a height I stood, and thence descried
An isle encircled by the boundless tide."

I saw nothing living in the course of my ramble but a goat-herd and his flock.

On farther consideration, it appeared that the apprehensions of the Navarch were not so unreasonable ; for as these little ports are the customary places of refuge by night for the small traders or passage-boats in the gulf, they obviously hold out very favourable opportunity for the enterprise of land pirates ; with less risk of alarm or detection than on the roads of the interior. On some former occasions I had observed, that where there was no secure anchorage in the open port or roadstead,

* *Odys.* ix. 172 ; x. 194, *et alibi.*

they fastened their vessel to the beach with a rope* of sufficient length to allow it to float in deep water, and which could be slipped or cut away in case of necessity. This precaution, in fact, they preferred in the present instance to the trouble of shifting their moorings to the point previously selected. There is consequently this difference between the practice of the modern Greek navigators and those of the heroic age, that the former sleep and take their refreshment on board their vessel, however small it may be, instead of on shore, as with Homer is invariably the case. His descriptions, however, must be presumed to apply only to fine summer weather; on cold or rainy nights, it is not to be supposed that his heroes would desert even such shelter as their vessels supplied, for a bed on the open beach.

This celebrated island was, by an interesting fatality, during the late war, as on the invasion of Xerxes, the chief place of refuge for the families of fugitive patriots from Attica and the neighbouring countries. They nestled among the rocks in winter, while in summer the native proprietors realized a small income by letting the shade of the olive-trees for their accommodation.

The next day (Wednesday the 28th March) was equally beautiful; but the wind still continued contrary, blowing from the Isthmus right in our teeth. We therefore determined to make for Megara, and proceed thence to Corinth by land. I had here a somewhat pointed verification of the old Greek proverb—

οὐ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς εἰς Κόρινθον ἐσθ' ὁ πλοῦς,

with which possibly the majority of my readers may be more familiar through the medium of the Latin version :

* These ropes now, as in ancient times, are usually made of reeds or sedge—σχοινίον, Hom. βύβλινον ὄπλον.

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

This version, however, is more elegant than faithful; since the original Greek signifies that "not every man is lucky enough to *sail* to Corinth," whereas in the paraphrase it is said, that "not every man is lucky enough to *visit* Corinth."* Assuming the adage to be, as it probably is, of Attic origin, there can be little doubt that the real point of the allusion is to be sought in the capricious and fluctuating nature of the atmosphere in this gulf, and the consequent difficulty of navigating in a direct course from any one of its extremities to another.

The passage in the letter of Sulpicius to Cicero, descriptive of the objects that present themselves to the contemplation of the traveller on his voyage from Ægina to Megara, is too celebrated and too hackneyed to admit of its being either necessary or desirable that I should assign it a place in my text.† Its chief interest arises from the circumstance, that its application should be so much more pointed at the present day, than at the period when it was composed. There is certainly some little exaggeration in the statement it contains, that all the celebrated places it mentions were then complete ruins; now, however, it holds good in the strictest acceptance of the terms. The melancholy associations connected with the scene, besides being more real, have also the advantage of being less mortifying to the modern classical moralist

* The origin vulgarly assigned to this proverb, the costliness of a residence in the city of Corinth, owing to the seductions of her courtesans, is both lame and pointless. Hesychius, v. οὐ παντὸς, quotes Aristophanes as its author.

† *Ad fam.* L. iv. Ep. 5, 4. Quum ab Ægina Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Ægina; ante Megara; dextra Piræeus; sinistra Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata et diruta ante oculos jacent.

than to the Romans of the age of Cicero. For it must be remembered, that it was to the Vandalism of their own commanders, that, in the cases where the remarks of Sulpicius are most pointed and most affecting—that of Corinth, for example—the desolation so feelingly described is to be attributed.

As the wind was favourable for Megara, we reached it in a few hours. We moored at some distance from the town to the westward, under a lower ridge of rocks, forming the eastern extremity of the Scironian range. The place offers no remains of any importance; and as neither its natural features nor its historical associations were such as to allure to a closer inspection, I sent up Nicóla alone to provide our equipage, and sat down upon the rocks, under a warm sun and a bright blue sky, feasting my eyes with another rich variety of the scenery of the gulf, and my appetite with a most unclassical breakfast of red herrings and Gruyère cheese. It seemed to be washing-day with the Megarensian dames and damsels; and a large assemblage of both were busily engaged on the beach in cleansing their family wardrobe, with asses and ponies in waiting for the transport of their baggage. There was no river mouth visible, the operation being performed in the briny sea itself; and I looked in vain for a figure, which, either as to face or form, could claim even a remote resemblance to Nausicaa. The modern Greek women indeed appeared to me, upon the whole, about the most ill-favoured race I have met with in any country. I had not imagined the sea water to be adapted to their purpose; but, judging from the colour of the garments they wore, a very small amount of bleaching would be sufficient to satisfy their notions of cleanliness. Sea water, however, would seem in ancient times also, to have been considered as preferable. One of the nice questions, mentioned by Plutarch as occupy-

ing the choice spirits among his countrymen, was: Why Nausicaa should have washed her clothes in the river, rather than in the sea, when so close at hand?*

Nicóla returned in about an hour with guides and horses; and we bade adieu to our Hydriote navigators, highly satisfied, not only with their zeal and good-humour, but their disinterestedness—a virtue one is not led to expect in this class of people, and least of all among Greeks. Although their fare was moderate, they asked for no drink-money, and were very grateful for the trifle they received.

From our point of debarkation we enter almost immediately upon the celebrated maritime pass of the Kakéskala, the Scironian rocks of antiquity. This is the finest coast scenery I saw in Greece. A range of lofty and nearly perpendicular rocks, or rather rocky mountains, extends for many miles along the shore, rising for the most part immediately out of the sea, and adorned with pines, wild olives, and a rich profusion of aromatic shrubs. Soon after starting, the road runs for several miles along a narrow ledge or terrace, cut in the rock halfway up the sides of the cliffs, and evidently of ancient workmanship. It is broad enough, where most entire, to admit of the belief that the pass, in spite of its present rugged state and the natural difficulties of the ground, was formerly practicable for wheel carriages. That it was so, in fact, in the days of Pausanias, we learn from that author, who attributes the merit of the work to the Emperor Hadrian.† From this higher level we descend to the brink of the water by a most rugged and precipitous path cut between walls of rock; the Kakéskala, or Bad Ladder, by pre-eminence. Here we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses; a matter of some difficulty, as a good pedestrian finds it not very

* *Sympos.* I. *qu.* ix. 1, 2.

† *Attic.* xliv.

easy to keep his own footing, even when not responsible for that of his beast. These rocks are no less celebrated as the haunt of banditti at the present day, than they were in the age of Theseus. Just before our departure from Athens, intelligence arrived of an extensive robbery having been committed at the Kakéskala, on a caravan of merchants from Peloponnesus; and along the most suspicious parts of the route were now stationed patrols of gendarmes and civic guard.

It was dusk before we reached the little port of Kalamáki, on the shore of the narrowest point of the Isthmus, across which we rode, much to my regret, in the dark, and did not reach Corinth until the night was far advanced. The inn to which I was conducted has pretensions to a certain small degree of European comfort; but its accommodation was upon the whole scarcely equal to that of the better class of khans.

March 28.—The Acrocorinthus—whether in point of majesty or singularity—is by far the most striking object of its class that I have ever seen, either abroad or at home. Neither the Acropolis of Athens, nor the Larissa of Argos, nor any of the more celebrated mountain fortresses of western Europe—not even Gibraltar—can enter into the remotest competition with this gigantic citadel.* It stands, nearly insulated, in the midst of a plain gently sloping to the sea on each side, from the level of which it rises abruptly—in many places almost perpendicularly—to the height of nineteen hundred feet. Occupying the centre of the narrow isthmus that connects the two grand divisions of Hellas proper, and commanding her two principal seas, it looks as if made for a seat of empire. It is one of those objects more frequently, perhaps, to be met with in Greece than in any

* Well described by Livy, as “*Arx inter omnia in immanem altitudinem edita.*”—xliv. 28.

other country of Europe, of which no drawing can convey other than a very faint notion. The outline, indeed, of this colossal mass of rugged rock and green sward, interspersed here and there, but scantily, with the customary fringe of shrubs, although from a distance it enters into fine composition with the surrounding landscape, can in itself hardly be called picturesque; and the formal line of embattled Turkish or Venetian wall, which crowns the summit, does not set it off to advantage. Its vast size and height produce the greatest effect, as viewed from the seven Doric columns, standing nearly in the centre of the wilderness of rubbish and hovels that now mark the site of the city which it formerly protected. These columns indeed seem, by their own Herculean proportions, to emulate its grandeur, and to attest the influence of the natural objects by which he was surrounded, on the genius of the primitive Dorian artist by whom they were designed.

The mythical history of the Acrocorinthus, as transmitted by Pausanias,* where it is described as a present from Briareus to the Sun, and from the Sun to Venus,† expresses by an appropriate and concise allegory the vastness of its natural features, and the proverbial beauty and splendour of the city over whose destinies it presided. There is still a brilliancy in the surrounding scenery, even in its present degraded state, which contrasts finely with the solemn majesty of this its principal feature. From the base of the rock, an expanse of green plain slopes gradually to the shore of the gulf, clothed at its southern extremity, where it meets the Sicyonian mountains, with dark green olive groves, bounded to the north

* PAUSAN. *Corinth*, iv. 7.

† Corinth is also called the city of Venus by Euripides, (ap. STRAB. viii. c. 6;) a compliment, partly to its own charms, partly to those of the race of courtesans for which it was so celebrated.

by a lofty range of precipices, in front by the sea, while the summits of Helicon, Parnassus, and Cyllene, tower in the distance. It was with much regret, that owing to circumstances unnecessary here to detail, I was obliged to forego my purpose of ascending the Acropolis. The loss of a day's journey, which might have been the consequence had I carried it into effect, would have been a serious derangement of all my future plans. The disappointment was in some degree modified by the spread of a heavy mist over the distant mountains a few hours after dawn, although the day still continued bright and genial.

I looked in vain among the ruins, and over the surrounding plains, for the celebrated *Acanthus* plant, fabled to have first suggested to the Corinthian architect the design of the beautiful order which still inherits the name of his native city. The ground in many places, in the neighbourhood of the columns more especially, was covered with a rich profusion of other wild herbs of great size and luxuriance; but I was unable to discover a single specimen of the one I was in search of. I was equally unsuccessful at Athens, Sparta, and throughout the remainder of Greece, although this was the favourable season for its growth. Besides the Palatine hill of Rome, many parts of which are thickly clothed with this beautiful plant, the only other site where I have ever observed it in a natural state, is among the ruins of the Pelasgic city of Cossa, on the coast of the Tuscan maremma.

With the exception of the seven Doric columns, I observed no remains of the Hellenic period at Corinth. The shaft of each of these columns consists of a single stone. Their diameter, five feet ten inches, is greater than that of any others of the same order now standing in Greece, both in itself and in proportion to their

height, which, inclusive of the capital, is little more than four times their greatest thickness. From this circumstance it has been inferred, perhaps on somewhat too theoretical grounds, that the temple to which they belonged was the most ancient, as being the rudest and most massive specimen of the order in existence. Others, however, on the strength of the historical accounts of the complete destruction of Corinth by Mummius, have run into the opposite extreme of assuming them to be but an archaic imitation, of the Roman period. In their neighbourhood are some fragments of Roman brick-work; and in the open country, about a mile to the eastward, the shell of an amphitheatre, the masonry of which has almost entirely disappeared. In the surrounding plain I observed some ditches, lately cut by the peasantry as enclosures for their fields, to be intersected at little intervals, and at no great depth below the surface, with ancient sepulchres, composed of blocks and flags of stone rudely arranged in the form of coffins. This leaves no doubt that the cemetery of the ancient city extended in this direction, and a systematic excavation of the ground might be attended with valuable results.* Here accordingly it was that I obtained, for a trifle, the first object of any great rarity or interest which had yet been offered to me in the course of my travels. For although I was in the habit of giving notice wherever we came,

* Yet, if Strabo's authority be worth any thing, it is not likely that any very extensive discoveries will be made in the sepulchres of Corinth. "The Romans," he says, "when sent to colonize the town, happening at the commencement of their building operations to light upon some tombs, charmed with the beauty of their contents, ransacked the whole cemeteries of the place, not leaving a single grave unopened." This statement may perhaps help to account for the little value of the *terra cotta* vases—as compared with those excavated in the Italian cemeteries—that have yet been found at Corinth, in spite of its high celebrity as a seat of the manufacture.

that I should be glad to treat for the purchase of such curiosities as the villagers might possess, and was frequently surrounded by clamorous customers, they seldom brought any thing but a few medals of little beauty or value. This relic is a small silver ring,* in a perfect state of preservation, carved with a curious device, and an unintelligible inscription of considerable length, in the oldest Greek character. I purchased it at the door of a cottage situated between the amphitheatre and the town, of a peasant who had himself extracted it from one of the tombs above mentioned.

* See note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLEONÆ—NEMEAN FOREST—"ADVENTURE WITH BRIGANDS"—HABITS
AND TACTICS OF THE GREEK KLEPHTS.

*Ἀργεῖοι φῶρες· ἐπὶ τῶν προδήλως πονηρῶν· οἱ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι ἐπὶ
κλοπῇ κωμωδοῦνται.*—SUID. *in v. ex* ARISTOPH.

"'Argive Robber' is a proverb denoting the most barefaced of the profession; for the Argives are notorious thieves."

EARLY on the forenoon of Thursday, (March 29,) we started for Argos by the route of Nemea. The road passes along the upper part of the plain below the Acrocorinthus, with the gulf on the right hand. At the western extremity of the Isthmus, in the neighbourhood of the olive groves which here extend over the low grounds towards the sea, it diverges to the southward, up the course of a small stream, with the bed of which it identifies itself for a considerable distance. Along the banks are some ruined and deserted water mills. In a few hours we reach a small plain, strewn with the ruins of the ancient Cleonæ. The citadel, where some courses of Cyclopiian wall are still visible, occupies an eminence to the right. Beyond is a khan, comprising also a station of gendarmes, where we halted to refresh. I entered into conversation with the non-commissioned officer in command, who described the route towards Argos as perfectly safe. About half a mile further on there is a division of the road, at the extreme point of a long low hill, which here juts forward towards the khan from the

great Nemean range, now rising in heavy dark masses in front of the traveller. The track to the right of this eminence leads direct to the ruins of the Nemean temple, that to the left is the high-road to Argos; from which, however, there is also a branch to the plain of Nemea, a few miles further on.

According to my usual practice, on continuing our route from the khan, I had ridden on before the rest of the cavalcade, and by Nicóla's instructions followed the track to the left. Happening, however, after proceeding about a mile, to look into Gell's itinerary, which I generally carried in my pocket, I observed that the road to Nemea is described by him as branching off to *the right*, after leaving Cleonæ. I therefore stopped some travellers who happened to come up at the moment, and enquired whether I was in the direct road to Agio Giorgio, (St George,) as Nemea is now called. They informed me that I had left it to the right, and recommended me to cross in that direction over the brow of the eminence above described, and that I should rejoin it on the other side. Upon this I halted until the rest of my party came up, when, it having been agreed that the other was the better route to the temple, we crossed over the height as directed, and again turned southward up a valley which leads into the heart of the Nemean forest. While we were making this deviation, I observed a man running at some distance along another part of the eminence, apparently watching our motions, and whom I supposed at the moment to be some country fellow, who seeing a party of travellers in difficulty about their line of route, was preparing to offer his services as guide. In a few minutes, however, he disappeared, and the circumstance left no further impression upon my mind.

We now entered one of the wildest and most dismal solitudes which it has been my lot to traverse in any

country. The road lay up a steep glen, between mountain ridges of uncouth form and gloomy colour, with bare rocky summits; their sides perforated here and there with caverns, the fabled haunts of the Nemean lion. The ravine itself is thickly clothed with brushwood, which overtops in many places the head of the traveller. In toiling up this dreary pass, Nicóla and myself had gained considerably on the agoghiate, who, with the baggage-horse, was coming up slowly in the rear, when we heard him calling to us in the distance. Nicóla, who happened at the moment to be in front of me, without stopping, turned his head and made him repeat what he had said. He then laughed and sent back an answer, which I did not understand. To my question, what the man wanted, he replied, that "he had said there were people hallooing after us from the bottom of the glen;" but that he, Nicóla, had told him, "he was a blockhead," and bid him "never mind them, but get on, and keep closer up with us." A few moments afterwards my companion again suddenly turned his head, his fierce countenance became fiery red, and immediately after deadly pale, and, with an expression of mixed alarm and fury, he poured forth a volley of the choicest Greek imprecations towards our rear. After a short pause, during which he seemed again to listen, the same ceremony was repeated, all as if in reply to some provocation from a distance; but during the whole time I heard no voice but his own, and the only part of his address intelligible to me, besides the term *kérata*, and one or two other elegant morsels of Hellenic blasphemy, was the concluding part, in which he asked, "whether they took us for women." He then quickened his pace, making a sign to me to follow his example, and once more called to the driver, who was now not far distant, to come up quickly. It was evident that something was wrong; but thinking the best plan

would be to let my companion manage the affair his own way, I said nothing until we had nearly gained the summit of the pass, when I ventured to ask what was the matter. He answered, that there were some scoundrels at the bottom of the glen calling out to us to stop, that "they wanted to rob us, and took us for women." I expressed incredulity; but he assured me there could be no doubt on the subject, as he understood the language of the Klephtic profession too well to be mistaken. The Greek thieves have a set form of words for ordering travellers to stand: *Ston tópo*, (more grammatically, *ἐς τὸν τόπον*) "on the spot;" which means, that their victims, on pain of death, are to stand motionless, or rather to lie down on their faces, until their property has been disposed of. This salute corresponds to that of the Italian brigands, "*sulle faccie*," which expresses the same thing somewhat more to the letter. It was this terrible watchword that, first catching Nicóla's ear, caused the sudden change in his demeanour and language. Considering the distance at which the enemy must have been from us, and knowing it to be the common custom of the Greek robbers to assault travellers from ambush, I still felt incredulous. This he explained, however, by the circumstance, that these were not professional Klephts, but, like those of whose operations we had previously had experience on Cithæron, gangs of dissolute peasants or shepherds; and that they no doubt supposed, and perhaps sometimes they might not be mistaken, that such would be the effect of the terrible words on a small party of what they probably took for quiet timid travellers, that, rather than risk worse consequences, we would have halted and allowed them to rifle us; and he again burst forth into anathemas against them for supposing us to be women. I could, however, still with difficulty bring myself to believe that any thing serious was intended,

until I found afterwards that my military friends at Argos, who had also extensive experience of the predatory habits of the country, on hearing the details, acquiesced in his view. It would seem that some plan which had been laid for stopping us on the direct road to Argos had been disconcerted, by the alteration of our route at starting; and the appearance of the fellow running on the height now connected itself naturally with the sequel of the adventure. It is probable, however, that their attempt was ultimately directed chiefly against the baggage horse, to them perhaps the most valuable part of our caravan; as we were almost at too great a distance to have stopped from panic, even if we had been women. Nicóla's volley of abuse and defiance, by persuading them that they were likely to meet with more serious customers than they expected, may have induced them to retire.

No other act of robbery was either committed or attempted, to my knowledge, on this line of route, in the course of this day or about the same period; from which it would seem that the plot, such as it was, had been laid exclusively in honour of our party. It may indeed appear, that the equipage of an English traveller ought to be at all times a more tempting bait than that of a country caravan. But this is not the case; on the contrary, it is notorious that classical tourists, and Frank travellers in general, are much less exposed to assault than any other class of passengers. This is said to be owing partly to a popular belief among the lower orders, that the Franks never carry any considerable amount of hard cash, but have circular letters, by showing which they can procure in each town credit sufficient to supply their immediate necessities, but which would be of no value to any but the lawful proprietor; on the contrary, would rather serve as a clue for detection of the pur-

loiners. They are also more afraid of the sensation which an assault on an Englishman, or a Frank of any other leading European country, would excite, and the more energetic measures that would be taken for the discovery and punishment of the offenders. It is only by reference to some such causes that we can explain the actual rarity of the outrages committed on this class of travellers, amid the numbers by whom Greece is now traversed every season. During my short tour, there came to my knowledge from ten to fifteen authenticated cases of highway robbery, not a few of them attended with murder, on my own immediate line of route, which would, on a fair average, give some hundred each year for the whole country. But of fifty Frank tourists who cross its surface, there is perhaps scarcely one whose personal experience can supply even as near an approach to an "Adventure with Brigands" to deck the pages of his journal-book, as the very insignificant one just recorded. A native trader who, they have reason to suppose, has been concluding a good bargain, collecting his outstanding debts, or otherwise realizing a small *peculium*, and on his way home to bury it—the usual mode of banking in Greece—is a far preferable victim. As a case in point, may be quoted that of the poor Thessalian, whom we found lying in the khan of Cithæron; and in the sequel I was eye-witness of another far more tragical illustration of the same rule.

Another peculiarity of this affair is, that the whole took place within little more than a mile of a station of gendarmes, who had assured me not half an hour before that the country was perfectly secure. Two or three miles further, on the road to Argos, where it is joined by the cross-road from Agio Giorgi, above alluded to, there is another station;—sufficient evidence of the dangerous character of the defiles of Nemea, and of the

audacity with which outrages are attempted, in spite of all the precautions of the police.

I had here practical evidence of what I had frequently heard remarked, by persons familiar with the habits of the Greek and Albanian mountaineers, regarding the high perfection in which they possess the physical senses. During the whole of Nicóla's dialogue with the thieves at the bottom of the ravine, although I was rather nearer them than himself, and, as may be supposed, listened attentively, I heard not so much as the sound of their voices. Probably their salute, being addressed not to ourselves but the agoghiate, was not very loud. It is, however, certain that Nicóla heard distinctly every syllable they uttered; but to me he appeared to be conversing with the rocks and mountains. When my attention was first called to what was passing, by his answer to the agoghiate, I could just distinguish the man's voice in the distance, but it came so faintly on my ear, that even had I been perfect master of his dialect, I could not certainly have understood what he said. In these respects this hardy race of mountaineers enjoy the same advantages as that which occupied their native country three thousand years ago, and which, whether descended from it or no, they in many respects so closely resemble. To make up the perfection of a barbarous warrior or huntsman, the deficiency of intellectual resources was compensated by a vastly superior allowance of those in which the human species are surpassed by the wild animals, against whom their first wars are waged. Besides a piercing eye and a delicate ear, swiftness of foot is to this day, as in those of Achilles, considered as one of the most valuable qualities of a soldier, and one in which the hero of Troy might perhaps have found his match among those of the late Turkish war. Two of its most celebrated chiefs, Marco Bózzaris and Odysseús

Androuzzos, were particularly distinguished in this department of martial accomplishment; and various cases are recorded, of the latter more especially, where he was indebted to its exercise for almost miraculous escapes from his pursuers.

Several curious details respecting the habits of the Greek brigands in their more organized state, were supplied me by some veteran Philhellenes at Argos, from experience furnished in the course of their own military career. Their system of organization is very complete. Each band is distributed into three, or at the most, four classes. The first comprehends the chief alone—the second his officers, or more accomplished marauders—the third the remainder of the gang. The booty is distributed into a corresponding number of shares. The chief is entitled to one for himself, and each subdivision of his force to another respectively. As the number of each rank is in the inverse ratio of their merit, the emoluments of the various members are thus in the proportion of their services. When acting in detached parties, for the more ready communication with each other, or with head-quarters, they have a system of signals, which consists in piling stones in small cairns or pillars, conveying, according to their variety of form and arrangement, or the number of stones employed, like the cyphers of our telegraphs, each a different signification to the initiated. When on the march, and anxious to observe secrecy in their movements, they are careful never to follow the beaten track for more than a certain distance at a time, but every two or three miles the whole party strike off at separate tangents into the mountains, and remuster at a preconcerted point on a more advanced stage of their journey. While on the road, they travel in single file, one in front of the other, and the last two or three of each party drag a bush behind them to efface

the mark of their footsteps in the dust. Similar precautions are taken at their bivouacs to destroy all trace of their movements. Their fires they manage in such a manner as to leave no black spot on the ground, by placing a thick layer of green wood below, on which the dry is piled and lighted, as upon a hearth; and before leaving the place, they lift the lower stratum in one mass, with the ashes on the top of it, carry it to some distance, and strew it in the recesses of the forest.

In laying their ambush, their tactic is to entrap their victims into the very centre of their body, and then, starting suddenly out upon them from their lurking places, to hem them in on every side with a *chevaux de frise* of muskets pointed at their breasts, so as to prevent the possibility of either resistance or escape. The travellers receive at the same moment, (unless the object is to kill or make prisoners, rather than mere plunder,) the order to lie on their faces, when a portion of the gang stands guard over them while the remainder dispose of their baggage. The art they possess of concealing their persons, on such occasions, is said to be most extraordinary; doubling themselves up behind stones or bushes, often to all appearance scarcely large enough to cover their bodies, studying the form and colour of the surface of the ground, and adapting it to that of their own clothes, so that an inexperienced person might even cast his eye over them, and yet pass them unobserved like a hare or rabbit in its form. One of my informants assured me, that he had in one instance suddenly found himself encompassed by a body of a dozen or fifteen armed men, on ground where he could scarcely before have thought it possible a single one could have found a hiding-place; so that, on looking around afterwards, it appeared almost as if his enemies had sprung up, like the Cadmean heroes of old, from the bowels of the earth. Skill and

boldness in the conduct of an ambush were as essential in the tactics of the ancient heroes as of the modern Klephts; and there can be little doubt that these very arts were as carefully studied, and as successfully practised, by a Diomed, as a Kolokotroni. The best precaution against this danger is a little dog trained to range the ground in front of his master, and whose instinct will effectually baffle the utmost perfection of klephtic wisdom or ingenuity.

They have also an organized system of espionage, and their means of obtaining intelligence as to the plans of their enemies, in the cabinet or the field, are very wonderful. An officer of distinction, who had at various times been extensively employed against them, told me, that in one very troublesome campaign, where he had taken all the ordinary precautions to conceal his designs or movements, he afterwards ascertained, by the confession of the captured chief, that many of the most important had been perfectly well known and anticipated by him. Apart from the natural acuteness of the race, there are other circumstances favourable to the success both of their political and military manœuvres. In this, and indeed in most other countries, any regular system of brigandage is usually connected with intestine war or civil dissension. In times of political tranquillity, the mere spirit of outlawry would hardly be sufficient, even in a country so imperfectly civilized as Greece, to draw together hundreds of individuals who might gain a livelihood by industrious habits, for the purpose of plundering the traveller, or preying on the peaceful population; and even if the government were unable to check it, the spirit of self-preservation would induce the citizens to do their best to put down such a nuisance. But where robbery and murder are cloaked under the pretext, real or imaginary, of self-defence, or reprisals on an enemy,

or the maintenance of a good cause, there is a great salvo to tender consciences ; and each corps of outlaws, fighting under such colours, is seldom without a sufficient body of partisans among the peaceful inhabitants of the district it haunts, who furnish a medium of access to the secrets of the police or military. This was the case in the Turkish time, when, in spite of their own sufferings at the hands of the Klephts, the peasantry had always a certain sympathy with them, owing to the fact of their being solely or chiefly Greeks, and of their operations being carried on in defiance of a hated government, and mainly directed against the Turkish aristocracy, as the more wealthy portion of the community. To such an extent was this spirit prevalent at the period of Dodwell's visit to Greece, (1803-6,) that the remedy of last resort for the evil on the part of the Turkish rulers, was to assemble the heads of the Christian clergy, and cause them to issue a general edict of excommunication against whoever should in any shape aid or abet the proceedings of the outlaws ; a step which had an immediate effect in reducing, if not altogether destroying the evil. Similar was the case during the late violent party feuds, towards the close of Capo d'Istria's career ; and even now the success of the Maïnotes against the Bavarian regulars, or of other bands of freebooters organized here and there under pretext of resistance to the unpopular law of Conscription, appeared matter of general congratulation with the natives. The leaders of these bands in more turbulent times, it must also be remembered, unlike the Italian Capi di Comitiva, who are usually base-born dissolute knaves, or renegade monks, frequently belonged to the leading feudal nobility of the district, who took the field at the head of their followers, and may be compared, less to the common herd of banditti chiefs, than to the Auto-lyci or Sisyphe of old, or to our own border heroes, Rob

Roys, Johnny Armstrongs, and Belted Wills. The character of robber, as appears from Homer's account of the grandfather of Ulysses, if well supported, reflected rather honour than disgrace on a prince of those days. Indeed there is much reason to believe, from the general tenor of the poet's descriptions, that the spirit of plunder was little less prevalent among the petty chiefs of his own age than among their successors of the last generation.* The state of society in the north and south of Scotland, as illustrated by Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* and the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, resembles that which existed in the Greek mountains, both in the heroic age and in modern times, as nearly as can well be imagined.

* In Northern Greece, as we learn from Thucydides (i. 5) and Polybius, (iv. 67,) the same habits continued inveterate in more civilized ages.

CHAPTER XXXV.

NEMEA—DEFILE OF TRETUS—TURKISH BONES.

. . . βαθυπέδῳ Νεμέῃ . . .
 ὑπ' Ἀσκίοις Ὀγυγίοις ὄρεσιν.

PIND. *Nem.* iii. 30 ; vi. 73.

“Deep in a hollow plain Nemea lies,
 Around, the dark Ogygian mountains rise.”

TOWARDS the extremity of the pass, the features of the scenery became for a moment less gloomy. The valley now opens out a little, presenting here and there patches of greensward, and some tufts of luxuriant coppice wood, the only remains I saw of the forest of Nemea, from which Hercules cut his club. Its whole stock of timber would now scarcely supply a riding switch adapted to the use of such a hero. But on emerging into the open country, at the summit of the pass, the desolation of the prospect is still more striking than in the gorge itself. The foreground is a flat expanse of black rocky moor, bounded on every side by hills of the same character and colour, and intersected by dry water-courses, forming deep bushy ravines. Nicóla's previous contempt for alarm of robbers had, for the present at least, given place to an equal degree of zealous caution ; and, before approaching any one of these suspicious passes, he made me halt fifty yards behind, until he had advanced alone to explore the ground. After crossing this moor, a gentle descent brings us to the site of the Nemean tem-

ple. The solitude, if here less dark and hideous, is still more profoundly melancholy, as well from its tamer and more tranquil features, as from the contrast which naturally forces itself on the mind, between the present state of so celebrated a spot, and the scene it once presented. The ruins consist of three tall solitary columns, rising from an extensive bed of fragments, nearly in the centre of a plain of moderate extent, level, green, and apparently fertile, but altogether uncultivated; nor was a single village, house, or living creature, rational or brute, to be seen; not a tree or a shrub, with the exception of one slender sapling among the rubbish of the temple, and a blighted fig bush sprouting from the wall of a Christian chapel constructed from its ruins, and now itself a ruin. The surrounding hills, while equally dark and barren, are perhaps the more dismal, from being less bold in outline, and less wild and rocky in surface, than those we had passed. Never in any spot do I remember to have had the feeling of solitude and desolation so powerfully brought home to my mind.

The site of the sanctuary is finely described by Pindar as a plain, "deep-seated under dark Ogygian mountains."* The term Ogygian implies any thing awful or mysterious from its antiquity or gloomy character. The epithet here rendered dark, is commonly interpreted *shady*, but, by an appropriate coincidence, may equally signify *shadeless*; a description much more applicable to the present appearance of the Nemean range.

The most remarkable feature of the distant landscape is a high mountain of a somewhat formal shape, towering above its neighbours. It has a broad table top, from which the sides slope, at first but little off the perpendicular, and then more gently with a gradual sweep towards

* See title to this chapter. Elsewhere Pindar speaks of the "leafy Nemea," v. 89.

the plain. This is evidently Mount Apesas, correctly described by Pausanias* as "altar-formed;" where Perseus first sacrificed to Jupiter Apesantius, and which is also mentioned by Hesiod† as a favourite haunt of the Nemean lion.

The remains of the temple, besides the three Doric columns still erect, consist of a wide field of prostrate masonry, comprising a large portion of the materials of both colonnades and entablature. One of the extant columns belonged to the peristyle; the two others, still supporting a piece of their architrave, to the antæ. The former is upwards of thirty-four feet in height, by five feet three inches in diameter; the other two are of proportionally less dimensions. These ruins present the same phenomenon, in a slighter degree, as those of Selinus in Sicily. The drums of the subverted columns are strewed, in many instances, in straight lines in front of each other, so as to occupy the same relative position in their prostrate state, as they formerly did when the columns were entire. These appearances are usually accounted for as the effects of an earthquake. The capital of the larger pillar now standing is also dislodged from its position, so as to project nearly half its breadth over the side of the shaft.

The most remarkable feature of these columns is the slenderness of their shafts. Their height is about six and a half diameters, a measure unexampled in any other Greek edifice of the Doric order; and their consequent poverty of effect affords, by the exception, a living evidence of the excellence of the standard rules laid down by the Greeks for the proportions of the different orders of architecture. It was essential to the elegance of the Ionic and Corinthian respectively, that their greater height and slenderness should be relieved by the addi-

* PAUSAN. *Cor.* xv.

† HES. *Theog.* 331.

tion of a base, and a corresponding extension and decoration of the capital. But, by reference to the same fundamental principles of art, the simplicity of the Doric column is incompatible with any but solid massive proportions. These rules, so obviously grounded on the elementary laws of architecture, are all violated in the case of the Nemean temple. The unseemly effect of these long narrow stalks, topped by a diminutive slab of stone, is still further increased by a paunch-like protuberance of their centres, which gives them a top-heavy and tottering appearance. We have no record of the epoch at which this sanctuary was constructed; but from whatever period it may date, it is certainly the most unfavourable extant specimen of native Greek architecture. There are no vestiges of any other ancient building in its immediate neighbourhood. Leake has described indistinct remains of the stadium, which I did not observe, at the foot of the hill, approaching from the north.*

Proceeding to the left, eastward, along the plain, nearly to its extremity, and crossing a ridge of hills, we rejoin the direct road from Cleonæ to Argos. Near the point of junction is the other station of gendarmes, already mentioned. I suggested to Nicóla the propriety of notifying to these guardians of the public peace the late attempt to disturb it within their own immediate jurisdiction. But the wily Albanian remarked, it were wiser to say nothing about it, as it could do but little good to any one, while, if the delinquents were apprehended upon our information, it might be a source of delay or trouble to ourselves. The readiness with which I acquiesced in this argument, shows how easily one's ideas of police and public duty are swayed by the influence of habit or circumstance.

* *Morea*, vol. iii. 331.

The Argos road at this point enters a long narrow pass between high mountains, at the foot of which it follows a dry water-course for several miles. This defile, now called Dervenáki, is the ancient Tretus, mentioned by Hesiod* as another of the fabulous haunts of the Nemean lion. Through it passed the carriage-road from Argos to Cleonæ in the days of Pausanias.† It is celebrated in our own times as the scene of one of the most remarkable occurrences of the late war, the destruction of the army of the Pashá Mahmoud Dramali in the year 1822. This force, the most formidable equipped by the Turks against Peloponnesus, is variously rated at from 20,000 to 45,000 men. It advanced almost without opposition from Thessaly to the Argolis. After a tumultuous campaign in this district they were reduced to the necessity of a retreat, less by any great exertion of prowess on the part of the insurgents, than by the individual conduct and patriotism of Demetrius Ypsilanti—the cunning tactics of Kolokotroni—and above all, the mismanagement of the Turkish commander, with its natural consequences, famine, sickness, and insubordination. The Greeks, foreseeing the result, had previously occupied all the passes in the direction of the enemy's retrograde march, which the Pashá in his stupidity had neglected to secure. Blindly attempting to force them, he lost several thousand men, together with his whole treasure and baggage, 2000 horses, and 600 camels. "The captors," says General Gordon, "afterwards sold camels at half-a-crown a head, and fine steeds at three or four shillings; and for a month afterwards the towns of the Morea resembled auction marts, dresses and arms being hawked about the streets from morning to night." The chief slaughter took place in this pass, and the carcasses of the Turks were left as usual to rot

* *Theog.* 331.

† *Corinth. c.* xv.

on the ground where they fell. A few bones are still observable here and there on the surface of the road, or scattered among the bushes; and I was assured, both by Nicóla and others, who traversed it within a few years after the catastrophe, that at that time the whole defile was strewed with skeletons and skulls, both of men and horses.

The Greeks, far from emulating the delicacy of their ancestors, as to the decent disposal of the bodies of their fallen enemies, however hateful, or however different in race and religion, of which we lately had occasion to quote an instance in the case of the battle of Marathon, seem to have made a point of leaving the dead bodies of the infidels to rot on the ground, even on the public roads, to the risk of their own health and personal comfort, as the most satisfactory trophies of their victory. The bones of the remnant of this same host, which only escaped the sword in these defiles to perish by starvation at Corinth, though unobserved by me, were still visible a few years ago scattered over the plain between the acropolis and the sea. The coast in the neighbourhood of Navarin, where the Turkish garrison was butchered on the first surrender of the place in 1821, with a neighbouring island, where three hundred Greeks were massacred in their turn by the Egyptians, remained white with the skeletons of the sufferers for many years afterwards; and their mouldering remains have probably not yet entirely disappeared. Similar memorials of victory or of massacre are to be found scattered more or less abundantly in every corner of Greece.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PLAIN OF ARGOS—MYCENE—"TREASURY OF ATREUS"—
GATE OF LIONS.

εἰ καὶ ἐξημαίῃ κέχυμαι κόνις ἔνθα Μυκῆνη,
εἰ καὶ ἀμαυροτέρῃ παντὸς ἰδεῖν σκοπέλου,
"Ἴλου τις καθορῶν κλεινὴν πόλιν ἧς ἐπάτησα
τείχεα, καὶ Πριάμου πάντ' ἐκένωσα δόμον,
γνώσεται ἔνθεν ὅσον πάρος ἔσθενον· εἰ δέ με γῆρας
ῥέρισεν, ἀρκοῦμαι μάστιγι Μαιονίδῃ.—*Incert. Epigr.*

"If lowly in the dust Mycene lies,
A barren rock deserted and forlorn,
Yet think on Ilium where by her the prize
Of valour from proud Asia's host was borne.
Though fallen her towers, extinct her race divine,
Her glory still lives fresh in Homer's line."

THE pass now gradually widens, and the distant prospect of the green plain of Argos affords a welcome relief to the eye, after the dismal horrors of the Nemean forest. As we advance, every object that opens on the view is replete with associations of the deepest interest, those which attach to the most brilliant period of Greek chivalry and song; the Trojan war—the exploits, crimes, and misfortunes of the Pelopidan race, and the page of the Iliad and Odyssey. Each mountain, rock, or stream, has been the scene of some heroic adventure, or the site of some famous city; is immortalized in the line of some illustrious poet, or personified in some lively form in the brilliant allegory of Grecian fable. As we are clearing the defile, the dark round summit of the citadel of My-

cene appears on the left, backed by a lofty peaked mountain, but frowning itself above the lower eminences, towards the plain, that bound the retired valley in which it is embedded; hence so well described by Homer as “in a recess of the Argive land.”* At the base of the lowest of these declivities is the village of Karvátá; and hard by, on the road-side, to the right, the khan of the same name. The road here completely emerges into the open plain. After about an hour’s ride, we cross by a bridge a small stream of muddy water, confined between two low gravelly banks. This is the celebrated Inachus, now called Vánitza. The dry torrent-bed which we cross immediately before entering Argos, usually mistaken for it by travellers, in spite of its greater width, and the more impetuous character of the stream it occasionally brings down, cannot compete for the honour of this name with a neighbour whose course is longer, more directly through the heart of the district of Argos, (for the Inachus was the river, not of the city but the district,) and whose waters, if not perennial, seldom leave their bed altogether dry. Leake,† therefore, seems to be right in supposing this torrent to be the Charadrus, where, according to Thucydides, the armies of the republic, on their return from an expedition, were obliged to undergo a court of enquiry before being admitted into the city. The name Charadrus—literally “torrent”—certainly characterizes very appropriately its broad but commonly empty channel. It now bears the equally appropriate name of Xeriá or the Dry river. Pausanias, however, seems to have considered it as the principal branch of the celebrated stream.

At Argos I found a very passable lodging above the

* *μυχῶν Ἀργεὺς ἰπποβοτόιο*. Hence too, doubtless, the etymology of the name Mycene.

† *Morea*, vol. ii. 365.

principal coffeehouse of the bazar, a small square room, or rather wooden booth, with the luxury of glass casements, which I had not seen in any other place of public accommodation, with the exception of Athens. I procured a rickety chair and table, and found means to construct a bedstead; and was thus secured unusually sumptuous quarters for the five nights I spent in the place. Argos was at this time the headquarters of my countryman, General Gordon, who commanded in chief in the Peloponnesus. His arrival from Athens had preceded mine by several days, and a general invitation to his table, during the period of my stay, ensured me both agreeable society and excellent fare on my return from my daily rambles. The General, in addition to his extensive knowledge of the country and people, is an accomplished antiquary; and his long residence in this district had rendered him more especially familiar with its objects of interest. His house was also the evening rendezvous of several intelligent and agreeable Philhellene officers of the garrison. It thus became to me not only a pleasant, but a profitable resource, during the time I spent at his headquarters, which I also selected as my own for the period of my abode in Argolis, as the most convenient and central point for prosecuting my researches in the neighbourhood. Although there is no made road across the plain, except the one to Nauplia, and that scarcely practicable in the rainy season, yet in fine weather the fields may be traversed by carriages in every direction, and Argos supplies several, both single and double-horse vehicles, at moderate fares. I secured for daily use a light German caleche and pair, in which I drove out and spent the day, in whole or in part, at Mycene, Tiryns, Nauplia, or the Herœum, as it might happen. The distances between these famous spots are so short, that it were no very difficult matter to devote an

hour or two to each of them in the same day. From Argos to Karvâta, the village below Mycene, is about six miles; from the same place to Nauplia, between seven and eight. Tiryns is close by the side of the Nauplia road, about two miles short of the latter town. The distance by the direct road, from Nauplia to Karvâta, is about eleven miles. The Herœum lies about a mile to the right of this road, two miles short of Karvâta. The direct distance from Argos to the nearest point of this road, below the Herœum, exceeds four miles.

The objects which first claim the attention of the traveller are the site and ruins of Mycene. This city, the favourite seat of the Pelopidan princes, and in some sense the metropolis of Peloponnesus, or of Greece itself during their dynasty, was destroyed, together with the neighbouring Tiryns, a work of the same age and character, soon after the Persian war, and was never rebuilt. Hence, while there are few Greek cities that can compete with her in the number and mass of her remains, there is none, with the exception perhaps of Tiryns, where they can, by reference to distinct historical data, advance pretensions to so remote an antiquity. The internal evidence of structure and character in her principal monuments, is indeed in itself sufficient guarantee that they existed long prior to the age when Homer celebrates her spacious streets, that are now a rocky wilderness, and her colossal walls,* which still strike the traveller with astonishment and admiration.

The drive from Argos in favourable weather scarcely occupies an hour. On turning to the right from the

* Such was the strength of these walls, if we may trust Pausanias, that the Argives, finding it impossible to take the city by force or surprise, reduced it by famine. The inhabitants, however, effected their escape without a surrender, and settled, some at Cleonæ, some in Macedonia, others in Achæa — (*Achaia*. c. xxv.)

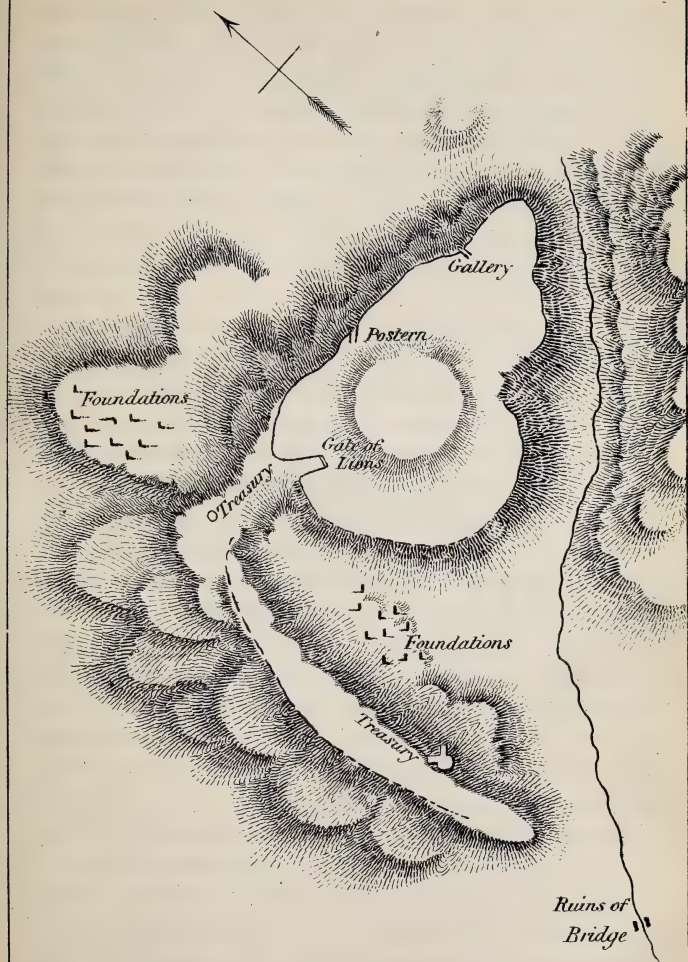
khan of Karvata, through the village of the same name, and clearing the brow of the lower declivity on which its houses are scattered, the whole locality opens at once on the view. It were difficult, certainly, to imagine a group of objects of an appearance more in unison with the historical associations attached to them, than that of which this venerable citadel is the centre. The general character of the scene is a bare, but not a gloomy wilderness, of rugged pasture land, interspersed with green slopes and precipitous cliffs, and rising behind into lofty mountain peaks. The features of this region would seem to have undergone little or no alteration during the last two thousand years. The site and environs of Mycene, in the latter days of ancient Hellas, are described in numerous poetical apostrophes to her fate, by successive generations of rhymers, as being in their time, as in our own, a wild pastoral desert.*

Mycene consisted of a citadel and an outer town, each defended by a wall. The citadel occupied a strong rocky height, projecting from the foot of the mountain behind it, in the form of an irregular triangle, the base of which fronts to the west. Its wall, with the exception of a small space at the verge of a precipitous cliff on the south side, can be distinctly recognised in its whole circuit. This cliff overhangs a deep gorge, protecting the whole south flank of the fortress. Through the abyss below winds a torrent bed, usually dry. At the north-west corner of the citadel is the Gate of Lions.

The outer line of wall is built on the crest of a long narrow ridge, which forms a continuation on a lower level of the rock occupied by the citadel, stretching from its north-west corner, in a gentle curve opposite its wes-

* αἰπολίοισιν ἔναυλον ἐρημαίοισιν—μηλόεστος καὶ βούνομος—
αἰπολίου παντὸς ἐρημοτέρη—εὐμύκων αὖλῖα βουκολίων—κ.τ.λ.—
Antholog. l. ix. *Epigr.* 28, 101. *seq.*

MYCENÆ.



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tern front, so as, with it, to enclose a deep valley or recess in the hills. The side of this valley, formed by the citadel, is steep, and in parts precipitous; the opposite side is less so, and broken into undulating grassy slopes. The wall itself runs for the most part along a low ledge of rocks, which crowns the outer face of the height towards the open country. Though little more than a few stones are in any place preserved, yet its vestiges are distinctly traceable over a considerable portion of the ridge.

The masonry of both walls is chiefly of the same rude Cyclopian character common to Tiryns, the Herœum, and other fortresses of this age and district. Some parts, however, of the peribolus of the citadel are of the polygonal order, and have the appearance of being later repairs. The approach to the Gate of Lions, on the other hand, is constructed of blocks of nearly quadrangular form, though rudely shaped and put together. As there can be no reasonable doubt that this part of the fabric is of the same remote antiquity as the remainder, it would appear, from this and other examples, to have been the custom with these primitive builders to pay some little more attention to symmetry and regularity in the more ornamental portions of their work.

Within the outer wall, on different parts of the slope, substructions of buildings are visible, chiefly of the same archaic character. It is, however, remarkable, that similar traces of habitation are also to be seen in still greater numbers *without* its limits. This circumstance, coupled with the disappearance of all vestiges of its foundations to the southward, and with the improbability (as whoever inspects the ground must be satisfied) of its ever having been carried round in that direction to a second junction with the citadel, warrants the conclusion that it never formed a complete enclosure of an outer town, as most

writers on Mycenæan topography have assumed, but was merely an exterior rampart or breastwork, covering the citadel, and affording, perhaps, some sort of protection to the houses in its neighbourhood. Of the precise nature and object of such works, our limited knowledge of the primitive art of defence renders it difficult to judge; of their existence there is evidence in the fortifications of several other Greek cities.*

Hence it may be inferred that the population of Mycene, and probably of most other Hellenic towns of the same epoch, dwelt chiefly in straggling suburbs, which sprang up on strong points of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the fortress of the chief, as did the villages and towns of our own middle ages around the castles of the feudal nobility whose protection they enjoyed, and into which they retired with their valuables, when assailed by an enemy against whom their own means of defence were insufficient. The actual citadel of Mycene is of so limited a size, that it could have contained little more than the usual contents of a royal residence—the dwelling of the sovereign; including, perhaps, those of his immediate retainers, and the chief religious sanctuaries.

With the exception of a few fragments of the outer wall, the first object of human art that presents itself, in following the path along the summit of the ridge, is the subterranean vault, commonly called the “Treasury of Atreus.” The plan of this building corresponds, in all essential respects, to the description above given of that of the “Treasury” of Minyas at Orchomenus; and the remarks offered on the one† apply in a great measure to

* At the north corner of the Acropolis of Ithaca, for example, may be observed a projecting rampart, carried to a considerable distance along the crest of the hill; in such a manner and such a direction, that it could not be destined to form a junction with any other part of the wall.

† See chap. xvii. *supra*.

the other. The Mycenæan structure has, however, the advantage of being in a nearly perfect state of preservation. The great vault has also a side door, giving access to a small chamber excavated in the solid rock. This was probably the burial-place; the outer vault, the herœum or sanctuary of the deceased.* The doorway of the monument was formerly decorated with pilasters and other ornaments, in marbles of various colours, sculptured in a style partaking more of the oriental than of any primitive Hellenic school, and affording strong evidence of the influence of Asiatic art in the erection of these monuments. One of these fragments now forms the architrave of a building at Nauplia—formerly a Turkish mosque, in which the courts of justice hold their sittings. Several others are in the Elgin collection, in the British Museum.

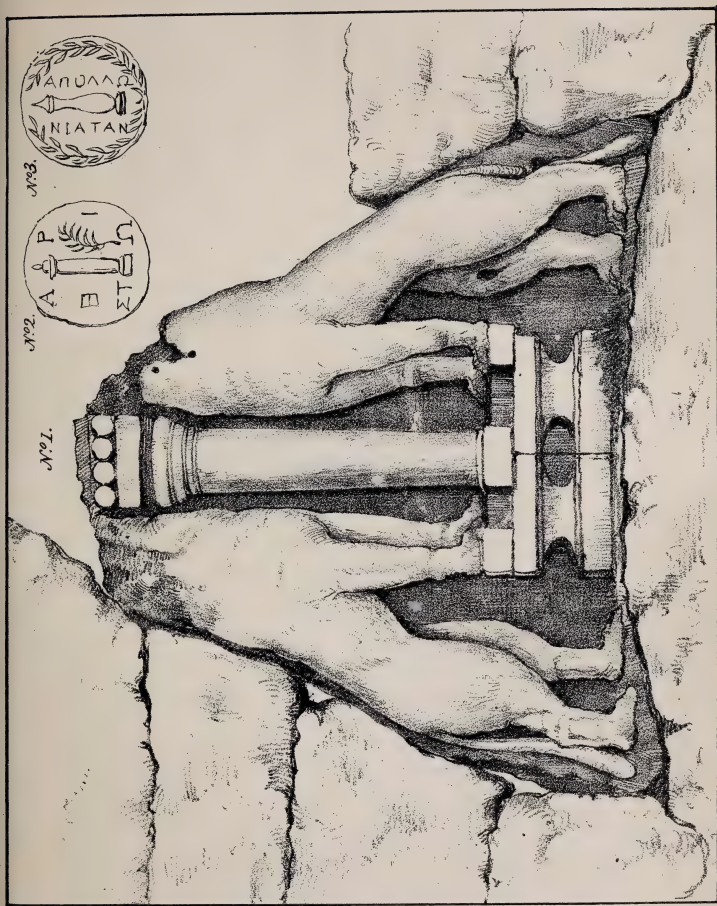
Following the traces of the outer wall along the brow of the hill towards the citadel, I cross the ruins of a modern Greek village, said to have been deserted by its inhabitants some generations ago, owing to the dreariness of the situation and the distance from water, for the site of the present hamlet of Karvâta on the verge of the plain. Beyond it are the remains of a smaller vault of similar structure, in a totally ruinous state, and a few steps further on I find myself in front of the Gate of Lions.

This is perhaps the monument of ancient Greek art which the majority of travellers are accustomed to approach with the most intense feelings of curiosity and interest. In no case, however, where the imagination had been previously on the stretch for the first view of some remarkable object, do I remember the reality to

* The great vault is about fifty feet in width, and forty in height. The exterior architrave of the great doorway is upwards of twenty-seven feet long, nineteen broad, and three feet nine inches thick, and has been computed to weigh one hundred and thirty-three tons.

have so far exceeded the expectation, as when, turning an angle of the wall of the acropolis, these mysterious figures suddenly presented themselves, at the extremity of the little court in which they seem to be enshrined, like the living genii of the place in their especial sanctuary. I sat down involuntarily at some little distance from the gate, on one of the colossal blocks strewed at the entrance of the court, and gazed on them for many minutes, lost in a maze of recollections, before venturing on a nearer approach. The mind wandered back to the days of the Pelopidæ; to Agamemnon, to Troy, and beyond that date to the dark old Pelasgic period, to the unknown Phœnician, Egyptian, Lycian, Cyclopiæan authors of these extraordinary works; from thence back to Homer, to Sophocles, to Thermopylæ and Plataea, where the last glow of patriotism in the breasts of the citizens of Mycene, seems but to shed a ray of brightness on the extinction of their place and nation, which was its immediate consequence.* Presiding over the gate through which the ruler of the united armies of Greece marched forth to the most glorious enterprise of her heroic ages, this pair of figures stand to her art somewhat in the same relation as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to her literature. The one, the only extant specimens of the plastic skill of her mythical era—the other, the only genuine memorials of its chivalry and its song. Both have been preserved, alone and insulated, amid the same mysterious uncertainty as to the period, the author, or the state of society that produced them, and in nearly the same wonderful state of integrity, amid the wreck of every thing around them.

* The destruction of Mycene by the Argives is said to have been dictated by jealousy at the prominent part taken by its citizens in the struggle against Xerxes, from which they themselves kept aloof.—*DIOD. SIC.* xi. 65. *PAUSAN. Cor.* xvi.



SCULPTURE OVER GATE AT MYCENE.

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The accessories of situation and scenery here all combine to aid the power of these historical associations. The desolate grandeur of the surrounding landscape, the singular freshness of the figures as contrasted with the shapeless masses of mouldering ruin with which they are connected, the retired nook they occupy in the line of colossal masonry, and the dismal sighing of the wind through the grass and bushes that cover the broken fragments strewed in the court below—all tended to enhance the previous impressions of awe and mystery; and one almost felt as if one could have expected to see them descend from their pedestal, and challenge the right of the curious barbarian of the nineteenth century to disturb their ancient solitary reign.

The gate is approached by a recess in the wall of the fortress, forming a sort of court or corridor in front of it. Above the block which forms the architrave of the portal is a triangular gap in the masonry of the wall, formed by an oblique approximation of the side courses of stone, continued from each extremity of the lintel to an apex above its centre. The vacant space is occupied by the block, ten feet in height by twelve in breadth,* sculptured with the figures from which the gate derives its name. A similar gap exists over the door of the Treasury: it is now unoccupied; but the general analogy of plan in the two works can leave little doubt that it also formerly contained some decorative appendage. The great gate of Tiryns offered the same peculiarity, if we may trust those who saw its ruins previous to their entire demolition. This, therefore, may be considered as a distinctive feature of the Cyclopian architecture of the Argolis. Its object was obviously to lighten the pressure of the superincumbent wall upon the flat lintel, a simple enough expedient, adopted in similar cases, under

* Plate v. See additional note at the end of the volume.

different varieties of method, in every age. The principle itself is very distinctly laid down by Vitruvius.* Among other reasons, he also urges the facility it affords for replacing or repairing the lintel if from any cause broken or damaged. Strong, therefore, must have been the zeal for classical mysticism, which could lead Clarke and Gell,† overlooking a thing so simple and obvious, to speculate on the typical connexion between this triangle and the cones, pyramids, &c., of the Persian and Indian fire-worshippers.

The most remarkable feature of these figures,‡ considered as works of art, is their distinctive originality of character. In spite of the confident manner in which Dodwell and others, under the influence of the old prejudice, pronounce them to be in the Egyptian style, I could discover no trace of Egyptian design in any portion of the group, nor do the emblems it contains offer a single feature of analogy with those familiar to us on the symbolic monuments of the banks of the Nile. The animals, indeed, have little or nothing of that dry linear stiffness which characterizes the earlier stages of the art of sculpture in almost every country, and present consequently as little resemblance to the archaic style of the Hellenic works of a later period, as to those of Egypt itself. They are, in fact, in a style proper and peculiar to themselves, and which fixes the attention at first sight both by its singularity and grandeur, like the first view of a noble edifice in some altogether new but majestic style of architecture.§

* Lib. vi. c. 11.

† CLARKE'S *Travels*, pt. ii. sect. 2, p. 706. GELL, *Argolis*, p. 40.

‡ See Plate v., No. 1.

§ Since writing the above, I am happy to observe, that both Leake and Klenze—far more competent judges than either Dodwell, Gell, or Clarke—coincide in this opinion.

The special peculiarities of their execution are a certain solidity and rotundity, amounting to clumsiness, in the limbs, as compared with the bodies. The hind legs indeed, are more like those of elephants than lions; the thighs, especially, are of immense bulk and thickness. This unfavourable feature, however, is compensated by much natural ease and dignity of attitude. The turning of the body and shoulders is admirable, combining strength with elegance in the happiest proportions. The bellies of both are slender in comparison with the rest of the figure, especially of the one on the right of the beholder. The muscles, sinews, and joints, though little detailed, are indicated with much spirit. The finish, both in a mechanical and artistical point of view, is excellent; and in passing the hand over the surface, one is struck with the smooth and easy blending of the masses in every portion of the figure.

Various attempts have been made to explain the mysterious signification of these curious emblems, but with no successful results; owing chiefly to the too prevalent error of wandering into the regions of Egyptian or oriental mysticism, from the far surer path which the native antiquities of Greece supply for the prosecution of such researches. To enter at large upon this question would be foreign to the purpose of our text, and would far exceed the limits of a note. Suffice it to say, that the column or cippus between the animals is the customary symbol of Apollo Agyieus, or Thyraeus, the Janus of the Greeks, protector of doors, gates, and public thoroughfares. This emblem is described by the ancients as a round pillar or altar, surmounted by a cone or pyramid, just as it is here represented,* and appears in similar form on the coins of various cities devoted to the worship

* See the numerous authorities *apud* MUELLER, *Dorier*. ii. 6, 5, and ZOEGA *de Obelisc.* p. 210.

of Apollo.* That deity was the patron god of the Argolic states, in his more especial capacity of Lycæus, to which probably the animal on each side of the column may bear reference. Apart from internal evidence, the allusions contained in the *Electra* of Sophocles and the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus,† in both of which tragedies the scene is laid in front of this gate, to the sacred symbols with which it was adorned, can leave no doubt on the subject.

* See *Comb. Num. Mus. Brit. Tab. viii. fig. 4*, and *Mus. Hunter. Tab. vi. Nu. 6, 7*. Copies of these two figures are given in Plate v., Nos. 2, 3.

† ÆSCHYL. *Agam.*, 1078, 1083, 1271. SOPHOCLES, *Electr.*, 1374, *seq.* This passage seems to be parodied in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, (869, *seq.*) in the invocation of the Agyieus in front of the gate of Philocleon.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TIRYNS—THE HERÆUM.

ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τέεχουσιν Κυκλωπίοις,
 συναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.

EURIP. *Iph. in Aul.* v. 534.

“Upon the very Cyclopean walls,
 They plant their gardens and they build their stalls.”

THE impression which Tiryns cannot fail to produce on first view, by the grandeur of its ruins, and the interest of the associations attached to them, is enhanced in no small degree by the singularity of its site and plan. This colossal fortress is certainly the greatest curiosity of the kind in existence. It occupies the table summit of an oblong hill, or rather knoll, of small extent or elevation, completely encased in masses of enormous stones, rudely piled in tiers one above another, into the form alternately of towers, curtain walls, abutments, gates, and covered ways.* There is not a fragment in the neighbourhood indicating the existence of suburb or outer town at any period; and the whole, rising abruptly from the dead level of the surrounding plain, produces at a distance an effect very similar to that of the hulk of a large man-of-war floating in a harbour.† Both in the

* The whole length of the fortress is 250 yards; the breadth varies from eighty to fifty. The greatest height of the surface of the hill above the plain is about fifty feet.

† The boldest part of the fortification is the great tower defending

size of the stones, and in the general effect of the galleries, I was disappointed. This I am disposed to attribute, partly, to the exaggeration of the popular drawings of the ruins, through the medium of which both the eye and the imagination are more apt to be influenced than by measurements or descriptions. The deception here alluded to is usually produced by a very simple application, or rather abuse, of the powers of contrast, by which a very moderate-sized cavern or cloister can easily be magnified at once into a cave of Fingal. Close to the object to be enhanced is placed a man, a goat, or some other familiar figure, the natural dimensions of which, if taken as a scale of measurement for the principal object, will increase its apparent size to any desired extent. The same license has been extensively employed in regard to the antiquities of Rome, more especially in the standard works of Piranesi and Rossini; and hence probably the reason why a first view of the forum, and indeed of most of the other remarkable remains of that city, is usually a disappointment.

The object of these galleries—works apparently peculiar to the fortresses of this remote period—is very doubtful. The circumstance that the two principal ranges are constructed, one on each side of the great gate of the place, would seem to imply that its protection was their chief object. Owing to the ruinous state of the fortress at this point, it is not easy to judge in what precise mode their outer issues were contrived; but they were doubtless so constructed as to enable portions of the garrison, from the heart of the fortress, to sally forth

the right flank of the eastern gate; it is also the loftiest piece of wall now standing. It was probably this structure which obtained for the Tirynthians the credit of having been the first inventors of towers.—*ARISTOT. et THEOPHR. ap. PLIN. H. N. vii. 56.*

unobserved, and take the enemy in the rear at the most critical period of an assault on the gate, or even after its outer defences were in their possession.*

The Tirynthians were celebrated for their laughing propensities, a feature of their character which stands in strange contrast with the gloomy grandeur of their metropolis. To such an extent did this weakness prevail, if we may trust Theophrastus,† as to render them incapable of attention to any serious business. They therefore had recourse to the Delphic oracle for a remedy. The answer of the Pythoness was, to sacrifice a bull to Neptune, casting the victim into the sea, and that, if they could perform the ceremony in serious mood, they would be delivered from their infirmity. In order the better to insure a fortunate issue, all the children were ordered to be kept at a distance. One little fellow, however, managed to make his way unperceived into the crowd, and as they were driving him away, he exclaimed, "Aha! I see you are afraid lest I should swallow up your fat ox." This was too severe a trial of their assumed gravity, and a general burst of merriment was the consequence. Perceiving, as the narrative concludes, that the god had merely taken this way of showing how difficult it is for a people to change their natural disposition, they continued to laugh on as before; until, it may be presumed, a stop was put to their gibes and jests, on the destruction of their own city by the Argives, and their removal to the less mirth-inspiring atmosphere of that of their conquerors.

Count Capo d'Istria entertained, and in part carried into effect, the project of converting the ground enclosed by these venerable ruins into an experimental farm, which was to form the centre of an extensive agricultural

* See additional note at the end of the volume.

† *Ap. ATHEN. Deipn.* vi. c. 79, p. 261, D. *seq.*

establishment. The interior esplanades are still divided into beds or compartments, set apart for the culture of cotton, carrots, potatoes, &c. Few spots of ground could have been selected of a nature apparently less adapted to such a purpose, partly owing to the accumulation of stones and rubbish on its surface, partly to the impossibility of irrigation, which in this climate one would suppose indispensable to the success of any such undertaking. It is to be feared, therefore, that there may be some truth in the imputation thrown out by persons unfriendly to the late President, that the real object which dictated his choice was the opportunity afforded, with less risk of observation or odium than might otherwise have been incurred, for quarrying materials from these Cyclopiæan masses for the house and court of offices erected by him hard by on the plain below. The consequence has been the dilapidation of the larger galleries on the left of the great southern gate of entrance, with a considerable extent of the contiguous wall; portions of the work which, in the plans and descriptions of the old travellers, are represented as in tolerable preservation. The gallery that still remains in its former state of integrity, is said to have been indebted for its escape to its convenience as a cowhouse or sheepfold.

In spite of these spirited agricultural enterprizes, the land in the neighbourhood of the ruins displays no great symptoms of improved cultivation beyond the remainder of the plain. The only visible fruits of the civilized Vandalism of their author is a square villa, or large farm-house, several stories high, surrounded by a range of low sheds. The whole of these edifices are constructed of the usual rubble masonry, for the materials of which the great blocks of the fortress were broken into small pieces; they are all crowned with formal red tile roofs of dazzling brightness, and all falling rapidly into the

same state of decay as their Cyclopiian neighbour, from whose carcass they derive their origin. The contrast between ancient semi-barbarous splendour and modern utilitarian meanness, can hardly be more strikingly displayed, than by the juxtaposition of these two specimens of Hellenic architecture. I was, however, favoured with a still more practical illustration. While wandering along the summit of the esplanade, immediately above the farm, I was startled by a sudden crash, like the emptying of a heavy cart-load of stones, and, looking in the direction of the sound, perceived a cloud of dust issuing from one of the outbuildings. As it cleared off, I saw that the roof had fallen in. There was the more cause for alarm, as my equipage had put up on the premises. On enquiry, however, I found that there had been no damage of life, the building fortunately having been empty at the moment, as indeed seemed to be the case with the greater part of the neighbouring structures. The catastrophe was owing to no other cause but the natural progress of decay, which, in Tirynthian architecture, it must be admitted, has been considerably accelerated since the days of the Cyclopiians.

THE HERÆUM.

It was not until after my arrival at Athens that I learned that the site of the Heræum, or temple of Juno Argiva, perhaps the most important sanctuary of ancient Greece, after those of Olympia and Delphi, and hence so long, so anxiously, and so vainly sought for by travellers, had been discovered by General Gordon, several years before. It would seem as if fortune had amused herself in baffling the efforts of the curious to establish this point of classical topography. Pausanias has de-

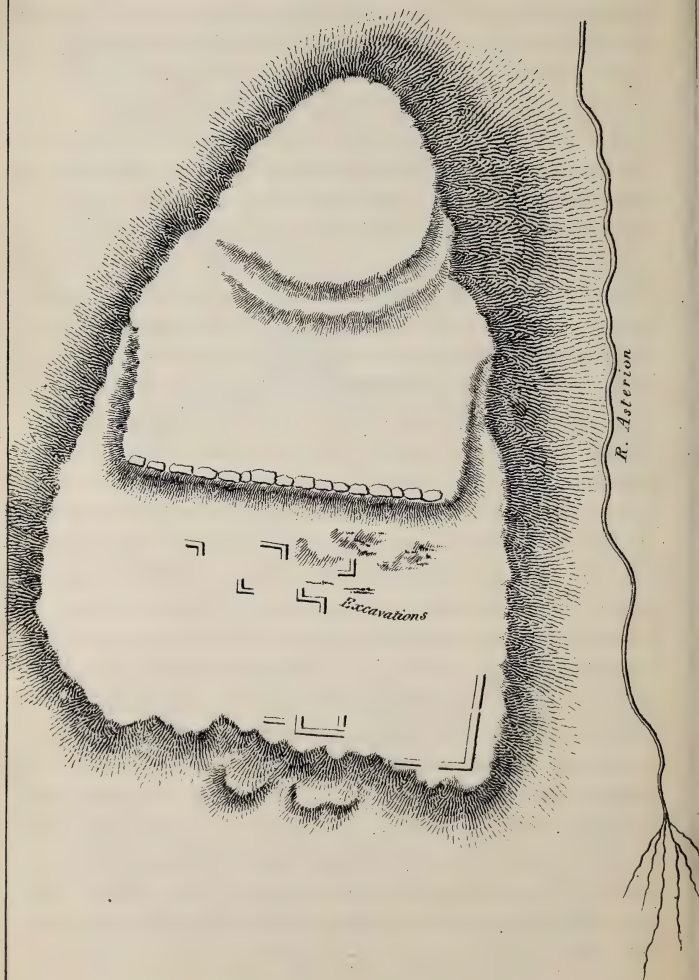
scribed the position of the sanctuary with his usual exactness, specifying several features of local peculiarity, of such a nature as almost to guide the antiquary by the hand in his researches; and which are to this day easily identified with existing appearances. Even the remaining fragments of the structure are calculated to attract the attention of the passenger from a considerable distance. And yet, although ever since the geography of ancient Hellas has seriously occupied the attention of the European public, each successive visitor has spent, if we may trust their own accounts, a considerable time in roaming in quest of it, with Pausanias in his hand, around the very spot where it is placed by that author, it has eluded the observation of them all. The General, who at the period of the discovery had already been for some time in command of the district, assured me, that the various excursions he had made for the express purpose of exploring its remains, had been equally unsuccessful, and that at last he had only stumbled upon them by accident while on a shooting party, and no way occupied with archæological research.

Pausanias* describes the Heræum as situated at the distance of fifteen stadia from Mycenæ, to the left of the route between that city and Argos, on the lower declivities of a mountain called Eubœa; and adds, that below the sanctuary flowed a river called the Asterion, which, falling into an abyss, disappeared. These details are all verified on the ground explored by General Gordon. It is a rocky height, rising in somewhat insulated form, from the base of one of the highest mountains that bound the plain toward the east, distant about two English miles from Mycenæ, which corresponds nearly to the fifteen stadia of Pausanias—about three-fourths of a mile to the left of the road leading from the khan of

* *Cor.* xvii.

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HERÆUM.



Karvâta to Nauplia, and by consequence considerably further in the same direction from that leading from Karvâta to Argos. The form of this eminence, of which the accompanying sketch, without any pretensions to geometrical accuracy, will give a fair general idea, is nearly that of an isosceles triangle, with its apex pointing to the mountain and its base to the plain. The surface is divided into three esplanades or terraces, rising in gradation one above the other, from the lower to the upper extremity. The central one of the three is supported by a massive Cyclopian substruction, still in good preservation, to a considerable height, and a conspicuous object from some distance. It was this wall, accordingly, which first attracted the General's attention. On the lowest of the three terraces he made an excavation, which fully confirmed his previous suspicion that this was the site of the Heræum. Besides many fragments of ornamental masonry, both in stone and marble, he disinterred various pieces of sculpture. Among these was the tail of a peacock in white marble, possibly a fragment of that which Pausanias describes as dedicated by Hadrian to the goddess, with several small votive images, some of them bearing distinct allusion to her worship; besides lamps, vases, and other articles in bronze and terracotta. Among the fragments of columns are none which could be considered worthy of having belonged to the porticos of so noble an edifice. The greater part of the masonry, it may be presumed, has been removed during the lower ages, for the construction of modern edifices, sacred or profane. Around the mouths of the wells on the plain below, and on the site of several ruins of the Byzantine or Turkish periods, are strewed massive drums of columns of the Doric order, with other fragments of a similar description. The lower terrace had also its substructions of regular Hellenic masonry, form-

ing a breastwork to the base of the triangle towards the plain. The excavation was conducted at the General's own cost, and upon a limited scale; but, to judge by its success, were it to be followed up on a more extended plan, it could not fail to be productive of valuable results.

The length of the surface of the hill may be about two hundred and fifty yards; its greatest breadth about half its length. It is protected on its eastern flank by steep precipices, beneath which is the bed of a small torrent descending from the mountain behind, as indicated by Pausanias. It was completely dry at this time; but by examination of the ground, I satisfied myself of the correctness of his statement, that its waters, even when plentiful, are engulfed or rather absorbed in the earth, at a small distance from the sanctuary; for the traces of its bed, as it approaches the plain, gradually disappear altogether, without leaving a symptom of possible communication with the sea or any of the larger streams of the district. The fact is, however, that the fate of the Asterion is common to all or most of the small torrents flowing from the mountains that surround the Argolic plain. They are all drunk up by the thirsty soil, on quitting their rocky beds for the deep arable land. This fact offers a palpable explanation of the epithet "very thirsty,"* applied by Homer to the land of Argos; as also of the fable of the fifty nymphs, daughters of Danaus,† condemned perpetually to pour water into a tub full of holes. Accordingly we find that the name assigned to one of these unfortunate maidens, Asteris,‡ is essentially the same as that of the stream below the Heræum.

* πολυδίψιον.

† The etymology of the name Danaus—from ΔΑΝΟΣ, *aridus*—dry or parched—here also naturally suggests itself.

‡ APOLLON. ii. 1, 5.

In further evidence of the accuracy of this interpretation of the fable, we may appeal to the case of Amy-mone, the only one of the fifty who was exempted from the laborious task. This nymph is described, in addition to that privilege, as having been presented by Neptune, in reward of her favours, with the fine perennial stream bearing her own name, at the southern extremity of the Argolic plain; and which, gushing in one copious body of water from the foot of the neighbouring mountain, forms in its way to the sea a portion of the Lernæan marsh. In other accounts it is said, that the honour was conferred on her as a reward for her services, in bearing water for the supply of the city of Argos, during a season of drought.*

Pausanias, after describing the sanctuary as it existed in his time, adds: that "the foundations, and whatever else remained of the more ancient temple," (destroyed by fire B. C. 423,)† "were still visible above the existing edifice." Hence it may be conjectured, that the Cyclo-pian wall now remaining is a substruction of the old building, which must consequently have been situated on the central terrace, while the site of the new temple and its dependencies was limited to the lower esplanade. This is the opinion adopted by General Gordon, on the strength of which he was led by preference to excavate on the lower level; and it seems to be confirmed both by the result of his researches, and by the difference in the style of the retaining walls by which the two terraces are respectively supported. The upper one of the two betrays a high period of antiquity, while the other is evidently of later date. The situation of the new build-

* APOLLOD. *Bibl.* ii. 1, 4. LUCIAN. *Dial. Mor.* vi. HYGIN. *Fab.* 169.

† Conf. THUCYD. iv. c. 133.

ing would thus have been far from favourable, at the lower extremity of a long irregular declivity, by the upper ridges of which it was both confined and commanded.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ARGOS—NAUPLIA.

ἔχει τίν' ὄγκον Ἀργος Ἑλλήνων πάρα.

EURIP. *Phœn.* v. 664.

“Some fame hath Argos in Hellenic lore.”

ARGOS has never in modern times presented many or important objects of interest to the antiquary; but the devastations to which it was subjected during the war, if they have not supplied, as in some other cases, additional matter for his researches, have at least not deprived him of any that previously existed. This place, indeed, affords a pointed illustration of the remark already made on the extraordinary manner in which the remnants of primitive antiquity stand their ground, amid the successive destructions, renovations, and redestructions, of the modern edifices with which they are connected. Every stone or brick of ancient masonry described by Dodwell, Gell, or Leake, is, I think I may safely say, still in its place, although since their time the town has been three times sacked and destroyed, and the greater part of its area is to this day, as in most other cities of Greece, a mass of ruins. Among the new structures, however, are some houses of better appearance than are to be seen in any other town, with the exception of Athens.

The venerable Larissa, an insulated conical mountain of nine hundred feet in height, with steep rocky sides, diversified with grassy slopes, though not equal in ma-

jesty to the Acrocorinthus, is yet a grand and a picturesque object from every point of view. As a fortress it is for the present abandoned, and the fine old Gothic castle on its summit is in ruins. The walls of this building, a remnant of the Frank dynasty of the middle ages, rest for the most part on old substructions; whence it would appear that the Hellenic, like the modern citadel, consisted of an outer wall or rampart, with an inner keep or castle, preserving nearly the same plan and foundation at every period. The masonry of the ancient parts of the building is solely or chiefly in the more regular polygonal style. There are, however, considerable vestiges of other lines of wall, of massive Cyclopiian structure, on the sides and base of the hill connecting the citadel with the lower town.

Two of the largest stones of one of these fragments, at the base of the hill, in the neighbourhood of the theatre, are each sculptured with tablets containing emblems apparently of a choragic character, with mutilated inscriptions, in which names resembling Cratilas and Dionysius may still be decyphered. Gell, in an engraving of this fragment among his specimens of Argolic masonry, has transformed one of the tablets into something very like the hieroglyphic title of an Egyptian king, with two figures of deities squatting opposite each other in the usual attitude, one of which has its head crowned with the horns of Isis. Were this a faithful representation of the group, the monument would assume a very interesting character, connecting itself so obviously with the fables of Egyptian settlement in Argos. But the liveliest imagination could hardly discover a trace of resemblance between his drawing and the original.

The great theatre excavated on the rocky slope of the Larissa, and the smaller tiers of seats in the neigh-

bourhood to the westward, probably belonging to another lesser theatre, together with the brick ruins of the Roman period, and the Byzantine church on the plain below, are all very much in the state described by Leake. On the face of the rocks round the back and sides of the theatre, are several other small sculptured compartments that have escaped the notice of travellers. They are in low relief, of rude execution, and for the most part much effaced. One represents a man leading a horse. Upon another may be distinguished a figure standing by the side of a couch or bier, on which a human body is extended.

I sought in vain for the archaic inscription* copied by Dodwell and others from a stone of the polygonal wall of the Larissa. Both my Argive and Athenian authorities described it as still in existence, but could give no exact indication of the spot. The unfavourable state of the weather, a drizzling rain and thick fog, during the few hours I spent on the summit, rendered a personal search round the base of the outer walls so dangerous, that I was obliged to abandon it; as a roll from top to bottom of the hill, which would have been the probable consequence of a false step, could hardly have failed to be attended with loss either of life or limb.

Nauplia, the ancient port of Argos, is distant about two hours' drive from the metropolitan city. It now contains little to interest the classical tourist, and as it rained without intermission during the half day we spent within its walls, my opportunities of appreciating even that little were but limited. One object of our visit was to purchase arms, it having been decided by Nicóla that some such precaution was necessary for our defence against the "maledetti pastori;" for he still persisted in laying all the acts of brigandage of which we had yet

* *Boeckh. Tom. i. Pt. 1. Nu. 2.*

obtained—or were likely to obtain—either knowledge or experience, at the door of this class of society alone; and as a considerable portion of the remainder of our route lay through Arcadia, the pastoral district of Europe by pre-eminence, our case was proportionally the more serious. Argos, celebrated in Pindar's time* among the cities of Greece for its military cutlery, could not furnish any weapon of defence; we therefore determined to try the shops of Nauplia. It is considered more prudent not to travel armed in these countries, where danger is apprehended from professional brigands, unless indeed the caravan be formidable in number as well as equipment. The display of defensive measures by a small company, while it implies that their baggage is valuable, and in so far increases the temptation to assault, is at the same time an additional inducement to the robbers to provide for their own safety, by shooting the proprietors from their ambush, before laying hands on the goods. Upon Nicóla's view of the matter, however, the precaution was more feasible; since the class of persons against whom alone he considered protection to be necessary, seldom carry any other weapon than their clubs and knives, with which it was not supposed they would venture to assault a party of well armed travellers. He had engaged for the prosecution of our journey the services of a Naupliote agoghiate, an old acquaintance, whom he described as a spirited lad who would prove a valiant comrade in any case of emergency; and if provided with a pistol a-piece, his proposal was, that the next time we were called upon to stop we should obey, and await the approach of the enemy, and he seemed to anticipate much amusement at their disappointment on meeting with so unexpected a reception, and perhaps some credit from the capture of one or two

* *Frag. ap. ATHENÆUM, L. i. p. 28, A.*

of the delinquents. But after examining the best hardware shops the place contained, without finding any weapon on which reliance could be placed, while for such as were to be had enormous prices were demanded, we gave up the project entirely. I was upon the whole well satisfied with the result, being neither so apprehensive of danger from the pastoral brigands, nor so martially disposed towards them as my companion; and was rather inclined to prefer the plan of taking military escort, wherever we found from the local authorities that there was any serious ground to suspect the security of the route. This plan my attendant held in great dislike, partly as being derogatory to our personal prowess, partly owing to the expense or delay in which it might involve us. I had not, however, come to Greece in quest of heroic adventures of my own, but for the purpose of examining, with as much ease and security as the state of the country would admit, the localities where they had formerly been achieved.

Nauplia has more the air of a *real* town than any place now existing in Greece under that title; having contiguous lines of houses and streets, and offering, upon the whole, much the appearance of a second-rate Italian seaport. It is indeed probable, that many of its buildings date from the period of the Venetian occupation. Owing to a concurrence of favourable circumstances, although it occasionally changed hands during the war, it was never sacked or destroyed; and as trade revived in its port, many of the ruined or decayed edifices have been gradually replaced by others of a more substantial description. In this way the old Turkish houses have disappeared, with the exception of a few in the upper part of the town, of a very picturesque structure, and offering with their arched windows, balconies, and some ornamental tracery, good specimens of the Byzantine or Saracenic style

of architecture. The substructions of the ancient Acro-nauplia, now the lower citadel of the place under the Turkish name of Itschkali, exhibit some fine specimens of polygonal masonry, the only remnants of classical antiquity of which the town can boast. The advantages of its position seem to have been but little appreciated by the ancients, with whom it was at all periods a place of secondary importance, a mere appendage of Argos. At a comparatively early period it went to decay, and was completely deserted in the days of Pausanias.

The upper citadel is one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, as well from its natural advantages, as from the lines of defence with which it was surrounded by the Venetians. It is now known even in inveterate vulgar usage by the highly poetical name of Palamidi. No trace of such a title occurs in the page of any ancient writer as belonging to a locality of the Argolis. It connects itself however, so obviously, with that of the celebrated Naupliote hero Palamedes, that it may very naturally be supposed to represent the original appellative of his native mountain. It has, accordingly, been quoted by Leake among the instances where modern tradition has preserved genuine old Greek names, unnoticed by Greek authors. The fortress however, if I do not err, is an original work of the Venetians, undertaken at a period when classical literature was in a very flourishing state in Italy. Unless, therefore, the name can be traced back with certainty to an epoch prior to the Venetian occupation, it may perhaps with better reason be conjectured, that some classic-minded commander, or state commissary of the republic, had baptized their new citadel with the name of the local hero, so celebrated in his own time for his talents as a military engineer.

At Nauplia, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr Masson, a Scottish gentleman, who some

years ago acted as attorney-general to the Greek government. He conducted the prosecution against Kolo-kotroni for treason in 1834, and astonished the natives by pleading for four hours in their own tongue with great fluency and eloquence. He had since retired from office; and was engaged in editing a small periodical, tending to the moral and political improvement of the people, to whose service he has devoted his time and talents with so much disinterested philanthropy.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LERNÆAN HYDRA—PYRAMID OF ERASINUS—ARCADIA—TRIPOLIZZA—
GRÆCO-BAVARIAN HOSPITALITY.

ἀλλ' ἔξελεθ' εἰς πρὸς Λέρνης βαθὺν
λειμῶνα.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prom.* 652.

“Come, let's explore the deep Lernæan marsh.”

ON the morning of Monday the 2d of April, we took the route of Tripolizza on our way to Sparta. I was provided by General Gordon with circulars to the different authorities, and with a private letter to Lieutenant Morandi, commandant of the gendarmerie of the Tripolitan district, a Modenese refugee, and a personal friend of his chief. The road to Tripolizza was considered secure; but the General advised me, on arrival there, to be guided by Morandi as to the propriety of taking escort in the prosecution of our journey. Our track lay along the upper part of the plain, below the heights that bound it to the westward, leaving to the left the extensive Lernæan marsh, which forms its southern extremity. Our equipage was the best, at least in appearance, that we had yet met with, and my own horse was provided with the luxury of a good saddle, the first I had bestridden on a Greek road, except on the excursion from Athens to Marathon. Nor did the character of our agoghiate belie Nicóla's description. He was a tall handsome active young fellow, full of life and spirits, and exceedingly good-humoured and obliging. After about an hour's

ride we reach the sources of the Erasinus, now called the Kephálári. This fine stream, issuing at once in a large body of clear water from a cavern in the base of Mount Chaon, turns numerous mills in its course through the plain to the sea, being distributed a little below its source into a variety of channels for that purpose.

The curiosity of this marshy district, chiefly dwelt on by Pausanias and other ancient topographers, as possessing the strongest claim to be considered the former abode of the Lernæan Hydra, was a bottomless pool called Halcyone, in the neighbourhood of which flowed a river bearing the name of Lerne. Both these objects have been identified by travellers in the vicinity of another group of mills, nearer the sea-shore, at the furthest extremity of the plain, and distant about two miles from the Kephálári, whence a road leading to them branches off to the left. Neither Nicóla nor the agoghiate seemed to have any clear idea of the general site of the localities; but no sooner did the latter hear me mention the bottomless pool, than he at once declared his acquaintance with it, and broke out into energetic declamation on its wonders. This appeared a sufficient guarantee of his qualifications as cicerone, and I accordingly put myself under his guidance. I proceeded on horseback, while he ran before on foot, leaving Nicóla at the fountain in charge of the other beasts till our return.

For about half a mile we threaded our way through the line of mills, crossing and recrossing the water-leads, which, though in some places of considerable depth, my horse forded without difficulty, while my companion dodged and skipped backwards and forwards with wonderful alertness, in search of bridges or stepping-stones. At length, finding that these manœuvres involved delay, he denuded himself of all clothing below his fustanella, which he tucked up round his thighs, and then took the

lead himself, wading through the fords in front of my beast. Our appearance and motions excited, as may be supposed, a good deal of sensation among the groups of females engaged in washing along the banks, and still more among the dogs, through whom we had to fight our way with more than ordinary exercise of prowess. On gaining the open country towards the sea, we continued to follow the course of the river, by a track running along the summit and sides of the embankment by which its waters are here confined; their level being apparently higher than that of the surrounding morass. As our route was still on the left bank of the stream, and in a direction very different from that in which I knew the southern mills to be situated, I began to suspect there was some misunderstanding. Soon after, my guide quitted the dry path on the dyke, and turned sharp to the left across the marsh, which, although exhibiting here and there traces of a rice or cotton crop of the past season, was yet in many places rather deserving the name of a lake; the stagnant water reaching above my horse's fetlock joints, with deep pools and ditches at intervals. My suspicions were now turned into conviction, that I had set out on a fool's errand; but having once embarked on the adventure, I determined to see it to its issue. My companion beckoned to me to follow him in a direction offering the most favourable appearances of terra firma. But after we had proceeded about a hundred yards, happening to miss the precise track, partly from its indistinctness, partly from the intractability of my beast, who seemed to forebode some disaster, a sudden plunge precipitated us both into the ditch by which it was bounded. Had I fallen under the animal, the consequences might have been fatal, as the depth of the water, combined with the narrowness of the bed of the ditch, would have rendered it difficult to extricate

myself. I managed, however, by an instinctive spring at the moment of the plunge, to alight with my hands and body on the inner bank; so that I escaped at the expense of a general wetting and filthifying of my person, and the complete soaking of its lower parts considerably above the knees. On gaining my legs, the ludicrous element of the adventure got the better of all other feelings for the moment, and forced from me a hearty laugh, in which my companion, who at first looked distressed and alarmed, as if conscious of being the primary cause of the misfortune, cordially joined. The next point was to extricate my steed, of which nothing but the head and fore legs were visible over the brink of the ditch, to all appearance as bottomless as the pool we were in quest of. I had managed, in disengaging myself, to retain hold of the bridle, and by this means kept above water the head of the poor animal, who, with his paws clinging to the bank, and his hinder parts writhing in uncouth contortions in the gulf below, presented a most piteous, as well as comical appearance. With some difficulty we succeeded in dragging him out, and, wiping the saddle, I remounted, determined, after all the sacrifices I had made, not to be disappointed of my ultimate reward. After proceeding more cautiously another hundred yards into the heart of the morass, my companion stopped at a large circular pool of clear water, surrounded by lofty bulrushes, from whence the neighbouring ditches seemed to diverge, like the leads from a decoy-pond. This he pointed out, with much self-satisfaction, as the object of our researches. We then turned, and retraced our steps in safety to the Kephálári.

Although disappointed of the object I had in view, it is very probable that this expedition gave me as clear an idea of the true spirit of the mythical topography of the district as could have been obtained by a visit to the

real lake of Halcyone. The pool my companion showed me seemed to be the largest of numerous copious springs, or natural wells, which abound in this extremity of the Argive plain, and, together with the streams that intersect it, tend to maintain its marshy character, and to baffle or bewilder every attempt made since the days of Hercules to drain its surface. The lake Halcyone, in the neighbourhood of the maritime mills, appears, from the description of travellers, to be but another larger pool of similar nature, and it is probable that the pretensions of my honest friend Dimitri's abyss to a bottomless character, are as well founded in fact, if not in ancient tradition, as those of its larger and more celebrated neighbour; while the general features of the ground, and its position in the more immediate centre of the marshes, render it perhaps, in the true spirit of the fable, the more appropriate haunt of the two for the Lernæan Hydra. How obviously many of these legends concerning the exploits of Hercules interpret themselves, by reference to the struggles of infant agricultural enterprise against local obstacles, we have already seen in the case of that hero's combats with Acheloüs and Nessus; and the illustrations above offered of the legend of the Danaidæ, show how much fables of a similar character were in vogue in Argive tradition. The victory of Hercules over the fifty-headed watersnake, can therefore only be understood of a successful attempt of the ancient lords of the Argive plain to bring its marshy extremity into cultivation, by draining its sources and embanking its streams, however frequently baffled by their number and pertinacity. The restriction of the name Lerna, as the abode of the Hydra, to one distant corner of the morass, is probably but a caprice of the later mythology, originating, perhaps, in the greater size or beauty of the pools in that particular part, or the

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PYRAMID NEAR ARGOS.

greater distinction of the neighbouring district, as the seat of a sanctuary of Ceres, around which were concentrated various other popular superstitions.*

Well satisfied with my actual experience of the malignant powers of the monster, I felt the less disposed to devote any more time to an encounter with its remaining heads. I therefore abandoned my previous plan of a visit to the maritime mills, and, changing my lower garments, proceeded in quest of the

PYRAMID OF THE ERASINUS.

The connexion between Egypt and the Argolis, so celebrated in Greek tradition, in whatever mode it may have been formed, appears to derive support from the existence on the soil of the latter country, of several sepulchral monuments of very remote antiquity, in a style which, above all others, we are in the habit of associating with the banks of the Nile, and of which there are no extant examples in any other part of Greece. The best preserved of these pyramids is that which I now visited and examined. Another, in a more ruinous state, is described by Gell,† on the road between Nauplia and Epidaurus; and a third, no longer existing, is mentioned by Pausanias,‡ on that between Argos and Tiryns.

* PAUS. *Cor.* xxxvi.

† GELL, *Itinerary of Greece*, (Argolis,) p. 102.

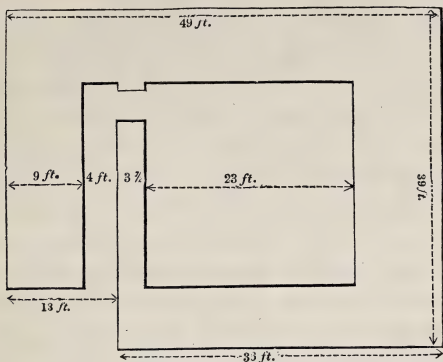
‡ *Corinth.* xxv. It is also a coincidence worth noticing, that Danaus is reported to have landed near the southern extremity of the Argive plain, at a place called Pyramia, although its exact situation seems to have been further down the coast, in the Thyrean territory. (PLUTARCH in *Pyrrho.* c. 32. PAUSAN. *Cor.* c. 38.) Possibly the existence of another pyramid in that neighbourhood may have suggested the tradition.

The pyramid of the Erasinus* occupies the summit of a rocky eminence, itself somewhat of a pyramidal form, among the lower declivities of Mount Chaon, which here bounds the Lernæan plain to the westward. It is situated about half a mile to the right of the traveller, when he has proceeded nearly double that distance from the Kephálári, along the road towards Tripolizza. We reached it, however, by a path branching off from the Kephálári in its own direction. I was fortunate in finding a native who knew the ruin, and recognised it from my description, otherwise I might have passed it unnoticed; for neither Nicóla nor the agoghiate had ever seen or heard of it, and although so near the direct road, it is concealed from the view of the passenger by intervening acclivities.

The masonry of this edifice is of an intermediate style between the Cyclopiian and polygonal, consisting of large irregular blocks, with a tendency, however, to quadrangular forms and horizontal courses; the inequalities being, as usual, filled up with smaller pieces. The largest stones may be from four to five feet in length, and from two to three in thickness. There are traces of mortar between the stones, which ought, perhaps, to be assigned rather to subsequent repairs than to the original workmanship. The symmetry of the structure is not strictly preserved, being interrupted by a rectangular recess cutting off one corner of the building. In this angle there is a doorway, consisting of two perpendicular side walls, surmounted by an open gable or Gothic arch, formed by horizontal layers of masonry converging into an apex, as in the triangular opening above the Gate of Lions and "Treasury of Atreus." This door gives access to a passage between two walls. At its extremity on the right hand is another doorway,

* See Plate vi.

of which little or nothing of the masonry is preserved, opening into the interior chamber or vault.*



There is much reason to believe that these Argive pyramids are monuments of the same primitive school of art as the Gate of Lions and Royal Sepulchres of Mycenæ. Tradition assigned that mentioned by Pausanias to the heroic age. He describes it as the tomb of those who fell in a battle between Proetus of Tiryns and Acrisius of Argos; nor is there any reason to doubt, from Gell's description, of the remote antiquity of the one observed by him.

In crossing the open country to rejoin the lower road to Tripolizza, we pass a square Cyclopiian foundation,

* The drawings of this building, both in LEAKE's *Morea*, (vol. ii. p. 339,) and in COCKERELL's *Inedited Antiquities*, are inaccurate, and convey a very false impression of its masonry. In the former work the order is represented as polygonal, of very mean style, and the stones not half the size of those of the original. In the latter it assumes a regular Hellenic character. In the subjoined sketch of its principal front, (plate vi.,) I have been careful to assign every stone its exact form and proportions—a precaution absolutely necessary to convey any just impression of these various styles of ancient masonry.

which may be the base of another pyramid, or possibly the remains of the wall alluded to by Pausanias, as enclosing the place at which Pluto descended with Proserpine into the infernal regions.* From hence, after traversing a wild heath, we begin to ascend Mount Artemisium, by a line of carriage road skilfully engineered in curves and zigzags along the steep sides of the mountain, in the style—to compare small things with great—of a Mont Cenis or a Splügen. The surface for a good many miles is marked out, levelled, and in many places supported by lofty retaining walls. There is no practicable carriage road from Argos to the foot of this ascent; while, towards the other side of the mountain, that which here exists gradually dwindles into a horse-track or a torrent-bed. For the present, therefore, being inaccessible from either end, with a surface ungarnished by solid material, and in many places offering so spungy and insecure footing to a horse that the old bridle-track still remains the safer, as well as the more expeditious route for the equestrian traveller, the work may be pronounced little better than useless. There are indeed few points between which an improvement in the line of communication would be a more proper enterprize than between Argos, or rather Nauplia, and Tripolizza; the one the chief port on this side of Peloponnesus, the other the Mediterranean metropolis of the whole district. But it were surely much more judicious to have completed the two extremities, before breaking ground in the centre. A good carriage road from Nauplia by Argos to the Mills, through a comparatively flourishing district, were in itself a great advantage, even without any prospect of its further continuance. But an insulated piece of causeway over the summit of an uninhabited mountain, where no carriage exists or can find access, and which, for want

* *Corinth.* xxxvii.

of either traffic or repair, is rapidly falling into decay, seems a somewhat unprofitable waste of the funds of the infant state.* Pausanias describes the ancient carriage road over this whole rugged district, between Argos and Tegea, as remarkably commodious.†

On gaining the summit of the pass, the road winds for several miles among the upper ridges of the mountain, through an open wild country. At about a third of the distance between Argos and Tripolizza, it crosses some lines of Cyclopiian foundation, indicating the site of a small fort or polis, possibly of Cenchreæ, mentioned by Pausanias, where was the tumulus of the Argives slain in the battle of Hysiaë, in which they defeated the Lacedæmonians.‡ In a little dell immediately beyond, are vestiges of a temple, or perhaps of a Christian church composed of ancient materials. Two small columns of Cipollino are standing, but not apparently in their original position. Five or six miles beyond these ruins, on a green rocky height to the left, are those of Hysiaë, now Achladókampo, offering but a few foundations of Cyclopiian walls. To the right is a stunted grove of ilex, overshadowing a modern cemetery.

A little further on, in a deep dell, is the khan where we stop to refresh. Distant about a mile up the steep side of the mountain which overhangs it, is a village embedded in evergreens, olives, ilex, and cypress—a beautiful spot, the first I had seen in Greece possessing any claim to admiration on the score of similar charms. The houses scattered over the declivity, with their gables facing the valley, have an elegant effect; and judging

* The chief object of this undertaking was probably to secure the military command of the country; and perhaps the line of route, even in its present state, may be calculated to facilitate the passage of troops, or the transport of artillery, over these rugged steeps.

† *Arcad.* liv.

‡ *Corinth.* xxv.

from this distance, the place would seem to have escaped, doubtless from its sequestered situation, the ravages of the war. The nakedness of the towns and villages of Greece is, upon the whole, the most serious blot on the surface of her otherwise beautiful landscape. There is a sad falling off in this respect since the Turkish times, as may be seen by a comparison of the drawings or descriptions of Thebes, Argos, Athens, Corinth, in the works of the last generation of travellers, with the appearance they now present. Many of these places, now so bare and dreary, seem then to have combined on a more extensive scale the graces I admired in this little mountain hamlet. The war, no doubt, is the original cause of the change; yet the fault must now be in a great measure attributed to want of industry or taste for ornamental gardening on the part of the present lords of the soil, as compared with the old Turkish aristocracy; for although ten years of freedom and comparative tranquillity have elapsed, scarcely a symptom can be discovered of any effort to relieve the general nakedness of their dwelling-places by plantation of any kind, whether for shelter or ornament.

On quitting the khan, we descend, cross a green valley, and again mount a lofty precipitous ridge on the other side. This height is the ancient Parthenium, where Pan, to whom it was consecrated, announced to the Athenian courier Philippides the successful result of the battle of Marathon.* It still bears the name of Parthéni, (the virgin,) derived, as the modern Greeks believe, from a church dedicated to Saint Mary, which, however, no longer exists to confirm their etymology. To the left, along the brow of a lofty precipice, above which several eagles were soaring majestically, are extensive lines of ruined wall, apparently of lower Greek

* PAUSAN. *Att.* xxviii. ; *Arcad.* liv.

or Turkish masonry. Near the summit of the pass are the remains of a paved causeway, and of a Turkish fountain by its side. Soon after we descend, when the road turns to the right, and the plain of Tripolizza or Tegea opens on the view, presenting a wide extent of naked arable land, the richer portion of which seemed in a tolerable state of cultivation. We now enter upon another stretch of several miles of well-made road, reaching from the base of the hills to the city, but as yet apparently unfurrowed by wheel of any kind. Owing to the great elevation of this plain above the level of the sea, the mountains by which it is surrounded, though not less lofty in reality, are less so to the eye than those which bound the champaign country of Attica, Bœotia, or Argolis; hence, upon the whole, the first view of Arcadia is but little in unison with our classical associations, where this retired pastoral district occupies the same place in relation to Greece, as Switzerland to the rest of Europe.

The evening was gloomy, and the dreary aspect of the landscape was but little relieved by the appearance of the dismal-looking town in the distance. As usual, I had ridden in advance of our party, and a cold wind springing up induced me to force out of my animal the fastest jog-trot of which a Greek hack is capable, so that I soon lost sight of them altogether. On approaching Tripolizza, however, I slackened my pace, to enable them to overtake me. But seeing no appearance of them as far back as the eye could stretch over the plain, I proceeded alone into the town in quest of my host Morandi's quarters. The street of entrance has a very respectable appearance, being broad, straight, and level, and well garnished on each side with houses, for the most part of two stories; but not a living creature was to be seen on its surface. Observing, however, at a

balcony an officer in the Græco-Bavarian uniform, whom, from his complexion and appearance, I presumed to be a native of Germany, I saluted him in the language of his country, with a request to be directed to the quarters of Lieutenant Morandi. He immediately came down and accompanied me to the lodging of that gentleman, who, however, was from home, supposed to be out visiting, and not likely to return till late. But my German friend, to whose cordial hospitality, apart from the ordinary claims of a traveller under such circumstances, my knowledge of his country and language was an immediate passport, insisted on my taking up my quarters with him, to which I readily consented. As his house faced the street, we set a watch to observe the entry of Nicóla and his detachment, which did not take place until a full hour after my own. The baggage horse, it appeared, had fallen amiss on the road soon after I quitted them, which had been the cause of the delay.

My host, I found, was staff-surgeon to the garrison, an honest open-hearted Suabian. His dwelling and fare were homely enough; but he gave me the best of what he had, and freedom from filth and vermin were now luxuries far surpassing all the delights of a first-rate Paris or London hotel. We soon became better acquainted, partly through the medium of a bottle of rum, which I generally carried with me to mix with water as my beverage at meals. This is the only species of foreign, or consequently of drinkable aquavitæ, to be found in this country, but the bazar of every town supplies it abundantly. The Greek wine, although in its genuine state it appears to be generally of fine quality, is strongly impregnated with rosin or turpentine, which, added to the taste of the skin, renders it unpalatable to the uninitiated. I found some difficulty in ascertaining the object of this practice, nor indeed would it be easy to

trace it back to its origin, being of very remote antiquity, and familiarly alluded to by the ancients.* The mixture is said to favour the preservation of the liquor, and may at the first have been resorted to with this object; but what was originally a matter of utility is now become one of taste, and the wine is not palatable to the natives in its unalloyed state. I never could relish it at meals, but found a draught of it pleasant enough on the march when hot and thirsty; and it has something tart and pungent which renders it perhaps at the moment the more refreshing. The after-taste, however, was always offensive, although it became less so upon each successive experiment. Hence I can readily understand how foreigners, as I observed to be the case, acquire a taste for it after long residence in the country; and the Bavarians like it, because, as they say, it puts them in mind of their own Suabian beer. To return, however, to the bottle of rum; a neighbouring shop supplied lemons, my host's establishment sugar and a jug of hot water, so we made ourselves punch, and had a very agreeable symposium. As the night was cold, a large pan of live charcoal was produced and set down in the centre of the floor,

* The authority of most ancient date, is an epigram—if genuine—of Rhianus, (*Anthol.* Append. No. 72, Vol. iii. Edit. Lips. stereot.) who describes wine and rosin as mixed in equal quantities in his flagon:

"Ημισυ μὲν πίσεως κωνίτιδος, ἥμισυ δ' οἴνου,
'Αεχλὺν ἀτρεκέως ἥδε λάγυνος ἔχει.

Pliny (xiv. 19; xxiii. 1) says it was both to preserve the wine and impart to it medicinal properties. Plutarch (*Symp.* v. 3, 1) supposes the custom to be of such ancient date, as to have suggested that of adorning the Bacchic thyrsus with pine-tops, in honour of the tree from which the ingredient was produced. He also describes it as both preserving the wine, and rendering it more wholesome.

apparently with the intention of being left during the night, much to my alarm. But the Doctor placed one or two pieces of iron, garnished with lemon peel, over the flame, a sufficient guarantee, as he assured me, against all danger from the effluvia. This was the first time I had ever seen or heard of such an expedient, which proved, however, perfectly efficacious.

My host was an intelligent observer of men and things, and his opinions and anecdotes relative to the state of the country, delivered with the straight-forward simplicity of his nation, and tempered with a proper amount of honest prejudice against every thing Greek that was not German, were both instructive and entertaining. His anatomical museum was a somewhat curious one, consisting chiefly of bones picked up in different parts of the country, exhibiting specimens of the art of Greek or Turkish warriors in inflicting sabre wounds, or of the effect of their weapons, or of gunshot, on the different parts of their respective persons, their pericrania more especially. One sample on which he deservedly set a high value, was a skull, recording with much precision the circumstances which led to its separation from the shoulders it formerly adorned. Right down the centre of the back of the head—or, to speak more scientifically, the occiput—was a cut or hack, of about an inch and a half long, clean through the bone; and a little to one side, a slice about as large as half-a-crown, cut smoothly off its outer surface. It was evident, as the Doctor remarked, that the fallen hero was killed in his flight. His enemy coming up with him, had probably given him a chop from behind, and, to make sure of his victim, had thrown in the side blow as he was falling. The cleanness of the cut in both instances bore testimony to the good temper of the blade, as well as to the hardness of the skull.

Before composing ourselves to sleep, we arranged a party to Mantinea for the next morning. I was to mount him on one of my beasts, and as he knew the ground, he was competent to act as both guide and cicerone, without other attendants.

CHAPTER XL.

MANTINEA—ITALIAN REVOLUTIONS AND REFUGEES—FOREIGNERS IN
GREEK PAY—POLITICAL STATE AND PROSPECTS OF GREECE—
KHAN OF KRYÓVRYSI.

THE morning (Tuesday, April 3) was brilliantly clear, but sharp, and the plain thickly covered with hoar frost. This was the utmost extent to which I experienced the inclemency of an Arcadian winter, being more fortunate in this respect than many of my predecessors, in whose journals I find a snow storm in the Tripolitan plain, even after the spring is well advanced, forms a familiar episode. But the evidence supplied of the comparatively ungenial climate for which this lofty region is proverbial in Greece, was perhaps no less strong in the present case, if we consider that the winter of this year, although one of the coldest ever remembered in the north of Europe, was as remarkable for mildness in its southern latitudes.

My companion was dressed in full uniform, and as we rode out of the town, we were hooted by the children as "Bavari." The compliment, however, was to his nation rather than his person, for he described himself as having acquired favour among the town's people by some successful cures, and general attention to their medical wants, although seldom called in until the case appeared to those interested in the patient to be growing desperate in the hands of the native empirics.

The vale of Mantinea is a retired nook of the great

Tegean plain, and as its table-land is both narrow, and deeply embedded in the loftiest portion of the surrounding highlands, has a much more poetically Arcadian aspect than the remainder of the district. The soil, though apparently richer, is less well cultivated than that around Tripolizza. Its surface is chiefly greensward, overgrown in many places with low brushwood, here and there advancing claim to the character of a grove of trees; and the road for a short distance lay between two hedgerows, the first I remember to have seen in this country. These features, together with its snug sequestered situation, impart to it an air of warmth and amenity, which, added to the graceful lines of its mountain boundary, still entitles it, even in its present state of desolation, to Homer's epithet of "pleasant Mantinea." The only symptoms of population or industry on its surface, were a few huts upon or near the site of the city, and one or two peasants tilling the ground below its walls.

The ruins cover a flat marshy piece of ground near the extremity of the plain, backed by a lofty green knoll of pyramidal form. The traveller, on approaching them, may feel certain that his path lies across the field on which Epaminondas fell, and which was also the scene of other four of the most important battles in the annals of Greek international warfare;* but there is nothing to identify the exact position of the armies in either case. From

* The first was in 418 B.C., when the Spartans and Arcadians under Agis beat the Athenians, Argives, and Mantineans. The second, twenty years afterwards, was the battle of Mantinea by pre-eminence, where Epaminondas was slain. The third was that in which Demetrius Polyorcetes defeated Archidamus and the Spartans, in 296 B.C. The fourth was fought in 242 B.C., between the Achæan league and the Spartans, in which the latter were beaten and their king Agis slain. In the fifth, 206 B.C., Philopœmen, the Achæan general, defeated the Spartans under Machanidas.—See LEAKE, *Morea*, iii. p. 57, *seq.*

Pausanias* it would appear, that the brunt of the action, in the most celebrated of these engagements, was at the distance of about thirty stadia, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from the city, on the road towards Tegea, (or Tripolizza,) consequently but a little within the pass which separates the Mantinean from the Tegean plain. Leake conjectures, with apparent reason, that the place called Scope, from whence Epaminondas after his wound continued to view the battle until he expired, was a ridge of rocky ground projecting into the plain from the height which forms the western boundary of the pass.

Mantineia is one of those ruined cities that interest the traveller, by the distinctness with which the existing remains, although presenting not a single edifice in a tolerable state of preservation, except the cavea of a small stone theatre, and scarcely a vestige of elegant art, realize its ancient state of integrity to the imagination. The wall is more or less entire in its whole circuit to the height of a few feet from the foundations. The interior area of the city is intersected in every direction with foundations, or strewed with shapeless fragments of masonry, of a ruder description than might have been expected in a place of so great eminence during the flourishing ages of Greek art. The wet ditch by which the ramparts were surrounded, is also distinctly represented by a marshy hollow running beneath the whole extent of their outer circumference. The existing fortifications are, like those of Messene and Megalopolis, a work of the engineers of Epaminondas, rebuilt, it would seem, on the foundations of those destroyed fifteen years before by the Spartans; and may be considered as the most finished specimen of the art of defence as it existed during the flourishing period of Greek military tactics. The gates

* *Arcad.* xi.

more especially, of one of which a plan has been given by Leake,* are of very complicated structure.

No advantage seems to have been taken, in planning the city, of the steep height which rises in the immediate neighbourhood, and which in any more ancient fortification upon this ground would doubtless have formed the acropolis. The site consequently, apart from the circumstance of its being completely commanded by this eminence, rather resembles that which the laws of modern than of ancient warfare prescribe for a fortified town. Accordingly, we learn from Pausanias,† that the more ancient city of Mantinea occupied a very different position. He describes its remains as still visible in his time, on a height in the northern extremity of the plain, which Leake has identified with a spot still called Polis, or the City.‡ At what period the Mantineans abandoned their more ancient metropolis does not appear.

We reached Tripolizza, on our return, about noon, and soon after I received a visit from Signor Morandi, with offers of service, and many expressions of regret that his absence the evening before should have deprived him of the opportunity of doing honour to a friend of General Gordon. To my enquiry as to the state of the roads, he answered, that two days before he himself had narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a troop of brigands. This adventure occurred on the road to Karítēna,

* *Morea*, p. 103, *seq.*

† *Arcad.* xii.

‡ *Morea*, vol. iii. p. 96. Xenophon, however, describes the Mantineans in ancient times, before the foundation of their city on its present site, (the old brick walls of which were destroyed by Agesipolis of Sparta,) as having inhabited *five villages*, into which they were again obliged by their Spartan conquerors to disperse, until restored to liberty and to their metropolis by Epaminondas. *Histor. Hellen.* v. c. 2; conf. *Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist.* xv. c. 4, 6. Possibly Polis may have been a castle or citadel—as in the case of Mycenæ above illustrated; a central fortress of the five villages or suburbs.

whither he was bound on military duty, the enforcement, namely, of the new and unpopular law of conscription, with a small party of mounted escort. Just as they were entering a defile, his suspicions were excited by the motions of his dog in front of him, and, a moment after, one of his men remarked, that he thought he perceived the figure of a man among the bushes. They instantly drew up, when from fifteen to twenty armed men started from their ambush, and fired several shots at them, but without effect. The numerical superiority, however, was so great, that there was no alternative for the chief of the gendarmerie at the head of his men, than, after returning the salute, to scamper off as they best could, pursued by the enemy so long as the ground continued as favourable to infantry as to cavalry movements. This was not encouraging as regards our own prospects. He assured me, however, that the attempt was rather of a political than a predatory nature, and directed against himself personally in his official capacity; but that on our route towards Sparta, a couple of mounted dragoons, with which he promised to provide us, would be sufficient security against any danger we were likely to meet with.

The Commandant was a tall dark military-looking man, full of Italian vivacity, and speaking his native tongue with a strong Lombard accent. He was engaged, as he informed me, in a free translation of General Gordon's History of the Revolution, with an application of the case of Greece to the circumstances of his own country; tending to show how a nation, if united and determined, may, under numerous disadvantages, fight out their freedom against an overwhelming superiority of foreign oppressors. There is, however, it must be allowed, but very little analogy between the two cases. When the whole population of the luxurious cities and highly cultivated plains of happy Italy, shall be content to make

their abode for years in the forests and caves of the Apennines, and to be hunted like wild beasts from fastness to fastness, descending perhaps occasionally to till their valleys with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other, and with more than an equal chance of seeing the produce of their labours swept off when ripe by the forage of the enemy; when the sway of Austria shall be changed from a mild monarchy into a tyrannical despotism, and the tactics of her soldiers shall be reduced to the same level as those of the Turks; then indeed it may come to pass, that after resisting single-handed during six or seven years the concentrated energies of that empire, Italy may, by a general interference on the part of the other great powers, be established as an independent member of the European confederacy. These, however, are scenes which none but the most sanguine, or perhaps it may be better said sanguinary, spirit of ultra-liberalism can either hope or wish ever to see enacted on her stage. The political regeneration of the Italians must be effected, if such a result be possible, in a different manner, and under different auspices, from that of the Greeks. The very advantages which the former race enjoy over the rude mountaineers or piratical mariners of Hellas, are, in fact, the chief obstacle to the attainment of the object they profess to have so deeply at heart. They have wealth, commerce, numbers, talents, and personal courage; they have even large native armies, well equipped and disciplined. They are, in fact, a flourishing, civilized nation, and, as long as they are so, no such sacrifices will be made as would be required to work out such a revolution as the Greeks have achieved. Whatever may be the case with a few hot-headed patriots, the majority of a nation so situated, will hardly be willing to abandon their comforts, properties, or lives, for the sake of a change of go-

vernment, which would, even if practicable, in the first instance infallibly be attended with a very unfavourable change in their personal affairs. They will, in the midst of so many blessings, still be content rather "to bear the ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of."

No one, indeed, seemed to be more sensible of the truth of all this, when candidly placed before him, than Signor Morandi himself, or more deeply to regret those reckless attempts to excite revolt, in one of which his youthful zeal had led him to engage, and which had been the cause of his banishment from his own delightful home to a region offering so little to compensate for its loss. The result of such projects, his judgment as well as his experience had now convinced him, could only be to ruin those concerned, and to reflect discredit on the cause. He even agreed with me in an opinion which, paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, is, I believe, common to the more sagacious class of Italian politicians, that the best means of ultimately promoting the cause of national independence would be to encourage, not to impede, the extension of the Austrian supremacy over the whole of his native country. For unity, by whatever means attained, is what is here chiefly required. The people would thus be insured for the present of a mild and paternal government, instead of being exposed, as now, to the caprices of numerous petty sovereigns, temporal or ecclesiastical. Time and opportunity would be afforded for centralizing the national resources, and consolidating the now conflicting interests of the separate provinces; so that, on the first favourable opportunity of a general war, or some great revolutionary explosion in the rest of Europe, the Italian nation, by one combined effort, not by desultory and convulsive struggles as hitherto, might have some hopes of success in an attempt to establish her

right to govern herself, and some reasonable prospect of maintaining her position as an independent European power.

It may be said of the Italian patriots of the present day, as of the Hebrew prophets of old, that their credit is least in their own country. Signor Morandi, in his new residence and office, seemed to enjoy universal respect and esteem, as a good citizen and a man of honour, as well as an officer of talent and activity. On a journey across the Apennines in the ensuing autumn, it was my misfortune to pass the night at a wretched little inn on the frontiers of Tuscany and Modena, attached to which was a military post of the latter state. I entered into conversation with the sergeant in command, in the course of which it occurred to me to ask, whether he had ever known a person of the name of Morandi. I could not have applied in a better quarter, as my gossip, an old soldier, a stanch loyalist as befitted his station, and strenuous in his abhorrence of the late attempts to disturb the mild dynasty of Francis the Fourth, had himself been actively engaged in their suppression. No sooner had the name reached his ear, than he broke out into such virulent invectives against its owner, that I almost felt afraid to confess that I had known him in the capacity of commandant of gendarmerie under King Otho. He denounced him as himself a brigand, traitor, and assassin, and informed me that a reward of 500 crowns had been set on his head, which he himself had been narrowly disappointed of securing.

In the afternoon, every thing being in readiness for our departure, I proceeded, accompanied by the Commandant, the Doctor, and three or four other German officers who had honoured me with a visit at my quarters, to view the town, directing my equipage to await me at the issue of the road towards Sparta. It must be ad-

mitted that the Greeks have some reason to complain of the number of foreigners who feed on the scanty supply of loaves and fishes provided from the stores of their annual budget. With two exceptions, the Governor of Mesolonghi and the Commandant of Gendarmerie at Sparta, I scarcely remember to have come in contact with a single public functionary of note, in the course of my journey, that was a native of the soil. At Mesolonghi, the commandant, the chief engineer, and the military surgeon, Germans; at Argos, the military head-quarter of the Morea, the general commanding in chief a Scotchman, his aide-de-camp German, and the only other officers I met at his table, Frenchmen; at Tripolizza, the chief of the gendarmerie an Italian, the staff-surgeon, and all the other officers of the garrison whom I saw there, Bavarians; at Patras, the town commandant a Swiss. It is probable that this preference may in many cases insure a more efficient discharge of the duties attached to the respective offices; for some of which the native population could hardly be expected to furnish any considerable number of persons even moderately qualified; and where the favoured parties are old Philhellenes, who had stood by the cause through evil as well as good report, there is less disposition to grumble. Our own distinguished countrymen, Church and Gordon,* in spite of the high stations they have occupied, are still two of the most popular men in Greece. The undue preferment of Bavarian adventurers is what the natives object to; and although the evil in their complaints is of course exaggerated, yet it is no doubt crying enough. The ultra-malecontents even go the length of denouncing

* Since writing the above, I have to lament the death of my distinguished friend, which took place in the spring of this year, (1841,) at his own place in Aberdeenshire. He had retired from the Greek service the year after my visit, and returned to his native country.

the German dynasty as but the old Turkish oppression in a different form, and the more cruel and mortifying, as being exercised under the specious disguise of that national independence which they have endured so many years of war and hardship to establish; while the court is considered as but a rallying point for hungry cormorants from every part of Germany, to come down and fatten on the carcass of their extenuated body politic. The vast idea they have so naturally conceived of their own martial prowess, renders this partiality the more galling perhaps in the military appointments, where it is chiefly displayed; and several stories were current, apparently on good authority, of instances in which heroes of many fights had been laid on the shelf, to make way for some inexperienced martinet from the military schools of Munich. I have even heard it gravely maintained, that a large proportion of the aliens preferred to commissions are Jews, (a nation for whom the Greeks have a still greater horror than for the Turks,) and that the Hellenic army is used as a drain to clear the native country of King Otho of this odious race. False and absurd as many of these stories may be, they are yet in themselves strong evidence of the mischief of the system that has given rise to them, and which, exaggeration apart, there can be little doubt has been acted upon to a most iniquitous and impolitic extent.

The system itself, however, is doubtless, in some degree, a necessary consequence of the anomalous circumstances under which the *regenerate* state has been established. In ordinary cases, where a province of some great empire asserts its separate independence, the act is that of the inhabitants in the mass. None but the determined personal or political adherents of the dominant power are ejected. The native population remains entire, both in its numbers and national spirit, and presents

all the elements requisite for the formation of a new body politic, with the usual distinction of classes, each abounding in persons trained within their proper sphere to the ordinary functions of police and civil administration. In Greece, on the other hand, there was a dominant race and a subject race, broadly distinguished from each other. The lords of the soil are ejected, and with them the great mass of the aristocracy or upper class. The vassals pass at once from bondage to independence, and to the duty and necessity of self-government, for which they are both unprepared and unfit.

Here, therefore, many of the primary ingredients of a nation were altogether wanting from the first, and can be but slowly and imperfectly supplied from indigenous sources. It must also be borne in mind, with reference to the existing state of affairs, that even the few native Greeks who had any experience of the arts of government, had been trained to a system altogether foreign to that of Western Europe, which they were now called upon to adopt. Politically speaking, the Greeks were Asiatics, and all their oriental ideas, whether social or political, required to be corrected or eradicated, before they could be expected to form a civilized people, upon civilized European principles.

Under these circumstances, there can be little doubt that it would have been far better for Greece, on shaking off the Turkish yoke, to have been contented, for a season at least, with something short of complete independence, and rather to have passed under the tutelage of some great European power, as the Ionian islands are now held by England, in order to be trained to the arts and usages of civilized government, and still more perhaps to those of regular military discipline, as an intermediate stage to the full enjoyment of that dangerous privilege, on which they naturally set so high a value.

The attempt in the first instance to establish a purely Greek constitution, produced a state of confusion as fatal to the national prosperity as the iron rod of the Turk. The next expedient, that of selecting a sovereign from a royal house distinguished for its Philhellenic principles, has been attended, it may be said as a matter of necessity, with the unpopular results which suggested these observations. The European dynasty finds it impracticable to carry on the European system of government by native machinery alone. The employment to a certain extent of foreign men, to carry into effect foreign measures, became necessary. The practice, once introduced, could not fail to be carried to an abusive excess; while its prevalence is still more galling to the citizens of a nominally free and independent state, than it would have been in one partially subjected, for its own benefit, to a more powerful and highly civilized protector.

Political prophecies are always hazardous; but certainly existing appearances are not favourable either to the prosperity or the permanence of the Bavarian dynasty.

Tripolizza is a place of modern origin; but its site has been supposed to correspond with that of Palantium, the native city of Evander, the fabulous colonist of the Palatine hill, and civilizer of Latium. It was the Turkish capital of the Morea, and its siege and capture in the year 1821, was one of the first signal successes of the insurgents. To describe its present appearance would be little else than a repetition of what has been said of Thebes, Livadía, Argos, and other Greek towns of the same rank. The only relic of the Turkish period is an arched gateway, through which Ibrahim Pashá entered when he recaptured the place in 1825. It was spared in commemoration of this event, when every thing else was laid in ruins by the Egyptians, on the subsequent

evacuation of their conquest; and now seems to be cherished by the Greeks, in their turn, as a memorial of their triumph.

We were to proceed that evening but half the distance to Sparta, leaving, however, so short a journey for the following day, as to admit of my devoting the whole afternoon to its remains. After a two hours' ride, we leave the site of Tegea distant a mile or two to the left. It offers no ruins of sufficient interest to demand a visit. On the right is a lake, which, though small, is really entitled to the name; as presenting a clear liquid expanse to the eye, not a reedy marsh, with here and there a pool or stagnant river, like the famous Copais. Soon after we begin to ascend the course of a stream, called Saranda Potamó or "Forty Rivers," which, losing itself in a chasm beneath a neighbouring mountain, is said to reappear as the Alpheus, at a place called Frankóvrysi, the ancient Asea, after a subterranean course of eight or ten miles. About sunset we reach the khan of Kryóvrysi or Cold-Spring. This place takes its name from a source in the neighbourhood, said to be the fountain-head of the river just mentioned, and by consequence of the Alpheus. Its situation is wild and picturesque; the khan itself as miserable as any I had yet seen, but possessing two signal advantages; first, that from the Alpine nature of the climate it was quite free of vermin; secondly, that the accommodation for man and beast was separate. The scene round the fire was, on a smaller scale, something similar to that described at San Vlasio; but the party was less jovial. The respect of my military escort for myself, and of the remainder of the guests for both them and me, seemed to throw a ceremonious gloom over the circle.

About nightfall we were joined by two Herculean figures in the accoutrement of herdsmen, but whose cos-

tume and general appearance struck me as different from that of the native peasantry of the same class, while their address was remarkable for a clownish bluntness and simplicity, unlike the brisk vivacity which usually characterizes the demeanour of the Greek population. One of them entered into conversation with Nicóla, who seemed to have found some instantaneous means of ingratiating himself; for after exchanging a few words, each of the strangers shook him heartily by the hand, and kissed his cheek, a ceremony which was repeated at parting. On enquiry, I found they belonged to the same race of Wallachian nomads who had been my first acquaintance on the soil of Greece. They had been pasturing their flocks during winter on the Peloponnesian plains, and the source of the sudden friendship between them and my Albanian was his intimacy with their brethren of the north, and his account of our late interview with the colony of Petalá. Though not so tall as some of their Patagonian cousins of the Acheloüs, they were both most ponderous athletic personages. I could not help greeting them by gestures (for we could make little speed by words) as old acquaintance, and they returned the salute in a manner that showed they perfectly understood the motive from which it was offered. After warming themselves at the fire for half an hour, they rose and continued their route across the mountains in the dark. There were, I was told, several moveable colonies of them in the Morea, and in the sequel of our own travels we fell in with one, journeying, like the patriarchs of old, with their flocks and herds, wives, children, and whole domestic apparatus.

CHAPTER XLI.

FIRST VIEW OF THE SPARTAN PLAIN—MÄNOTES—SPARTA.

παρ' Εὐρώτα πόρον δεῖ σάμερόν μ' ἐλθεῖν ἐν ὥρᾳ.
 PIND. *Ol.* vi. 46.

“This day Eurotas’ ford I cross betimes.”

THE morning (Wednesday, April 4th) was again bright and clear, with sharp frost. Pursuing the ascent for some miles, we reach the summit of the ridge, a stony heath, interspersed with straggling groups of stunted pine and oak, through which there suddenly opened up a view of the whole higher region of Mount Taygetus, a stupendous range of snowy peaks glittering in the morning sun. Here began the descent towards the vale of the Eurotas, by tracks often so precipitous as to render it necessary to dismount and lead our horses. In the woods I heard, for the first time, the note of the cuckoo. One of the dragoons also called the attention of his comrade to the sound, and on enquiry I found that it was equally new to the rest of the party. The next day, in the Spartan plain, I also first heard the song of the nightingale. I have heard numbers singing in chorus, even in the colder regions of Italy, ten days earlier; yet this was a genial spring in Greece. After four or five hours’ ride, we halt to refresh at the khan of Vourla.

From this point we obtain the first view of the plain of Sparta, and no words can describe the dazzling brilliancy of the prospect. It combines all the beauties of

Greek, Swiss, and Italian scenery. Lacedæmon is one of those cities which Homer so appropriately characterizes by the elegant epithet formerly illustrated,* denoting the wide expanse of joyous plain, in the midst of which it is situated; and which, if not equal in extent or actual fertility of soil, is certainly vastly superior in beauty and luxuriant vegetation to any I had yet traversed, being covered in part, and studded in every direction, with a rich variety of forest and fruit trees. The foreground of the landscape is a succession of woody declivities, extending nearly to the brink of the Eurotas, which is seen winding its silver course through the vale into the extreme distance. The western boundary of the valley in its whole length is the ridge of Taygetus, which, whether from its real height,† from the grandeur of its outline, or the abruptness of its rise from the plain, created in my mind a stronger impression of stupendous bulk and loftiness than any mountain I have seen in Greece, or perhaps in any other part of Europe. Homer seems to have viewed it with the same eyes—as to it alone, among his native mountains, he applies a distinctive epithet,‡ signifying a superiority of altitude to all its fellows. It is indeed to Greece what the Bern Alps are to Switzerland; and the first view of its line of snowy peaks, brought home forcibly to my mind that from the terrace of Bern cathedral, certainly the grandest Alpine prospect in Western Europe.

The base of the ridge, immediately above Sparta, consists of a row of huge projecting masses of precipitous rock, rising almost perpendicular from a gentle declivity, which by a graceful sweep connects them with the level

* εὐρύχωρος. *Odyss.* xiii. 414; xv. 1. See ch. xvi. *supra*.

† 7000 to 8000 feet?

‡ περιμήκετον. *Odyss.* vi. 103. The highest summit is now called Makrynó, a term of somewhat similar import.

plain. These stupendous heights, each in its individual capacity equal or superior to a Lycabettus, or even an Acrocorinthus, and each with its separate summit, crowned perhaps by a ruined tower or sanctuary, look like a succession of bulwarks thrown forward to protect the vale from the snow that covers the upper region of the mountain; or rather perhaps like a Cyclopan substruction to a gigantic edifice of white marble. Over the intermediate ridges are scattered forests of dark green pine, sometimes in dense masses, sometimes in broken straggling groups—in Homer's time the favourite haunts of Diana.* The snow, which appeared to extend over about a fourth of the whole altitude of the mountain, from its brilliancy, the distinctness of its boundary line, and the apparent density of its mass, produced an effect more resembling that of an Alpine glacier than any I had yet witnessed in the Greek highlands, and conveyed the impression of its being here also a permanent ornament of the whole summit. This however, I believe, is not the case; during summer, it only remains in the more sequestered ravines, or the spots least exposed to the rays of the sun.

The site of ancient Sparta is now clearly to be distinguished, by the new buildings lately erected on one of its most conspicuous points. It forms the extremity of a long low range of hills, which, projecting in the form of a wedge down the centre of the upper part of the plain from its inland boundary, splits this portion of it into two secondary valleys. Of these, the one to the eastward is watered by the Eurotas, the other by one of its principal tributaries, joining the main stream a little below the city. Misitrá, in Turkish times the capital of the district, is situated a little further up the vale than Sparta, on the base of the mountain, at the entrance to one of the deep gorges

* *Odyss.* loc. cit.

that run up into its interior. Its Gothic castle crowns one of the lowest of the row of colossal heights above described, and with the ruined houses of the town, scattered on the declivities beneath, has a very picturesque appearance. The plain does not extend to the sea or the horizon, but is cut off by a range of lower eminences, projecting in softly undulating lines from the southern extremity of Taygetus. Before reaching their base, the Eurotas, taking a turn to the eastward, enters a narrow gorge, separating the vale of Sparta from the marshes of Helos, through which it discharges itself into the sea. The eastern boundary of the valley, on the declivities of which I was now standing, is Mount Mænalion, running parallel to Taygetus. Along its base winds the Eurotas, seldom diverging in the course of its meanderings far into the heart of the plain. This mountain, though offering some bold precipices towards the river, is not remarkable either for height or variety of outline; but rising gradually in a succession of gentler ridges, allows the eye to range freely to a considerable distance across its surface. These milder features, while they render it a happy set-off to its gigantic opposite neighbour, have also the effect of giving extent and variety to the general landscape.

Sheltered on every side by mountains from the blast, and itself but slightly raised above the level of the sea, the vale of Lacedæmon is as remarkable for the geniality of its climate as the beauty of its scenery, and has accordingly been most appropriately characterized by Homer as a “hollow pleasant valley.”* There is perhaps no region in Greece where the poet has been more fortunate in his epithets, or where they so well bespeak his personal knowledge of the country. The soil of the plain, unless

* κοίλη ἐρατεινή.—*Il.* ii. 581; iii. 443. *Odys.* iv. 1; xiii. 414; xv. 1. Compare the description of the plain, *Odys.* iv. 602, *seq.*

where disturbed by the stony beds of the torrents from the mountain, which indeed is the case on a great part of its surface, is of fine quality, and supplies every production of this favoured latitude in the highest perfection. Its olives are, in the present age at least, preferred to those of Athens. The orange groves of Misitrá are equally celebrated; while in silk, both for quantity and quality, the Spartan plain excels every other district in Greece.

Upon the whole, the scenery of the vale of Eurotas, though offering, no doubt, a less classical study to the painter than may be found in other parts of Greece, is yet the most dazzling on first view to the eye of the beholder that I have met with in that or any other country. I have ventured to be thus particular in describing this region, partly in deference to its own surpassing beauty, partly from a desire to impress on the mind of the reader the contrast, which forced itself so powerfully on my own, between its natural features and the character of the race by whom, in its more prosperous days, it was possessed. A sea view alone is wanting; with this single exception, there can scarcely be imagined a district combining, in greater number and perfection than Lacedæmon, all the properties generally considered best calculated to gladden the hearts—to warm the imagination—to soften the manners—or even to enervate the energies of its inhabitants. Yet the Spartans are proverbial among the nations of the earth for their exemption from all the influences, for good or for evil, to which the fair paradise that fell to their lot might be supposed to subject them; for their contempt of all its sensual delights; for the stern ferocity of their habits, both public and domestic; for deficiency of talent and taste for every branch of imaginative pursuit; for an iron insensibility, in short, to all the finer impulses or affections of our nature.

This fact may be adduced, as one among many strong evidences, of the fallacy of the prevailing theories relative to the dependence of national character on the peculiarities of the soil or climate in which it may be developed. These theories, indeed, supply one of the best illustrations of what Aristotle so aptly characterizes as the favourite error of superficial reasoners; that, namely, of framing general maxims out of incidental cases—of confounding the circumstances under which events take place, with the causes that produce them. It has become with us moderns a trite maxim of elementary geography, that the present effeminacy, moral or political, of the inhabitants of some of the fairest regions of southern Europe, is a consequence of the seductive influences of their climate; while the martial and enterprizing genius of the nations to the north, is attributed to the invigorating power of a temperature more favourable to activity and exertion. If this rule hold good of the last two thousand years, how happens it to have been so strangely contradicted by the two thousand that precede them, during which the inhabitants of these enervating regions were not only themselves distinguished for enterprize and endurance, but were in the habit of stigmatizing us northern men of iron as deficient in the same qualities in which it is now our boast to excel them? How do we reconcile with this rule, that the three races of Europe, who in the history of the world have at least never been surpassed in vigour of character—the Athenians, Spartans, and Romans—should have been nurtured in three of its most delicious regions? This error is common to the ancient statistical writers with our own. If it was climate that enervated Sybaris and Capua, how did Athens, Lacedæmon, or Rome escape?

The same theory will be found equally fallacious in

other cases to which it is familiarly applied. Constitutional liberty, we are told, is a plant only adapted to temperate zones, and requiring the nourishment of the same hardihood of character denied by nature to the inhabitants of warm and voluptuous latitudes. And yet the republican form of government had its origin in Syria, and had been carried to a high degree of perfection in the sands of Libya, before it reached those genial shores of the Ægæan where we have the first notice of its being reduced to theoretical principles. The imaginative arts, it is said, on the other hand, require to be fostered by the same amenity of soil and serenity of atmosphere, so prejudicial to the more abstract intellectual energies of our species; and this point of the system is, perhaps, the most plausible, as being in some degree confirmed by the fact, that these arts were first carried to perfection in Greece, and when driven from her shores by the degeneracy of their ancient patrons, took refuge in Italy, the country which, next to herself, seemed to hold out the greatest encouragement to their culture. Yet it is not easy to reconcile with this theory the fact, that the genius of original design, in its progress from east to west, should have passed with contempt over the fair plains of France, to settle among the mists and swamps of the region on its northern frontier, combining most of the natural features which might be expected to act as antidotes to the working of every species of poetical inspiration, whether displayed through the medium of the pen or the pencil.

It is a fine observation of Dante, in allusion to the rarity with which virtue descends from father to son in hereditary succession, that “so it has been willed by him who bestows so noble a gift, that it may appear to proceed entirely from himself:”—

“ Rade volte risurge per li rami
L'umana probitade, e questo vuole
Quei che la dà perchè da lui si chiami.”—*Purg.* vii. 121.

The remote sources of human excellence are no less mysterious in nations than individuals. In each case, however, it is originally a boon conferred by Providence in one case and denied in another. In each the operation of external causes is occasionally traceable, but will never be found sufficiently constant to supply a general rule, or even to justify our ascribing to them more than a mere incidental agency. A man naturally devoid of talent for painting, will not be made a skilful artist by being placed in a picturesque country; nor will a race deficient in native genius for art or literature, be much more likely to distinguish itself in either, merely by being placed in the situation most favourable for their cultivation, than barley seed sown in a rich soil will be to produce wheat. Had the Hellenes, in the course of their early migrations, fixed their abode in the steppes of Scythia, we might now be under as little obligation to their poets or artists as to those of the ancient barbarians of that region. But, on the other hand, had Greece, amid the same vicissitudes of primitive history, fallen to the lot of a horde of Tartars, centuries of brilliant sun and balmy air would never have moulded such uncongenial stuff into a Homer or a Phidias. And even here the anomaly observable in individual cases tends to confirm the principle to which they are all ultimately to be referred; for the Spartans, though emanating from the same stock, and planted in the soil most favourable for bringing its growth to maturity, prided themselves on their barrenness in those qualities which were the chief glory of their fellow Greeks.

But if the popular theory be fallacious as regards the imaginative faculties, it is altogether false as bearing on

the civil and political energies of mankind. The former indeed must, from their very nature, be in some degree dependent on visible and sensual objects for the mode and extent of their exercise. But the talents requisite for the framing of social or civil institutions, being concentrated around man himself alone in his moral and intellectual capacity, are placed much further beyond the reach of any external or material influences. That they should in some degree be subject to them may indeed be granted, as a necessary condition of the connexion between the corporeal and the intellectual element of our nature. Extremes in climate, as in every thing else, cannot fail to be prejudicial. The stupifying effects of cold on the Esquimaux, can as little be denied as of heat on the Nigritians. But the examples already quoted, with numerous others that might be adduced from different chapters of universal history, are sufficient evidence that undue importance has been assigned to such influences, within the latitudes in which the human species can be considered as a healthy and flourishing part of the creation.

The true causes of power or prosperity in those races which have exercised the greatest sway on the destinies of mankind, whether Greeks or Romans, Persians or Arabs, French or English, are, first, the native force of character implanted in them by the Creator; secondly, the youthful vigour with which their powers are exercised; for nations, like individuals, have their periods of infancy, manhood, and old age. Where these two favourable circumstances are combined, the influence of a delicious climate will probably act as a stimulant rather than a check, as was doubtless the case in Greece; where they are wanting, it may be equally pernicious as an incentive to sensual indulgence, the sole or chief scope of man's existence in his state of corruption, as in his state

of barbarism. In the familiarly quoted cases of this latter class, it is to the imbecility or the degeneracy of the population, not to the peculiarities of their native district, that the primary source of the mischief is to be traced. Local influences, if operative at all, are of quite a subordinate nature.

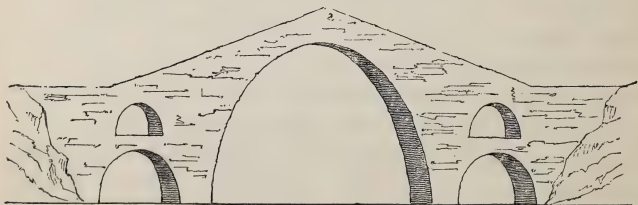
The natives of the Laconian highlands, however, would seem to supply an exception even to this latter rule; as exhibiting a greater ferocity of character, and a more indomitable spirit of independence, in their degenerate than in their youthful state. We hear of no stand made, and no independence maintained, by the ancient occupants of the fastnesses of Taygetus, against the successive conquests of the Heraclidæ, the Macedonians, or the Romans. They seem, on each of these occasions, to have meekly submitted to the fate of the metropolis. In modern times the case is different; and these mountain tribes,* calculated to comprise, under the general term *Mainotes*, a population of between 50,000 and 60,000 souls, with from eight to ten thousand fighting men, have for many centuries steadily and successfully resisted a foreign yoke from whatever quarter attempted to be imposed. During four hundred years the Turks were never able to subdue them. Their only recognition of the signorial rights of the sultan was an annual tribute of 17,000 piastres, or about L.940, (threepence or fourpence per head,) irregularly paid;† a very trifling equivalent for the advantage of freedom from any further annoyance on the part of the infidels, and the greater leisure it afforded them for prosecuting their favourite

* Opinions are much divided as to the real origin of this remarkable people; some maintaining them to be lineally descended from the ancient Laconians, others from the Slavonic tribes by whom the Morea was overrun during the middle ages.

† LEAKE, *Morea*, vol. i., p. 245.

pursuits of robbery and piracy against both Turk and Christian. Ibrahim Pashá made several determined efforts to force their passes, in all of which he was ignominiously defeated; and although party divisions, or the conflicting interests of some of their chieftains, seem for the present to have baffled their hopes of still continuing to assert a separate independence, yet the efforts of the Bavarian dynasty to exact from them a greater degree of submission than they were willing to pay, have on several occasions met with a similar fate.

The termination of the descent into the vale brings the traveller at once on the banks of the Eurotas, just where the narrow glen within which its upper course is confined begins to expand. As the ford at this place was pronounced not practicable, we ascend a few hundred yards to a bridge, situated at a point where the bed of the stream is overhung by cliffs, in which the road is excavated on each side. This bridge is the most respectable modern Greek structure of its class I had seen, and is somewhat similar in style, though vastly inferior in size and fabric, to the Ponte della Maddelena, near the Baths of Lucca. It consists of one wide arch in



the centre, with two of smaller size, one above the other, on each flank. The crown of the principal arch is raised to a great height above the level of the road at each end, so as to render the causeway inconveniently steep. The cliffs on the left bank of the river, just be-

low the bridge, exhibit evident tokens of having been used as quarries, being cut into perpendicular faces, in the same manner, and with the same marks of chiseling, as the marble quarries of Pentelicus. The road, after crossing the river, follows its right bank, parallel to the ridge of low hills which here divide the valley of the Eurotas from that of Misitrá. In a ravine to the right are the ruins of an aqueduct of the lower Roman or Byzantine period. The river, as it approaches the town, becomes broader, and its course more straggling, while its banks and the dry parts of its bed are overgrown with a profusion of reeds. This peculiar feature of the Eurotas is a favourite subject of allusion with the ancients.*

Soon after we turn to the right, through another similar ravine. Fragments of masonry now become visible on the brow of the declivity which overhangs the road to the left. This is the western extremity of the site of Sparta, occupied by the remains of the theatre. Another sharp turn to the left brings us into the inner area of the ancient city, which is now partly a wilderness of ruins, overgrown with creepers and brushwood, partly a disorderly range of garden grounds, or ill cultivated land, studded with groves of olives, mulberries, and poplars, with a few cottages scattered here and there. As we rode past one of these groups of dwellings, we had the most determined encounter with the dogs in which our cavalcade had hitherto been engaged; and both here and in other parts of Laconia and Messenia, the animal amply supports its ancient character for ferocity and courage. One of them actually sprang up and fastened on the tail of the horse of one of the dragoons, who pulled out his pistol from the holster in a fury, much to my alarm, as I was immediately in the rear. He would certainly have shot the animal, had it not been called off

* *Theogn.* v. 782. EURIPIDES, *Iphig. in Aul.* 179, et alib. freq.

by a virago, the proprietrix probably, who was spinning at the door of the hut, and who also maintained the credit of her nation and sex for boldness of spirit, by giving vent to a torrent of abusive language against the man for the undue severity of his threatened measures of defence. The ancient Lacedæmonians were no less jealous of the honour of their dogs. An encounter very similar to that above described, during the heroic age, was attended with the most fatal results. When Hercules visited Sparta, in order to purify himself from the blood of Iphitus, he was accompanied by his cousin Œonus, a lad under age. Walking out to view the city, and happening to pass the palace of Hippocoon, the reigning chieftain of the place, the youth was attacked by one of the house dogs. Resorting to the usual mode of defence in such cases, he seized a stone and felled the animal. The sons of Hippocoon immediately rushed out upon him and beat him to death with clubs. The consequence was a bloody feud between Hercules and Hippocoon, which ended in the extermination of the latter with his whole family.*

On clearing the thickets, we reached an open level meadow, at the extremity of which, on a green acclivity, are the buildings already completed of the modern city of Sparta.

Several centuries before Greece began to be frequented by classical tourists, Lacedæmon had ceased to be a town. The scanty remains of its population had, during the turbulent ages, emigrated to Misitrá, which, with its strong castle on one of the cliffs at the base of the mountain, offered a more secure dwelling-place, and finally became the capital of the district. Since the establishment of the national independence, it has, however, been determined to transfer the metropolitan honours of the pro-

* APOLLOD. *Bibl.* ii. 7, 3. PAUSAN. *Lacon.* xv.

vince to their ancient seat. The measure originated, as I was informed, with the inhabitants themselves, but met with the approbation of the government. Although something may be attributed to classical associations, it is probable that motives of utility were more influential in its adoption. Misitrá, like other Greek towns, was but a heap of ruins at the conclusion of the war. The unhealthiness of its site had long been matter of complaint; the marshy grounds below exposed it to noxious vapours, and the gorges running up into the mountain behind, to sudden chills and changes of temperature. The site of the ancient city, on the other hand, a range of dry airy heights in the centre of the plain, is said to be as remarkable for salubrity as for amenity and beauty.

The spot selected as the centre of the new town is an open green eminence, sloping to the level plain, at the southern extremity of the ruins, and which, as it exhibits few or no fragments of antiquity on its own surface, may be presumed to have been either beyond the bounds of the ancient city, or a void space within them. A good number of houses are already completed, including most of the public offices. The place, from being perfectly new, and free from the usual chaos of rubbish, has an air of cleanliness or tidiness—to use a homely but expressive phrase—of which no other Greek community can boast. The houses already built are chiefly of the better class; the zeal for emigration having, as may be supposed, first led to any practical results among the upper ranks. The poor would but follow in the wake of their patrons and employers. Some of these structures are large, several stories high, and at a distance of rather imposing exterior, but altogether devoid of either solidity or elegance. They are compact square masses of rubble masonry, encased in a framework of wood, with sloping tiled roofs of bright vermilion hue, without cornice or ornamental

moulding of any kind, and in spite of the partial relief to the eye afforded by outer staircase and balconies, altogether deficient in either architectural or picturesque effect. The contrast in this respect between modern Greece and Italy, two countries so very similar in climate and soil, and in many points of manners, is very striking. In the latter country, the cottages of the poorest rustics, erected by the common native masons, scarcely ever fail to present, both single and in groups, so graceful an outline, as to have all the appearance to the eye of having been destined by art for the effect they produce; and offer to the landscape painter the most excellent studies of rural architecture. In Greece, with the partial exception of a convent or hamlet hanging on the steep side of a mountain, and of some of the new palaces of Athens, the houses both of high and low are little better than eyesores on the face of the land. Those of the rich have the air of warehouses, or manufactories; those of the poor, of cow-sheds or hog-styes. The evil has probably been rather increased than diminished by the introduction of the German taste for high sloping roofs. Of this a conspicuous example is supplied by the principal edifice of Sparta, an immense silk manufactory, lately erected for the encouragement of the staple trade of the district, at some little distance from the main group of houses; and which, with its lofty blue covering, apparently of some tarred material, looms hideously in the prospect, like one of the great sheds that cover the ship-building stocks in our naval arsenals.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOSPITALITY OF SPARTAN COMMANDANT—LACEDÆMONIAN SUPPER.

ὥπτα δὲ καὶ τὰς κοιλίας,
οὕτω σφόδρ' ἦν ἀρχαῖος.—ATHEN. l. i., p. 12.

“The very entrails roasted he would eat,
So antiquated was he in his ways.”

ON arrival, I presented my credentials from the General to the commandant, requesting a billet for a couple of nights in such quarters as were to be procured. He received me in a most friendly manner, and forthwith ceded to me the best of his own two rooms, furnished, more or less in the European style, with table, chairs, bedstead, and mattress—and not deficient in cleanliness. I then proceeded, attended by one of his men as a guide, to inspect the ruins. They are far more considerable in point of extent than I had been led to expect from the descriptions of my predecessors, but for the most part of a very sorry description. Almost the only remains of the Hellenic or Roman periods that make any appearance above ground, are the theatre, and a small piece of stone masonry, of ponderous square blocks, among the bushes, not far from the new town. This latter relic, probably part of the cell of a temple, now bears among the learned of Sparta, the title of Tomb of Leonidas. The site of the theatre has already been noticed; the only portions of its masonry still remaining entire are of stone; but on the surface of the cavea, which now bore a crop of wheat,

were visible a few blocks of the white marble with which Pausanias describes it as formerly adorned. All the other remains appeared to be of a very low period, chiefly composed of the ruins of former edifices. Among them are several Christian churches.* The best structure of this inferior class is a long quadrangular enclosure, with the greater part of its outer wall entire, and which, from the arrangement of its interior into numerous small arched chambers, would seem to have been a bath or gymnasium, converted perhaps in later times into a barrack or magazine. There is a paltry little amphitheatre, of very wretched masonry, but tolerably well preserved, in a hollow not far from the river, and in its neighbourhood a ravine of a form which indicates the site of the stadium. No part of the ancient city extended to the eastward of the Eurotas.

The site of Sparta resembles that of Rome, comprehending a number of contiguous hills of little height or boldness of character. As the Dorian Spartans affected to despise all means of defence but their own valour and the terror of their name, this was a very appropriate position for their capital. It was not, however, of their own choice, but transmitted to them from the heroic age, and offers therefore a rare exception to the rule usually observed in those early times, that the limits of a city should comprehend a commanding acropolis. Dorian Sparta had no acropolis in the ordinary sense of the word, although the loftiest eminence of the group was familiarly called by that name. It is not now easy to decide which of them it may have been, as several present nearly the same elevation to the eye. The law against artificial

* Since writing the above, I find that Colonel Leake (*Morea*, vol. i., p. 187,) denies the existence of any ruins of Christian churches at Sparta; but in spite of the high respect I entertain for his authority, I must abide by my own opinion.

defences was first departed from on occasion of the attack made on the city by Demetrius Poliorcetes, when a few works were hastily thrown up. The fortifications were improved and extended by Nabis, but destroyed by Philopœmen, and finally restored and completed by the Romans when they took possession of the place. The stone substructions observable on the face of the heights behind the theatre, may be the remains of these works. On several portions of the ancient area, where the soil is less encumbered with ruins or trees, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the new town, excavations have lately been made, but to little depth, and solely, or chiefly, it would seem, for the purpose of obtaining building material. Here and there, however, foundations of considerable extent have been brought to light, together with portions of columns and other architectural fragments, of good marble, but for the most part of small dimensions.

On my return to the quarters of the commandant, I perceived some of his retainers busy in skinning an animal, which, on nearer approach, I found to be a lamb just slaughtered, and hung upon a peg on one of the posts of the staircase. I felt some surprise at the sight, as Nicôla, in the exercise of his purveyorship, was not in the habit of "honouring me with perfect lambs and goats;" and I knew that, amid the rigours of Lent, it could not be intended for the table of my landlord. On enquiry, however, it appeared that the victim really was a firstling of his own fold. In the genuine spirit of patriarchal hospitality, immediately on our arrival he had "fetched a lamb from his flock, tender and good, and given it to a young man, who hasted to dress it;" and a very delicious meal it afforded on each of the two days I remained in his quarters. This was the first and only occasion on which I experienced, on the part of a native Greek, a disinterested exercise of hospitality. It is true

that I scarcely ever had occasion elsewhere to appeal to that of any other class than the clergy or the peasantry, both of whom are accustomed to speculate on the annual visits of the foreign tourist as a source of revenue; and their chief object is, to extort from their guests as exorbitant a price as possible for the poor accommodation they supply.

My host, in the present instance, not only insisted on providing my repast, but, in the zeal of his friendly politeness, even went the length of waiving the rites of his religion in favour of those of hospitality, by partaking of it himself. Our table was soon served. The first dish realized, still more effectually than the slaughter of the lamb, Homer's account of a patriarchal Greek supper, and that on the scene of one of the most remarkable of the banquets described in his poems, the house of a Spartan chief—perhaps on the very spot where Menelaus entertained Telemachus. It was a delicate portion of the entrails, but not one familiar to me before as an article of diet, white, clean, and daintily dressed, and served up twisted in numberless coils* round the wooden skewer on which it was roasted: “warm with the spit itself.”† After this followed, also roasted, some of the choicest morsels of the flesh. With the ancients, especially in primitive ages, the entrails were considered, and justly as far as my experience goes, among the most delicate articles of diet.‡ Accordingly, as we find pointedly stated in the *Odyssey*, they were the portion selected

* The same probably called the *πολύπτυχον ἔγκατον* by Lucian, *Leiphr.* 3.

† *θέρμ' αὐτοῖς δέλοισι.*—*Odys.* xiv. 77.

‡ Numerous testimonies in their honour have been collected by Athenæus, lib. vii. and viii. Hence the humorous epigram of Alexis, *ap. Athen.* l. iii. p. 100.) concerning a famous epicure:—

ὕπὲρ πάτρας μὲν πᾶς τις ἀποθνήσκειν θέλει,
ὕπὲρ δὲ μήτρας Καλλιμέδων ὁ Κάρακος.

to confer honour on a newly-arrived guest.* Hence "tasting the entrails" was also the first symbolic rite of a sacrifice.† The custom of serving meat on the spits or roasting-prongs on which it was dressed, is also frequently alluded to by Homer.

"Roasting the entrails" was considered as a peculiarly antiquated and Homeric custom by the Greek epicures of civilized ages, with whom they seem to have been invariably boiled or otherwise prepared.‡ Hence it is said by the comic poet Antiphanes, that "Homer never made soup or boiled his meat," but "roasted the very entrails, so old-fashioned was he in his ways."§ The same remark may equally apply to my host, whose cookery was a genuine representative of that of Menelaus.

Lent is, in many respects, the most unfavourable season for the traveller in Greece, who is interested in tracing the analogy between ancient and modern customs, owing to the restrictions it imposes on both diet and amusement. Hence I do not remember in the course of my journey to have heard a single note of music, still less to have witnessed the performance of the Romaïka dance, which has been so frequently remarked for its close correspondence with Homer's description of that popular among his countrymen in his own day; and, if we may trust him, since the days of Theseus and Ariadne.|| At any other period I should probably have also had many more and better opportunities of observing the correspondence between the present mode of preparing the more substantial articles of food, and that with which we are familiar in the pages of classic writers, and of Homer in particular. A distinguished German scholar and Philhellene, who passed several years in

* iii. 40.

† See *Il.* and *Od.* *passim*.

‡ *ATHEN.* iii. p. 94. c. *ARISTOPH. Pax.* 717.

§ *ATHEN.* i. i., p. 12. c.

|| *Il.* xviii. 590. *seq.*

Greece during the unsettled period immediately subsequent to the emancipation, and whose lot it had been, on various occasions, to bivouac with parties of Palikars when on service, assured me that their mode of dressing their animal food corresponded, almost to the letter, with that described by the poet in numerous familiar passages of his works.* A large fire of wood is kindled, and allowed to burn to embers, which are strewed in a circle on the hearth. Both flesh and entrails of the animal are then cut into small pieces, and fastened on wooden spits or skewers, which are either stuck in the ground, so as to expose the meat to the effect of the fire, or held over it in the hands like toasting-forks. The entrails on such occasions are served first, as at the table of my Spartan landlord. But for the restrictions of Lent, some of the nights we spent in the khans would doubtless have enabled me to witness the same ceremony.

Trifling as may be the influence of genuine Christianity on the population of this country, whether laity or clergy, yet the superstitious veneration for the letter of their own church discipline, is certainly one of the most prominent features of their character. This is a consequence no doubt, in part, of the centuries of persecution and contempt to which their worship and its ordinances have been exposed, and which, by a very natural reaction, tend to attach the minds of men the more strongly to habits, of little or no value in themselves, and likely, if left unmolested, speedily to become extinct. The clergy, certainly a most degraded class, are personally objects of no esteem whatever; yet in their spiritual capacity, each village papa or beggarly monk is as infallible as the pope in the Vatican. The same man who would, without remorse, cut the throat of a passenger for the sake of a few

* *Il.* i. 463.; ix. 210., et alibi.

dollars, would not dare to spend an obolus of his ill-gotten gain during Lent, on any more substantial food than bread, garlic, or dried olives. Dispensations from the rigour of this observance, on account of health or other reasonable causes, are unusual, and far less easily obtained than in the Roman church; and instances are not uncommon of delicate persons sacrificing their lives to this absurd article of their religious discipline. Even fish, which with the Catholics is exempted from the general interdict against animal food, is here little less strictly forbidden than beef or mutton.

Herein may also perhaps be discovered a remnant of ancient manners. The partiality of the Greeks, during their best ages, for fish as an article of subsistence, is evinced by the whole tenor of that portion of their extant literature which bears allusion to their domestic habits; and several kinds of fish bore the palm among the ancient epicures over every other class of delicacy. In these maritime countries it was also as common as it was a popular food, and seems to have been to the population at large very much what butcher meat is to us. Hence it was, as we learn from the most profound gastronome of antiquity,* that the term *opson*, or *opsarion*, literally any species of seasoning to the bread or vegetables that formed the ordinary diet of the middle and lower class, and which, with the ancient epic writers, signifies flesh meat, came in the familiar usage of later times to be exclusively applied to fish. It was, therefore, the more natural that the Greeks, in establishing their rules of fasting, should class this article of diet, like animal food, under the head of luxuries or solids, rather than of abstemious living.

The Spartan commandant was much the best specimen of a native Greek that I met with on my passage

*ATHEN. Lib. vii. c. i., § 4. *conf.* ARISTOPH. *Equit.* 649, 816, &c.

through his country. By birth a Hydriote, he had served through the war in the navy, chiefly as a brulo-teer, the most distinguished branch of that distinguished service; and his appointment, on the reduction of the maritime establishment, to a permanent military situation on shore, may be considered a sort of guarantee of his own personal merit. His manner and conversation displayed but little of the vivacity, still less of the garrulity, common to his race; but, with much natural good breeding, were marked by a *laconic* gravity and simplicity that well became his new office of Spartan magistrate. When speaking, however, on any more exciting subject, especially on the national destinies, either past or present, he became more animated, and displayed much patriotic enthusiasm, untinged, however, with any sort of bombast or fanfaronnade. He entertained me with various interesting anecdotes of his past services, and with just and original remarks on the present state of public affairs. My practice in the modern Greek tongue was never sufficient for carrying on what could be called a connected discourse, while he was altogether unversed in the ancient dialect, and knew but a very few words of Italian. Yet we managed, how I can scarcely tell, to maintain a constant if not a very coherent conversation, during several hours of each evening that we spent together. It happened, however, occasionally, that we found ourselves completely at fault, and came to a dead stand-still, the awkwardness of which I endeavoured to relieve by a laugh, in which he heartily joined; we then, if unsuccessful in our efforts to resume the old scent, endeavoured to start a less puzzling game. My bottle of rum was here of little service; for although familiarized with the sort of beverage on board the ships of Cochrane and Hastings, under each of whom he had served, he did not seem much to relish it, partaking of it

but sparingly, as a matter of compliment rather than taste. Of Hastings he spoke in warm terms of admiration, but had less to say in favour of Cochrane; and certainly the Greek cruises of that celebrated officer will not be recorded as the most successful portion of his career.

He professed the most loyal attachment to the person of his young sovereign, but criticized with freedom, although with good temper and feeling, some of the measures of his court, and the prevailing system of foreign innovation on the native customs and privileges. The day on which I left him was that of a grand ecclesiastical festival, with procession and parade, when the public functionaries, both military and civil, were to appear in gala dress. The night before, he produced his full dress uniform, which he had been putting in order for the occasion, and displayed with a mixture of pride and aversion its richly mounted silver epaulette and shoulder knot, which he condemned as glittering baubles, no way to the taste of Hellenic warriors. *Οἱ Ἕλληνες*, said he, *δὲν θέλουσι ταῦτα τὰ πράγματα*,—"The Greeks do not want these things." He then crossed the passage to his own room, and re-entering with his shaggy goat's-hair capote thrown over his shoulders, continued: *τοῦτο εἶναι τὸ ὅποῖον θέλουσιν οἱ Ἕλληνες—μετὰ τοῦτου ἐκάμομεν ταῦτα*,—"This is the dress that suits the Greek warrior; with this I have watched or slept many a night on the ship deck or the mountain side; with this we have gained these others, which serve for little other purpose but to empty our pockets." If, as I am led to understand, the cost of these articles, which, as being of distant foreign manufacture, are dearer than in western Europe, was a deduction from his own pay, he certainly may have had cause to complain. His reflections, however, on the Frank system of military dress, as compared with that authorized by na-

tive usage, though sincere no doubt, and in so far just, as limited to his own case, were scarcely fair in a more general application; for the Greek palikars, even in their wildest and most disorganized state, have always been remarkable for a childish love of gaudy and expensive accoutrement.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TUMULUS OF BAPHIÓ—BRIDGE OF XERÓKAMPO—CARRIAGE ROADS
OF HEROIC AGE.

καὶ ταύταν μὲν παλαιότεροι
ὁδὸν ἀμαξιτὸν εὗρον.—PIND. *Nem.* vi. 90.

“ This bridge and carriage way
Were framed by builders of an ancient day.”

THE next morning I was on horseback soon after sunrise, anxious to have the whole day at my disposal, for the purpose of exploring two monuments of great interest. The first of these was a “ Treasury” of similar character to those already described at Mycenæ and Orchomenus, situated at a place called Baphiό, about one and a-half hour’s ride down the plain; the second, a relic of a still more remarkable description. At Athens, I had happened in conversation with Dr Ross to express my conviction, grounded partly on the evidence of the remains of CEniadæ, partly on speculative arguments, that the regular arch of concentric blocks, the knowledge of which is generally supposed to have been first communicated to the Greeks by the Romans at a comparatively late period, had really been practised by the former people from the remotest antiquity. I was glad to find that his opinion coincided with my own, and he mentioned that in the course of his excursions in the interior of the country, he had observed specimens of this style of structure, ruined or entire, which he felt convinced must date from a period long prior to any influence of Roman customs

upon Greece. The one to which he attached the greatest importance was a bridge of Cyclopiian masonry, not far from Sparta, with an arch in a complete state of preservation. As, however, the remote architectural antiquities of Greece were not with him an object of especial research, he had neither taken a sketch of it, nor any particular note of its dimensions or general character. I was therefore the more bent on fully exploring and examining so curious a monument.

Attended by Nicóla and the soldier^s who had acted as my cicerone the day before, I proceeded southwards through mulberry and olive groves direct for Sklavochóri, the ancient Amyclæ, distant about an hour's ride. This is a poor hamlet, exhibiting no other traces of its former distinction than a few massive blocks of masonry scattered among the trees. Beyond, the plain assumes a more open champaign character. To the left, not far from the village, is a Turkish pyrgo or tower, deserted, but apparently in tolerable preservation. It is situated in the midst of a small park or pleasure ground, planted with evergreens, and surrounded by a ruinous wall. I observed several other similar structures in ruins in different parts of the plain. They are lofty narrow buildings, with very few small windows, and pepper-box turrets at the angles, bearing a considerable resemblance to the Scottish baronial residences of the sixteenth century; and like them combining the character of fortress and country seat. The name Baphió was marked on my map, so that I had no great difficulty in finding the site of the "Treasury," about a mile to the south of the tower. It is, like that of Mycenæ, a tumulus, with an interior vault, entered by a door on one side, the access to which was pierced horizontally through the slope of the hill. Its situation, on the summit of a knoll, itself of rather conical form, while it increases the apparent size of the tumu-

lus, adds much to its general loftiness and grandeur of effect. The roof of the vault, with the greater part of its material, is now gone, its shape being represented by a round cavity or crater on the summit of the tumulus. Count Capo d'Istria enjoys the credit of its destruction. The doorway is still entire. It is six feet wide at its upper and narrower part. The stone lintel is fifteen feet in length. The vault itself was probably between thirty and forty feet in diameter.

Menelaus is said to have been buried at Amyclæ. This, therefore, may have been the royal vault of the Spartan branch, as the Mycenæan monument was of the Argive branch of the Atridan family.

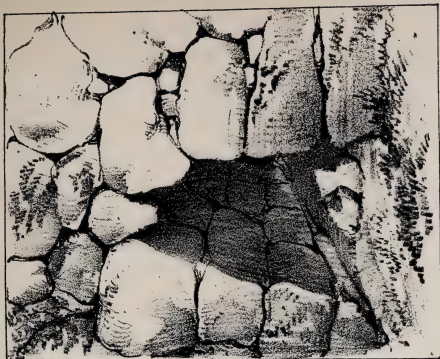
The discovery of the bridge was not so easy a matter. The only information communicated by Dr Ross was, that it lay at the foot of Mount Taygetus, about three hours' ride to the south of Sparta, and traversed one of the streams that descend from the mountains to the Eurotas. We proceeded, therefore, from Baphiío to the base of the mountains, and coasting along it to the southward, enquired from cottage to cottage, and from village to village, but for long without success. Every country fellow we met had his own favourite bridge, which he was sure must be the one we were in quest of; and in the course of my researches it is probable I inspected the greater part of the small number of miserable Turkish bridges, over brook or ditch, in this portion of the Spartan plain. At length we fell in with a man who said he knew of one, the stones of which were as large as chests, and laid without mortar. This piece of intelligence at once conducted us to the spot. On emerging from a thick grove of olives, and turning up a ravine to the right, the object of our pursuit presented itself full in front; and, with the exception perhaps of the Lion gate of Mycenæ, I scarcely know a monument, the first

view of which produced so powerful an impression on my mind.

No entire ancient bridge of any kind—still less an arched bridge of a genuine Hellenic period, had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of the Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here I saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a work of the remotest antiquity—probably of the heroic age itself. This monument, therefore, while it tangibly connects us with a period of society separated from our own by so wide a blank in the page of history, realizes to our senses a state of art to all appearance proper and peculiar to itself; and which, but for the existence of this and a few other venerable remains of the same class, might be considered (as the men by whom they were constructed have been, by some modern schools of sceptics) to be but the unreal visions of a poetical fancy. The beauty of its situation adds much to its general effect. It is built just where the stream it traverses, a respectable tributary of the Eurotas, issues from one of the deepest and darkest gorges of Taygetus. I could learn no other name for this river than that of the neighbouring village on its banks, which is called Xerókampo, (Dry-field.) It brings down a considerable body of water, dammed up immediately below the bridge for the supply of the village fountain. For the general character and appearance of the structure, I must refer to the annexed drawing.* The masonry of the arch, the piers, and the portions of wall immediately connected with either, are ancient, and in good preservation. The parapet is modern, of poor rubble work, and where the outer Cyclopian facing of the retaining wall at the extremity of each flank has

* Plate vii., No. 1.

N. 2.



SALLY-PORT AT TIRYNS.



BRIDGE OF XEROKAMPO.

J. N. H. L. 1876

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fallen away, traces are also visible of Turkish repairs. The span of the arch is about twenty-seven feet; the breadth of the causeway, between the parapets, from six to seven. Each parapet is about one foot three inches in thickness, giving nine or ten feet for the whole breadth of the arch. There are no visible remains of pavement. Although the precipitous nature of the ground rendered it impossible to obtain any full view of the upper or western front of this monument, I was yet enabled to ascertain that the masonry is at least as well preserved on that side, as on the one represented in the annexed engraving.

The largest stones are those of the arch; some of them may be from four to five feet long, from two to three in breadth, and between one and two in thickness. In size and proportions they are nearly similar to those which form the interior lining of the Heroic sepulchres of Mycenæ, and the whole character of the work leads to the impression of its being a structure of the same epoch that produced those monuments. Even those who may not be willing to acquiesce in this view, will scarcely venture to dispute its genuine Hellenic, or rather Spartan antiquity. Apart from the style of the masonry, it is hardly in a situation to admit of its being a work either of the Macedonian or Roman periods; lying as it does in this remote corner of the peninsula, where in later times it is little likely there could have been a thoroughfare of sufficient importance to warrant such expensive undertakings. Its existence, therefore, seems sufficient in itself to establish the use of the arch in Greece at a very remote epoch.*

The preservation of this monument also tends to

* Apart from the evidence adduced here and in previous portions of this journal, some additional arguments in favour of the opinion here advocated, have been advanced in an article in the *Annals of the Roman*

throw light on another point of some interest in the history of early Greek civilization. It is generally supposed, and to a certain extent perhaps with justice, that the Greeks, amid all their advance in abstract science, were comparatively backward in some of the most important practical arts of civilized life, more especially in all that relates to interior communication by means of roads, bridges, &c. This was indeed in some measure a natural consequence of certain peculiar features, both of the geography of their native land, and of their social system. In a country intersected in every direction by the sea, and inhabited by a people partial to a maritime life, the facilities of water communication would in some degree supersede the necessity of roads on a grand scale, while the lofty mountain ridges of the interior offered formidable obstacles to their construction. Other difficulties arose from the political subdivision of the Hellenic territory. Even under more favourable circumstances, the combination of numerous small bodies politic, for the purpose of great national undertakings, must always be attended with difficulty. But the interests and prejudices of the petty states into which Greece was separated by these very mountain ridges, disposed them perhaps rather to impede than to facilitate the regular traffic across them. Convenient roads for wheel carriages through such a country, could only be the work of a powerful empire; and even the great undertakings of the Romans seem to have been limited to comparatively level districts. Such routes as those which now lead across the Alps, were reserved for the accumulated necessities and more extensive resources of modern civilization.

Archæological Institute, (vol. x. p. 141;) where I have endeavoured to show, by reference to the text of Pausanias, compared with the existing remains, that the "Treasury" of Minyas at Orchomenus was vaulted on the principle of the arch of concentric layers.

There are, however, many strong evidences, both of a practical and a speculative nature, that under all these disadvantages, this branch of internal economy was, according to the use and fashion of the age, carried, even at the remotest period of antiquity, to a much higher degree of perfection in Greece than has usually been supposed. Travellers have long been in the habit of remarking the frequent occurrence of wheel ruts in every part of that country, often in the remotest and least frequented mountain passes, where a horse or mule can now with difficulty find a track. The term *rut* must not here be understood in the sense of a hole or inequality worn by long use and neglect in a level road, but of a groove or channel, purposely scooped out at distances adapted to the ordinary span of a carriage, for the purpose of steadying and directing the course of the wheels, and lightening the weight of the draught, on rocky or precipitous ground, in the same manner as the sockets of our railroads. Some of these tracts of stone railway,* for such they may in fact be called, are in a good state of preservation, chiefly where excavated in strata of solid rock. Where the nature of the soil was not equally favourable, the level was probably obtained by the addition of flags filling up the inequalities. It seems now to be generally admitted, by persons who have turned their attention to the subject, that this was the principle on which the ancient Greek carriage roads were constructed on ground of this nature.

But independently of this fact, there are historical arguments to warrant the belief, that Greece must have been intersected with carriage roads in every direction from the earliest period. How else could the numerous

* In the streets of the steeper parts of some of our own towns, Glasgow, for example, recourse has been had to the same expedient.

chariots that periodically flocked from every corner of the country to the great national games, have reached their destination? The evidences are here perhaps still stronger in favour of the heroic than of the historical period. It were difficult to understand how the poetical traditions concerning the extensive use of chariots, both in war and on journeys, could have suggested themselves, unless carriage roads had been common at the epoch to which they refer, or at least at the one little less remote in which they were embodied. How, for instance, could the story of Laius being on his way from Thebes in a chariot to consult the oracle of Delphi, when met and slain by his son Œdipus in the defiles of Parnassus, have come into vogue, unless a practicable carriage road had led across the mountain to the sanctuary?—a work which it would require many long years of flourishing finance to enable the present Greek government to undertake, even should it ever be found practicable. Nor is it easy to see how the block of Pentelic marble, which forms the architrave of the Minyeon vault, and which cannot weigh much less than fifteen or twenty tons, could have been transported from the quarries of Attica to Orchomenus, unless by a similar facility of communication. Among the numerous other illustrations of this point which Greek fable supplies, we shall be satisfied with here directing our attention to one more immediately bearing on the origin or history of the monument which first suggested these observations.

Homer describes Telemachus, on his visit to Menelaus, as performing the journey from Pylos (now Navarin)* to Sparta in two days, reposing the first night at Pheræ,

* *Odyss.* iii., *in fine*, iv. *initio*. For the explanation of any difficulties that might here occur relative to the identity of the Homeric Pylos with the bay of Navarin, the reader is referred to LEAKE'S *Morea*, vol. i., p. 416, *seq.*

now Calamata, in the Messenian gulf. From Pylos to Pheræ is an easy day's journey, but that from Pheræ to Sparta offers greater difficulty, in consequence of the interposition of the formidable ridge of Taygetus. I had myself a personal motive for enquiring into the merits of this case, while engaged, on the evening of our arrival at Sparta, in chalking out, with the aid of my landlord, the route to be pursued on resuming our journey. I was anxious, if possible, to cross over the Taygetus to Calamata, on my way to the ruins of Messene, instead of following the easier but more circuitous route up the Eurotas, by Leondári; partly from a desire to explore the recesses of that noble mountain, partly for the purpose of becoming personally acquainted with the Mäinote tribes in their own inexpugnable hold. The ordinary route from Sparta to Calamata I found to be in the direct line between the two places, over the loftiest and most precipitous region of the mountain. The journey in favourable seasons is habitually performed in a day. The track however, at all times difficult, was now pronounced to be dangerous, if not impracticable, from the snow; so that our passage, even had we succeeded in effecting it, would, in all probability, have occupied at least two days, which was more than I had to dispose of. I was therefore reluctantly obliged to abandon the plan. The next point was how to save the credit of Homer, since it seemed evident, from the description given, that the difficulties of this line must have been beyond the resources even of an heroic engineer. On looking along the mountain, however, to the southward, as laid down on a very excellent map, for the use of which on my journey I was indebted to the kindness of Sir Howard Douglas, I observed, at about one-third of the distance towards Cape Matapan, indications of a considerable hollow, or valley, extending over the crown of the ridge, in the centre of

which was marked a village called Kumustá. Here, therefore, I was willing to suppose might have been a pass capable of affording a carriage road from Pheræ, by a somewhat more circuitous line. The next day we discovered the bridge of Xerókampo, the dimensions of which, it has been seen, prove it to have been intended for the use of wheel carriages; and, on enquiry, I ascertained that the track of which its causeway is now the lower extremity, is in fact at this day a common, though less direct, bridle-road across the mountain, to the Messenian plain. There can therefore be little doubt, that this is the line of route which Homer makes Telemachus travel; and every thing warrants the belief, that the poet himself, if not his hero, may have passed over this very bridge. The distance to Calamata by this line may be about fifteen hours, or near forty miles; a long journey, no doubt, in such a country, but not probably beyond the force of a pair of steeds from the mews of the "Geranian horseman, Nestor."

The village of Xerókampo has an unusually pleasing aspect. It is embedded in a grove of olives, and seems, from the appearance of the cottages, to have escaped, like some of its neighbours in this remote corner of the country, the ravages of the war. As we sat eating our luncheon on a carpet of smooth greensward, under the shade of the trees, I was struck with the fine forms of the women as they passed to and from the fountain. They were certainly the tallest and best-looking I saw in this country. Other travellers have remarked the beauty of the Laconian women.* That this district was similarly distinguished in early times, we learn from the epithet *καλλιγύναικα*, applied to it by Homer; and from the circumstance that it was the native land of Helen, the eponyme heroine of Grecian beauty.

* LEAKE'S *Morea*, vol. i., p. 149.

On our return we followed a track running nearer to the base of Taygetus, leaving Sklavochóri to the right, and reached Sparta about sunset. I can remember but few days of more unalloyed enjoyment than that which I spent in wandering over this fair region, in search of monuments of the greatest rarity and interest, under a bright and balmy heaven, and surrounded by every object calculated to enchant the eye, or to warm the imagination.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MESSENIA—ARISTOPHANIC FROGS—TRIANGULAR BRIDGE OF MAURO-
ZÚMENO—ITHOME—CONSTANTÍN—MESSENIAN DÉMARCHUS AND
FAMILY.

THE next morning, (Friday, April 6th,) the lame horse of our cavalcade was pronounced unfit for further use. We were therefore obliged, much to our regret, to part with our good-humoured Nauplian agoghiate, my comrade in the engagement with the Lernæan Hydra, and to procure other beasts from Misitrá for the prosecution of our journey by Leondári to Messene. A still more serious loss was that of my English saddle; and I again resumed my exalted position on the summit of a pile of cloaks. Our new attendants, three in number, brothers, and all fine athletic youths, seemed to be genuine representatives of the Scythian tribes by whom this district was overrun during the middle ages. I never saw three sets of more regular Tartar features. During the first half of our day's journey, the route lay up the right bank of the Eurotas. The country has no very striking features, offering a succession of open glades, bounded by hills partially clothed with wood. To the right, within two hours' distance of Sparta, the summit of a projecting height on the left bank of the stream, overhanging one of the narrowest defiles, exhibits vestiges of Hellenic walls, the remains, it may be presumed, of one of the castles protecting the passes from Arcadia into the Spartan plain. A little way on, the margin of the same

bank of the river is faced with a parapet of Cyclopiian masonry, evidently for the protection of a meadow of rich alluvial soil.

The Spartan Commandant seemed to have no doubt of the security of the roads, at least for the first half day's journey. He had, however, given us the escort of the same man who had acted as my orderly since my first arrival at his headquarters; with instructions to accompany us as far as we might need him, or until relieved at another station; to enquire into the state of the country as we passed; and to take additional escort where necessary, or where it could be procured. Our new protector was a swarthy hard-featured Asiatic Greek, who had served through the war with his chief, and was most devotedly attentive to my comfort and safety, never allowing me to be a moment out of his sight in places where danger was apprehended. He wore neither gaiter nor stocking, but, in other respects, was dressed and equipped in the European fashion; his arms, a carbine, pistol, and sword. Some conversation took place on the road as to the proper place for halting to refresh, in the course of which, hearing Nicóla utter an expression of surprise and concern, I asked what was the matter. He said he had been proposing to rest at a certain khan, his former halfway house on this journey, but was informed that, in consequence of his old acquaintance the khanjee having been murdered, and the establishment plundered by the Klephts about a year before, it had been abandoned. The agoghiates indeed asserted, that the route was now far from safe, several caravans having been robbed the day before within the limits of our present day's journey; I afterwards had evidence, that their authority was as much to be depended on as that of the Commandant.

Soon after, we passed the khan, shut up and deserted, and it was proposed that we should halt at a place called

Plátano or the Plane-tree. This name I supposed to be that of a village, or perhaps of another khan. But on arriving at our destined place of refreshment, I found it was in the literal sense what its title denoted, an enormous plane-tree, from the roots of which flowed copious streams of fine water, realizing to the letter Homer's description of the scene of the ominous sacrifice of the Greek chiefs before leaving Aulis for Troy:

καλῇ ὑπὸ πλατανίστῳ ὅθεν ῥέεν ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.*

"Beneath a beauteous plane, from whence a stream
Of purest water flow'd."

It was the first of this classic species of fountain I had yet met with, but each succeeding day's journey presented several others. Throughout the whole of Messenia and Western Arcadia, a striking feature of the scenery are these copious perennial springs, gushing from the base of the mountains. They are for the most part similarly adorned with gigantic plane-trees, the fibres of whose roots are interlaced with the separate channels in which the water finds issue. The oriental plane every where prefers a situation where it can bathe its roots in fresh water; and hence, throughout the countries where it chiefly flourishes, and which I believe are Southern Greece and Asia Minor, they are commonly to be seen by the side of rivers and fountains. The only respectable tree of this class I had previously seen, was that in the village of Kiphisía, where our party mustered on the expedition to Marathon. With the exception of a few ragged forests of pine or oak on the mountain tops, almost every species of timber has disappeared from the face of the remainder of the country we had hitherto traversed since leaving the banks of the Acheloüs. But Messenia, Western Arcadia, and Elis, besides these fine ornaments of the banks of their streams, are covered with noble forests of oak and fir in every direction.

After leaving the Plátano we were assailed by torrents of rain, which lasted several hours, when the sky again partially cleared, and on reaching the summit of a long ascent of rugged forest ground, a fine view opened up of the rich vale of Megalopolis, backed by the Lycean mountains. Turning to the westward, we soon after reach Leondári, or rather its ruins. To judge from them, this place must have been the residence of wealthy Turks—as the yet standing walls of many of its houses are several stories in height, with pointed windows and arabesque tracery, offering some favourable specimens of Byzantine or Saracenic architecture. On descending into the valley below, we enter an extensive forest of oaks, remarkable both for size and picturesque beauty; but for the most part in a state of decay. In riding through its mazes, in the dusk of the evening, about a hundred yards ahead of the cavalcade, I found myself suddenly in front of a troop of ten or twelve armed men. The alarm excited by this apparition was allayed on observing them to be headed by a gendarme. On the rest of our party coming up, a parley ensued, when we found that they were a detachment of civic guard, on the look-out for a band of nearly an equal number of Klephts, who had infested that district since daybreak, and robbed every caravan that fell in their way. Congratulating ourselves on our own escape, we soon after reached the khan of Dervéni,* situated in a hollow pass immediately above the plain of Messene. This establishment boasted an upper chamber or loft, full of lumber and agricultural implements, which was allotted to me for my private accommodation,

* Dervéni is a common Turkish noun, signifying literally a guard-house; and, by courtesy, the passes or defiles, which, in Turkish times, were generally occupied by such establishments. In the present instance, however, it seemed to attach as a proper name—for I could learn no other—to the group of cottages to which the khan belongs.

but swarmed with fleas to such an excess as to place sleep out of the question.

The next morning (April 7) was again bright and clear, and though piercing cold, the forerunner of a hot day. On emerging from the pass, the traveller enters upon the flat green plain of Stenyclerus, bounded by the range of mountains which formed the stronghold of the Messenians in the Spartan wars. Rising abruptly in a somewhat insulated cluster from the level valley, they have a very majestic appearance. The two principal features of the ridge are Mounts Ithome and Evan, contiguous to each other. The former and loftier of the two, as seen from this point, is a colossal mass of rock and greensward, with a flat top and precipitous sides. The latter, forming the southern extremity of the range, rises in the form of a cone. Its summit and sides, with those of the intermediate ridge connecting the two, are sprinkled with forest and brushwood.

At the foot of the defile, on the verge of the plain, we pass the khan of Sákona, an hotel of some celebrity in the journals of Gell and other old travellers, and from thence continue in as straight a line as the partial inundation of the meadows, and the brooks and ditches by which they are intersected, will admit, for the point of the mountain from whence the ascent commences to the ruins of the city. The plain of Messenia was celebrated above all others in Peloponnesus for its fertility, and to all appearance justly. The soil seems to be of the richest quality, and is capable of being thoroughly irrigated. The number and copiousness of its streams and sources is indeed a distinctive peculiarity of this region, and one much dwelt on by the ancients.* It is, however, but

* . . . καλλίκαρπον. . .
κατάρρυστόν τε μυρίοισι νάμασι,
καὶ βουσί καὶ ποίμναισιν εὐξοωτάτην

very partially cultivated; in few districts, indeed, have I observed a greater apparent want of agricultural industry. A large portion of its surface is overgrown with that rank bulbous plant which, among the ancients, bore the name of *Asphodel*, called, I believe, *Squill* in our own tongue, and which, in every part of Greece, springs up indigenously as the most inveterate weed, wherever it can fasten its root undisturbed by the labour of the husbandman. It forms the chief clothing of the stony mountain sides, both of Greece and southern Italy, nestling itself in every patch of soil in the clefts of the rocks. The mountains of western Locris were so covered with it, that the strong smell of its flower was adduced as one among the various explanations of the uncourteous epithet “Stinking,” (Ozolian,) by which that region was designated.* But I never saw it in such quantity and luxuriance on any portion of arable land as on this plain, where its long stalks and bushy tufts offered a considerable impediment to the progress of our beasts. An explanation here suggests itself of the obscure title of “*Aspodel meadow*,” applied by Homer to the region on the banks of the Tartarian river *Acheron*. There could not certainly be a more appropriate mode of imparting to the fields of *Erebus* that dreary dismal character which in Homer’s mythology attaches to them, than by figuring them as low deep land, overgrown with the rank weed, which, on the soil of his own native country, was the mark of desolation and neglect.

Not far from the base of the mountain, we pass through a village fortified on every side by hedges of *Cactus*, a plant more familiar perhaps to some of my readers by

οὐτ’ ἐν πνοαῖσι χείματος δυσχείμερον,
οὐτ’ αὖ τεθρίπποις ἡλίου θερμὴν ἄγαν.

EURIP. frag. ap. STRAB. viii. 6.

* PAUSAN. *Phoc.* xxxviii.

the name of prickly pear, or Indian fig, forming the inclosures of its courts and gardens. They are the loftiest and strongest of their kind I have ever seen, rising to such a height as to overtop and conceal the houses they protect. In Greece this plant is not common, however well adapted to its soil. Theophrastus* says it was unknown within its bounds in his time, but very common in Sicily. These were larger and more luxuriant than any I ever saw in that island. Just before reaching this village, we cross one of the numerous tributaries of the Maurozúmeno, the ancient Balyra, and the chief river of the Messenian vale. Its banks are covered with tortoises, which, as we coast along in search of a bridge or ford, throw themselves in successive detachments with a loud splash into the water.

Here it was that I first had my attention called to the peculiar croak of the Greek frog, which now began with advancing spring to be heard in the marshy grounds, and which, while not altogether strange to my ear, struck me at the same time as different from that of the same animal in any other country where I had happened to hear it. It consists of two varieties of note, the first of which cannot be better described than by comparing it to the familiar sound made between the tongue and the gum or palate, in order to excite the speed of horses. The second is a mixture of a croak and a quack. These two sounds, whether proceeding both from the same frog—or proper, the one to the old, the other to the young frog—the one to the male, the other to the female—I was unable to ascertain, succeed each other at intervals with great regularity, the first being repeated rather oftener than the second; nor were it possible to convey them more accurately to the apprehension by written language, than has been done by the *Vrekekekex*,

* *Ap. ATHEN.* l. ii., p. 70. D.

hoax, hoax, of Aristophanes. This coincidence caused me a sort of gratification which none but an enthusiastic Hellenist will be able to appreciate; and the song of these "sons of the morass" formed a most agreeable relief in the sequel, to many a dreary hour's march on the swampy plains of the coast of Elis.

Passing the village, and crossing some green knolls beyond it, we reach the celebrated triangular bridge over the Maurozúmeno. This work is remarkable, as well from its curious form, as from offering, if I am not mistaken, the only remains of a genuine Hellenic bridge now extant, with the exception of that of Xerókampo. The peculiarity of its plan has been suggested by the circumstance, that the river at this point, besides receiving a tributary, is divided into several channels, over which the communication could not have been so easily provided in a direct line, while the intervals of terra firma offered a convenient foundation for the piers. It consists of three branches or arms, meeting in a common centre, one of which has four openings for the passage of the water, the second three, the third* but one.



All are arched, with the exception of the smallest of the four belonging to the longer branch, which is entirely of ancient masonry, and covered with a flat architrave of a single stone. The piers and retaining walls of the remainder of the structure are also in whole or in part

* It seems doubtful whether this branch be a portion of the original structure. The present work is apparently modern, but may be on ancient foundations.

ancient, and from the resemblance of their masonry to that of the walls of the neighbouring Messene, may be presumed to be the work of the same period. The arches are entirely modern, nor is there any trace of what may have been the style of the covering which they have supplanted. Several of them at this time were over dry land. The smaller branch indeed is not so much itself a bridge, as a causeway, to give convenient access from the meadows to the principal line, and pierced with an arch for the escape of the waters at periods of inundation.

Soon after commences the steep ascent up the side of Ithome to the ruins of the city. About midway, on the crown of a projecting precipice, is situated the monastery of Vurkáno, by far the most elegant and picturesque modern structure of this, or indeed of any other class, that I saw in Greece. Its outline of flat roofs, well proportioned gables, and light cupolas, relieved by cypress and orange groves, would do credit to a slope of the Apennines. It also commands a fine prospect of the plain of Kalamata, bounded by the sea and Taygetus.

The site of the Messenian capital, as restored by Epaminondas, seems to be an extension of that occupied by the ancient fortress of Ithome, celebrated for its twenty years' resistance to the Spartan besiegers. The lower portion of the city was embosomed in a hollow somewhat in the form of a shell, extending on the west side of a sharp ridge, that connects Mounts Ithome and Evan at about one-half their height. The former of these mountains, from which the more ancient city derived its name, became its citadel when restored, and the line of wall is still to be traced, stretching up its nearly perpendicular sides, and over its summit. Mount Evan shows no symptom of ever having been occupied by buildings. The circumference of the walls, following the irregularities of

their line, may be about five miles. They enclose, however, a large space altogether unfit for the site of buildings. Here and there stone substructions of temples and other public edifices are to be seen, but no remains of ornamental architecture or of valuable building material. Neither here, at Sparta, nor at Mantinea, could I find a single fragment of the painted pottery which at Athens, Argos, Mycenæ, Corinth, and indeed almost every other Greek city of distinction, forms a main ingredient of the rubbish that covers their foundations. Great part of the walls, with many of the square towers by which they are strengthened at intervals, are standing almost entire. Their masonry is of the most perfect Hellenic style. Pausanias* describes them as the finest specimens of military architecture he had seen in Greece, or even in Europe. The chief object of interest they now present is the principal gate towards the west, the most elegant extant monument of its class. It consists of an outer and an inner portal, separated by a circular place d'armes, all of large size and beautiful structure. The outer portal is flanked by two strong rectangular bastions. The whole is, comparatively speaking, in a fine state of preservation. Neither gateway, however, retains its covering, but the enormous flat architrave of the inner one lies, resting in an oblique position, upon the ruins of the wall by which it was formerly supported.†

After halting for our midday repose at the village of Mauromáti, in the centre of the ruins, we quit the enclosure of the city on the opposite side, by the gate just described, and winding round the back of Mount Ithome, rejoin our previous starting-point at the triangular

* *Messen.* xxxi.

† It is eighteen feet eight inches in length, by four feet two inches in breadth, and two feet ten inches in thickness.

bridge, from whence we proceed up the plain to our night's quarters at the village of Konstantín, situated on a rocky slope at its upper extremity. I was once more lodged in the house of the Démarchus, or mayor, a substantial stone structure just completed, with date and inscription on a slab of the gable, and which may therefore be taken as a fair sample of the dwellings of the upper class of Messenian peasantry at this period. It was a single oblong building, with a gable roof projecting at right angles to the hill, so as to comprise a lower floor at its outer extremity, with a separate entry destined for the accommodation of cattle. The upper story consisted of one room, extending the whole length of the building, and serving the family "for kitchen, and parlour, and bedroom, and all." The floor of one end was the natural soil of the hill, left for a hearth; the rest was planked. It contained no furniture, except a wooden chest or two ranged along the wall, and a few filthy rush mats. The roof of the room was the same as that of the house, the bare rafters and tiles forming the only ceiling. There were a few small windows, or rather apertures in the wall, with wooden shutters, but no chimney, the smoke escaping through the tiles. The door, which opens at once on the apartment, is approached by a terrace on its own level, supported by a retaining wall at right angles to that of the house. This plan is more or less common to the whole cottage architecture of the mountain district of Messenia, most of the towns and villages being situated on similar ground; and, if relieved by a few respectable public edifices, the exterior effect would be picturesque enough.

The family consisted of the Démarchus and his wife, both elderly persons; two nearly full-grown daughters, pretty girls, with elegant forms, but not classical features;

several small children, and a fine-looking young man, who called himself clerk to the Démarchus. Later in the evening they were joined by one or two other men, whether in the capacity of servants, relations, or guests, I did not ascertain. As night fell in, the party collected round the fire in the usual squatting posture; cooked and ate their supper; and after chatting for about an hour, lay down on their respective mats, or portions of mat, huddled together, old and young, male and female, and slept till morning. It was Saturday night; but neither before nor after repose was there any preparation, either in the way of ablution, change of raiment, or devotional exercise, for the Sunday. Such is the domestic life of this people all the year round. In the khans, or in the dwellings of the very lowest class, these swinish habits need excite no surprise. But in a country which claims to have taken rank among the nations of Christian Europe, in the family of the chief magistrate of a considerable community, and of a respectable landed proprietor, as I was assured my landlord was, one expects to find the scale of human comfort raised a slight degree higher above that of the brutes. As regards personal cleanliness, indeed, the inmates of the ground-floor of this primitive establishment may be said to possess the advantage, that their nakedness preserves them from much of the filth that accumulates on the load of unchanged and unwashed drapery with which their masters above stairs are adorned. Both the Démarchus and his clerk were well bred and obliging, and persons of some education in their way. The latter, as may be supposed, was the better scholar of the two, and possessed sufficient knowledge of the ancient tongue to read with considerable interest Pausanias' description of his native district. I arranged my couch at the furthest extremity of the apartment; but all

precautions of sweeping and watering the surrounding floor were vain against the assaults of myriads of fleas. For this accommodation I paid, the hospitality of the Démarchus being altogether venal, about double the price of a good bed-room in a first-class Italian hotel.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARCADIA—TEMPLE OF BASSÆ—ANDRÍTZENA—VALE OF ALPHEUS—
MOKRITZA—LAWLESS STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

ἀλλ' οὐ δύναμαι δείλαιος εὔδειν δακνόμενος·
ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρεῖμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὅσον,
ἀπέσαντον! οὐδέποθ' ἡμέρα γενήσεται;
καὶ μὲν πάλαι γ' ἀλεκτρυόνης γ' ἤκουσ' ἐγώ.

ARISTOPH. *Nub. Init.*

“Alas! I’m bitten sore—I cannot sleep.—
Ye gods, how long the nights are in this land!
Will daylight never dawn? And yet the cock
Both oft and loud hath crow’d.”

THE next day (Sunday, April 8th) we reached the temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassæ, called five hours distant, in about nine. This uncertainty of calculating distance by hours of march, I had frequent occasion to experience. The agoghiates, however, in the present case, were not fully acquainted with the route, and we were obliged to procure guides from village to village. Nicóla’s memory had also betrayed him in his estimate of the length of the journey. The country we traversed is singularly wild and romantic, covered to about half its extent with forest. The valleys are narrower and more precipitous than usual; and our route, instead of winding along, lay for the most part across them, alternately up and down precipitous ridges, deep ravines, and brawling water-courses. The population of the district is marked by a rudeness, or even ferocity of appearance and man-

ner, in good keeping with the stern features of their native scenery, but little in unison with the general character of the Greek peasantry. The dogs, as formerly observed, seemed to emulate the spirit of their masters. About halfway to the temple, we pass the rocky hill of Kakaletri, supposed to be the famous Ira, the last stronghold of the Messenians, and the scene of some of the most brilliant achievements of their great struggle for liberty. In the distance towers Mount Lyceum, now Dioforti, partially covered with snow. The summit of this mountain, which is of easy access, is well worth a visit from the traveller more favoured by time and opportunity than myself. It still exhibits remains of the stadium, and other edifices connected with the worship of Jove, to whom it was consecrated, and is strewed in part with burnt bones, remnants, no doubt, of the victims sacrificed to the deity, and which by some singular favour of atmosphere have been so long preserved.* Soon after, from a lofty ridge of rocks overhanging the glen of the Neda, we descry, on another similar ridge on the opposite side, the columns of the temple. But close as they appear to the eye, it takes several hours to reach them, owing to the great depth and steepness of the glen, which requires to be traversed in long lateral courses parallel to each other.

The temple of Bassæ is situated (as its name denotes) in a recess or hollow of the summit of a long table-topped mountain, in the midst of a wilderness of rugged rocks, studded with knotty old oaks, thickening here and there into masses of forest. There is certainly no remnant of the architectural splendour of Greece more calculated to fascinate the imagination than this temple; whether by

* The same phenomenon is said to be observable on the summit of Mount Œnos, now Megalovoûni, in the island of Cefalonia; where was also formerly an altar of Jupiter.

its own size and beauty, by the contrast it offers to the wild desolation of the surrounding scenery, or the extent and variety of the prospect from its site. Looking towards the south, the view extends to the left, across the glen of the Neda and the lower ridges that bound it, to the summits of Mount Lyceum. In front, the eye ranges as far as the sea, across the Messenian plain, with the huge mass of Ithome rising from its level. To its right stretches the range of promontory which separates the bay of Kalamata from that of Navarin; and a little farther in the same direction, the latter gulf itself becomes visible, surrounded by the plain and mountains of Pylos.

Any detailed description of the temple were inconsistent with the plan of this narrative. The subject is one of considerable extent, and has already been exhausted by one of the best antiquaries of the age.* Suffice it to say, that it is of the Doric order, and, among the extant Greek ruins of its class, the next in extent and preservation to the Parthenon; while, by a curious coincidence, it was constructed by the same architect. Pausanias pronounced it to be, with one exception—that of Minerva Alea at Tegea—the temple of Peloponnesus most distinguished for the beauty of its stone and the accuracy of its masonry. The first part of this eulogy is scarcely justified by existing appearances, as the stone now presents a somewhat coarse surface. There are in all five-and-thirty columns of the peristyle now standing,† together with some remains of those of the antæ, and of the interior pilasters of the edifice. Most of the columns still support their architrave. Of the cell little or nothing remains. A

* STACKELBERG; *der Apollotempel zu Bassæ*.

† The columns of the peristyle were originally thirty-eight; fifteen on each side, and six in front. They are three feet eight inches in diameter at the base, and about twenty feet in height, including the capital.

considerable portion of the white marble sculptures that adorned the building, excavated by Baron Haller and Mr Cockerell in the year 1812, are now in the British Museum. They bear no comparison with those of the Parthenon, either in point of design or execution, and show that the artists entrusted with the decorative part of the structure, were of a school very inferior to that which produced the architect who planned it.

The most remarkable object among these ruins, in the estimation of my attendants, and to which they insisted on conducting me, immediately on our arrival, with an air of mystery and importance, was a drum of one of the broken columns, upon which King Otho and his Queen spread their table in this wilderness, when they visited the temple in the course of their late progress through Peloponnesus.

From hence we reach Andrítzena, our halting-place for the night, and a town of considerable size, after a ride of about three hours through a country similar in its general features to that we had traversed in the morning. Here again I enjoyed the venal hospitality of one of the most respectable families of the place. The house in which I lodged was new, and, comparatively speaking, commodious. I was allotted the principal apartment for my sole use, with some glass in the windows, and a raised divan or sofa of red cloth, extending along one side. But, in spite of the superior air of external cleanliness, I found the enemies to my repose quite as numerous as in the humbler dwelling of the chief magistrate of Konstantín.

The next morning, (April 9,) on descending from the declivity on which the town is built, we travel through a more open champaign country, bounded to the north by a precipitous ridge, which we traverse by a narrow defile. The brow of the height above the pass is crowned with lines of wall, the remains of the ancient Aliheræ, now

called Neróvitza. On emerging from the defile, a new extent of low country presents itself, richly wooded and well watered. This is the vale of the Alpheus. We coast for some distance along the northern base of the same mountain, the declivities of which on this side are of the finest description of rock scenery, beautifully clothed with forest-trees and evergreens. Every half mile gushes a copious fountain of pure water from the roots of gigantic planes, forming so many tributaries to the sacred stream that flows in the vale below. The features of the landscape now gradually undergo a complete change. The common deciduous oak gives place to the ilex, and soon after to the black round-headed pine, which covers the country on each side of the river in scattered groups, to some distance north of the plain of Olympia. The soil becomes sandy, and the hillocks and rocky eminences which enliven the surface of the valley, assume a variety of fantastical forms, often presenting so close a resemblance to ruined forts or towns, that the illusion is scarcely dispelled till the traveller reaches the spot.

This region is described by Pausanias as precisely similar in character in his own age. In the midst of it, on the left bank of the river, a few miles to the east of Olympia, was Scillus, the favourite retreat of Xenophon, the property of which had been made over to him by the Lacedæmonians, on his banishment from his native state. As it abounded in game, his choice would seem to have been dictated by its adaptation to his favourite pursuit of the chase. Here, accordingly, he dedicated a temple to Diana, the patroness of sportsmen, with the tithe of the spoils acquired by the army of the Ten Thousand.*

Beneath a grove of pines, scattered over the surface

* PAUSAN. *Eliac.* i. c. 6; XENOPH. *Anab.* v. c. 3.

of an arid waste, we pass the humble tumulus of a distinguished brigand, slain on this spot by the government troops in the course of the civil disturbances subsequent to the war, and of whose exploits and hair-breadth 'scapes my attendants told some marvellous tales.

About sunset we reached the picturesque village of Mókritza, imbedded in olive groves, about a mile distant from the bank of the Alpheus. As we entered the place we observed groups of peasants armed with long guns, sitting at their house doors, or lounging under the trees. On enquiry, I found that the whole neighbourhood was in a state of alarm, in consequence of the outrages of a troop of banditti which had infested the district for a week past, and against whose assaults the country people felt themselves insecure even in their houses. The depredations of these outlaws, it appeared, were of a more desperate character than usual, having been almost invariably attended with bloodshed. They were supposed to amount to fifteen or twenty in whole; but their operations were chiefly conducted in smaller detachments. Two travellers had been assassinated, within a day or two of our arrival, in the defiles in the immediate neighbourhood of the Olympian plain, distant about an hour's ride on the other side of the river. One was killed on the spot, the other was lying in a dangerous state in a khan near the place where he was assaulted. The house of the Démarchus of a neighbouring village had also been plundered, and its master, a man advanced in years, so cruelly tortured, for the purpose of forcing him to reveal his secret treasures, that his death had been the consequence. The mode of torture was described as pouring boiling butter on his stomach. A fourth murder had been committed, as I afterwards learned, the day before we reached this place, about ten miles off, on the road

to Patras. A watch and ward had consequently been established for the protection of the village, consisting of members of the community licensed to carry fire-arms, and bound in terms of their privilege to act as armed police or civic guard.

I was accommodated with a small loft to myself in a private cottage, but was again no better off in my solitary dignity, as regarded my night's rest, than on other previous occasions. Perhaps the best qualification for a tourist in Greece, is an indifference to the bite of domestic vermin. For my own part, the only serious discomforts of which I had to complain in the course of this journey, were those consequent on extreme sensitiveness to the venom of the flea, and of the flea alone; for to the appetite of other creepers that shall be nameless, my blood holds out no temptation. I had here the strongest evidence, from personal experience, how much fatigue a healthy vigorous frame can undergo without sleep. This was the fourth night I passed in succession, without being conscious, when I rose in the morning, of having closed my eyes for a quarter of an hour. But the state of feverish irritation during the wakeful hours, was far worse than the mere insomnolency. I might possibly, in the midst of the sort of delirium it produced, have slumbered for a moment, but was not sensible of having done so, either at the time or afterwards; and mounted my horse in the morning with a still heavier weight about the eyes and head, than when I descended the night before, after a ride of twelve or fourteen hours. But a little of the sharp morning air, a bright sun, a doze on the back of my beast, and the never-failing excitement of a succession of new objects of beauty and interest, proved unfailing restoratives, and before midday I was as fresh and lively as ever.

This midnight restlessness, on the present occasion, was not confined to myself, but shared even by the animal portion of the community of which I was a temporary member. Whether from sympathy with the alarm of their masters for the dangerous state of the neighbourhood, or from their own habitual love of clamour, the village dogs and cocks kept up an incessant barking and crowing the livelong night. This discordant hubbub rose and fell at intervals, sometimes subsiding to a single bark or crow, or even to a temporary silence, and then, on the occurrence of the least noise, a gust of wind, or the voice or footstep of the guards on patrol, again freshening into a full cry of the motley pack. One of the leaders of the feathered portion of the chorus was roosted on the outer ledge of the window of the loft, immediately above my head, and crowed and clapped his wings, upon an average, once every quarter of an hour in the course of the night; each alarum being the signal for a long succession of responses, first on the part of his companions in the immediate neighbourhood, and so gradually dying away in the distance. I was so much diverted by the recollection of the opening address in Lucian's dialogue of "the Cock," and so well convinced from experience, that the exertions of my small black bed-fellows would be quite sufficient in themselves to murder sleep without aid from any other quarter, that the music of my noisy sentinel, instead of a disturbance, was perhaps rather a relief to the tedium of the wakeful hours. I was also well satisfied that it should not be superseded by any more serious alarm, in the shape perhaps of a discharge of muskets, announcing an engagement between the Klephts and the village patrol; nor could I therefore, with any fairness, have addressed him in the same terms of reproach with which his ancestor was as-

sailed by Lycippus on the occasion alluded to.* Although I have seldom passed a more comfortless night, yet, owing to the interest of the locality, the oddity and novelty of the circumstances in which I was placed, and a sense of the danger, however slight, to which I could not but be sensible I was exposed, and which tempered with a small tinge of romance the more vulgar and ludicrous peculiarities of my position, there are few to which I now look back with greater pleasure or interest. For as Homer says, with equal truth and elegance :‡

“ The thought of bygone sorrow joy procures,
To him who travels far, and much endures.”

Our Spartan hoplite, whose word was law among the Helot population of the present day, wherever we came, to nearly an equal extent as that of his predecessors in authority among the same class in the olden time, had placed in requisition the services of three or four file of the armed villagers as additional escort on our visit to Olympia. The district around that celebrated spot being embedded in thickets and defiles, and having been the scene of several of the most glaring of the late outrages, seemed to be considered as the headquarters of the outlaws. This man, with whose zeal and intelligence I was well satisfied, managed to stick by me during five days' march ; far beyond the bounds of the province to which he was attached, and in contravention, no doubt, of the regulations of his service, which prescribe that escort should be relieved from post to post. But the humours of the journey, apart even from

* ἀλλὰ σε, ὦ κάκιστε ἀλεκτροῦν, ὁ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἐπιτρίψει, φθονερόν οὕτω καὶ ὀξύφωνον ὄντα, κ.τ.λ.

“ O, thou accursed cock ! May Jupiter himself confound thee, and thy spiteful envious throat,” &c.

† ——— μετὰ γάρ τε καὶ ἄλγεσι τέρεται ἀνὴρ,
ὅστις δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πάθῃ καὶ πόλλ' ἐπαληθῇ.—

Odyss. xv. 400.

the prospect of an accumulation of fees at its termination, were so agreeable a relief to the monotony of the daily duties at headquarters, that he made no serious attempt to procure a substitute at any of the intermediate stations; and even if called to account by his chief, the slenderness of the force scattered throughout the country might give validity to the pretext that none was to be found.

The Alpheus at this point, though not apparently swoln to any unusual size, was both broad and deep. It is certainly the most respectable of Hellenic streams, with the exception of the Acheloüs. The waters of both are nearly of the same yellowish cream colour, consisting in each, at this season, in a great measure of melted snow. Next to them, the Greek rivers crossed by me may rank in the following order: the Eurotas—the Bœotian Cephissus—and the Elean Peneus, which last I forded next day, on the road to Patras. The apparatus of the ferry of Mókritza is of the most primitive description; the boat, a large monoxylon, or canoe, in the literal sense of the term, scooped out of the bole of an immense plane-tree. It was the property of one of our guards, son of the Papa of Mókritza, to whose enterprise I understood the village and neighbourhood to be indebted for the first formation of such an establishment at this point. The bark was rowed, or rather paddled, across, by a single pair of hands. Nicóla and myself, with the luggage and horse equipage, were first landed on the other side. On the return, two persons entered, each holding the halter of one of the horses, which were driven into the water by those on shore, and forced to swim across behind the boat. Owing to the breadth of the river, and the strength of the current, the place of landing is necessarily at a much lower point than that of embarkation, and at each trip the vessel

loses so much way as to require to be dragged by ropes along-shore for some distance up the stream, to regain its original point of starting. This operation, with the unpacking and repacking of the horses, &c., occupied a considerable time; on re-mustering on the opposite shore, we continue our course up the river for a short distance, and then strike off to the left into the woods, on emerging from which I obtain a full view of the Olympic plain.

CHAPTER XLVI.

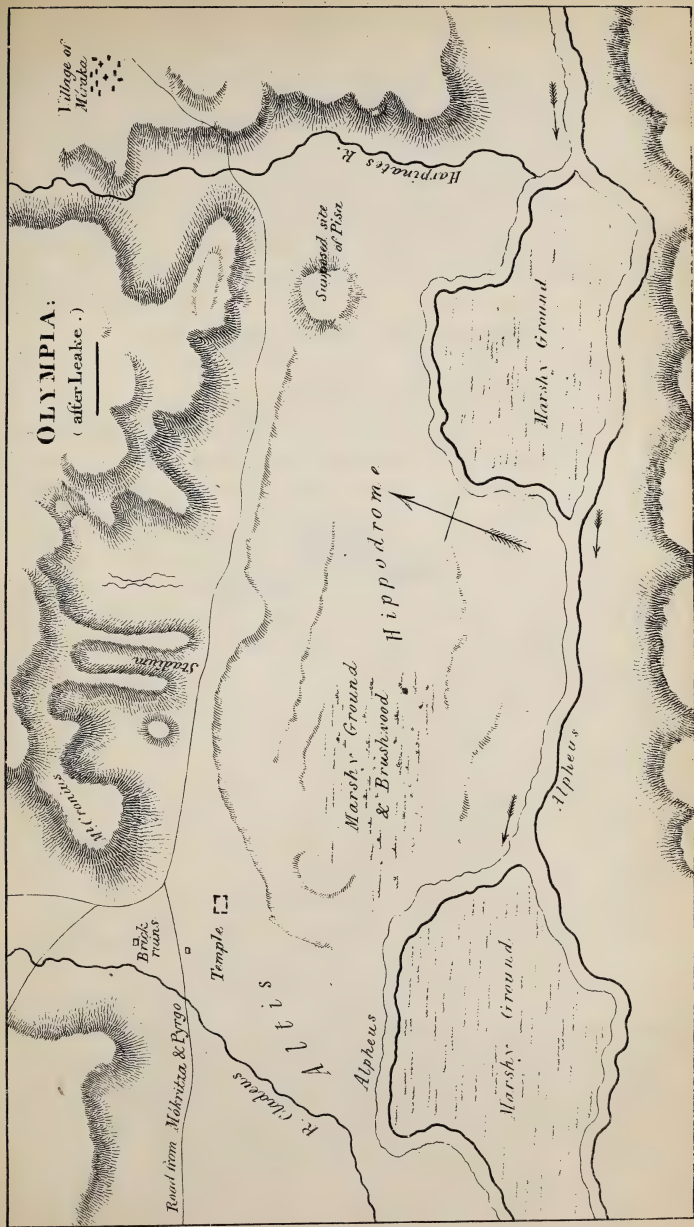
OLYMPIA—PYRGO—HOSPITALITY OF ANGLO-IONIAN CONSUL—
REMAINS OF ANCIENT GREEK MANNERS.

μάτερ ᾧ χρυσοστεφάνων ἀέθλων,
Οὐλυμπία. PIND.

“Olympia! Mother of the golden prize,
The fairest in the Hellenic athletes’ eyes.”

THERE is a distinctive peculiarity of character in the scenery of this celebrated spot, as compared with any other part of Greece or of Europe visited by me, which adds much to the effect of its real beauty, and to the interest which a first view of it cannot fail to inspire in every cultivated mind. The Alpheus, its banks fringed with sapling planes, here meanders through a small, and not altogether level plain, of a soil naturally rich, but swampy in part, owing to the encroachments of the river, and bounded on every side, except that from which we entered, by hills of no great height, but in many places abrupt and precipitous.* Their surface presents a succession of sandy cliffs of light yellow colour, interspersed with grassy slopes, and studded in every direction with clustering groves or dropping trees of dark green pine.

* From the summit of one of the loftiest of these cliffs, on the left bank of the river, it was ordained that women found guilty of intruding upon the games, or even of crossing the water during their celebration, should be precipitated. This law, however, it was never found necessary to enforce. PAUSAN. *Eliac.* i. 6.



OLYMPIA:

(after Leake.)

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Some of these heights project from the main ridge, like capes or promontories, towards the river, enclosing as it were small bays or inlets of the level soil. At the eastern extremity of the plain, the lower hills are backed in the distance by the lofty ridge of Cyllene. The whole scene has an air of mingled wildness and amenity, of cheerfulness and melancholy, which can be better felt than described.

The traditions followed by Pindar,* relative to the ancient state of the Olympian vale, are strangely at variance both with its own natural history and the geography of the rest of Europe. According to him, Hercules, observing the sacred region to be bare of trees, and parched for want of shade, introduced the olive plant from the banks of the Danube. Olympia is now by nature a remarkably well wooded country, while the Danube is certainly not fertile in olives. Strabo says the temple was situated in a grove of wild olives; but no such tree is now to be seen in the neighbourhood.

On entering the open valley from the west, the most conspicuous object is a bold and nearly insulated eminence, rising to the left from the level plain in the form of an irregular cone. This height identifies itself at once with Mount Cronius, in the description of Pausanias,† also frequently noticed by Pindar, and well characterized by him as “genial,”‡ having a full south exposure. At its base flows a small tributary of the Alpheus, the ancient Cladeus, which, descending from a retired pastoral dell to the north, forms the western boundary of the Altis or sacred territory of the god. Crossing its bed, the traveller arrives at the ruins of the temple, situated in a central part of the cultivated plain, in a line between Mount Cronius and the Alpheus. This

* *Olymp.* iii. 25, 29.

† *Eliac.* i. c. 21; ii. cc. 19, 20.

‡ *Ol.* i. 179. εὐδαιμόνιον.

mount forms the western limit of one of the recesses of the plain above mentioned, bounded on the other side by a projecting cape, which supplies in its turn the boundary of another long narrow inlet. Here there can be little doubt was the Stadium, the form of the recess being distinctly marked out by nature for the purpose. Its opposite limit is another similar cape or neck, crossing over which one again finds a third much larger recess of level ground.

At some distance to the eastward of the ruins of the temple, there is a sudden fall or dip in the surface of the plain, forming a bank, stretching in an oblique curve along the base of the projecting heights. Below, extends another stretch of plain, of a marshy desolate character, liable to inundation, and overgrown in part with bushes and water plants. Here the hippodrome has been placed in the received topography of the place, and the authority of Pausanias is perhaps upon the whole favourable to this view. When well embanked and drained, the ground may, no doubt, have been made serviceable for such a purpose; but, in its actual state, it appears about as little adapted to it as can well be imagined.*

The site, plan, and dimensions of the temple have been well ascertained by various excavations, especially that undertaken by the French commission of the Morea. The foundations are still exposed to view, strewed, like the neighbouring ground, with massive drums of stone columns, square blocks, marble fragments, and heaps of rubbish. The building was hexastyle, contrary to the rule of Vitruvius, who specifies the octastyle or decastyle portico as proper to the temples of Jove. This circumstance might warrant doubts of its identity, were it not that these rules of Vitruvius are shown, by various examples, to be but fallacious; while we have other con-

* See additional note at end of volume.

clusive evidence that this really was the temple described by Pausanias. Several fine fragments of the sculptures mentioned by him, representing the labours of Hercules, were brought to light in the French excavation, and deposited in the museum of the Louvre. The columns are upwards of seven feet in diameter, surpassing in thickness those of any other Greek temple of which remains are extant. The only other ruins now visible are a few fragments of brickwork, on the banks of the Cladeus, and near the slope or terrace which separates the upper from the lower level of the plain.

The ancient name of this region, and of its principal town, was Pisa.* That of Olympia was originally proper to the sanctuary; but in the courtesy of later usage came also to comprehend the town and district, of which the sanctuary itself was once but an appendage. There never was a distinct town of Olympia. Pisa was situated at the eastern extremity of the sacred plain. It was destroyed at an early period by the Eleans, who usurped the presidency of the games formerly enjoyed by its inhabitants. The sanctuary and the town, however, are still alluded to as distinct places by Herodotus.† In the ninety-fifth Olympiad, Pisa is described by Xenophon‡ as a poor village; and in the days of Pausanias§ no remains of it were extant, but the site was covered

* For this name two etymologies suggest themselves, both so appropriate and so expressive of the natural features of the district, that although there can be little doubt but that one or other of the two is correct, it were difficult to decide which. The one connects itself with the word *πίσος*, a low marshy irrigated plain, or with the same root from whence it derives [*ΠΙΩ*, *πίω*]; the other with *πίσσα*, the name of the black fir or pine-tree. It is remarkable enough that the Tyrrhenian Pisa is situated in a precisely similar region—namely, a low, warm, marshy flat, interspersed with pine forest.

† ii. 7.

‡ *Hellen.* iii. 2, 31; vii. 4, 29.

§ *Eliac.* ii., c. 22.

with vines. Yet Lucian,* although he mentions its deserted state, still speaks of Pisa as the lodging-place of the visitors at the games, where booths and tents were erected for their accommodation.

The richest part of the plain is in the neighbourhood of the temple. From one of the peasants engaged in tilling its surface, I purchased a bronze helmet, lately dug up by himself in the course of his labours. It is of the natural size and usual form. The crown is gone, but the lower part is well preserved, and pierced at the edge with rows of small holes, still retaining some of the nails for fastening on lining or other appendages. Traces of gilding are distinct in several places.

The road to Pyrgo, a town on the coast destined as our night's quarters, lies a little to the north of that which brought us from Mókritza. In one of the darkest recesses of the wood, we are shown the spot where one of the late murders was committed. After an hour's ride we emerge from the forest into a wide open plain, which, bare, uncultivated, and studded here and there with shepherd's encampments, reminded me much of some of the more dreary parts of the Roman campagna. Our village escort is here dismissed, as no danger seems ever to be apprehended from the Greek Klephts in an open country. Considering, however, the state of the population and of the police, one might suppose it as easy and safe a matter to plunder a caravan in the one case as in the other; for, by retiring at once with the booty into the neighbouring fastnesses, concealment would be equally well ensured.

Soon after it sets in rain for the evening, and as we ride into the town it pours in torrents. Pyrgo occupies the summit of a long gentle eminence, commanding an extensive view, both inland and towards the mouth of

* *De Sacrif.* ii. 8. HERODOT. 8.

the river and the surrounding coast. The bazar, lined on each side with the customary wooden sheds, has a busy appearance, partly from a considerable commerce which the town carries on with the Ionian islands and along the neighbouring shore, partly from the preparations making for the approaching festivities of Easter week. The place is situated at some distance from the sea; its maritime trade being carried on through the medium of a small port called by its own name, Porto di Pyrgi.

Nicóla conducts me at once to the house of the British consul, Signor Zaccaría, an Ionian by birth, and an old servant of our government, under which he officiated in this capacity before the septinsular republic fell to our lot. His house is a large substantial structure, several stories in height, surrounded by a walled court, and fitted up both without and within in the Italian style; with a spacious saloon or common hall in the centre of the first floor. The old man is superannuated, sickly, and apparently in his second childhood; but, in consideration of his long service, continues to hold his office on full pay, the duties being performed by his son, who receives me politely, and entertains me with disinterested hospitality. On his proposal to allot for my separate use a small room, hitherto occupied by a female servant, and not of very tempting appearance, I venture, under the pressure of the case, to explain to him candidly, that I had already passed four sleepless nights, and from what cause; that I much feared the consequence of a fifth to my health; and that I should greatly prefer being allowed to spread my couch on the sofa of the saloon, (which appeared fresh and cleanly,) after the party had separated for the night. He takes the compliment to his bed-room accommodation very good-humouredly: it is arranged as I wish, and I enjoy a good night's rest.

It was reported, as I afterwards learned at Patras, by persons unfriendly to the family, that the old man was dead, and that the son concealed his death for the enjoyment of his emoluments, amounting, as I was informed, to three or four hundred pounds per annum, a large income in this country. To the falsehood of this calumny I was happy to be able to bear ocular testimony, having myself been introduced to the presence, I can hardly say to the acquaintance, of the old gentleman, in his private apartment; for, if able to recognise, he is altogether past the power of conversing with a stranger.

Signor Zaccarìa, the younger, confirmed the accounts I had already received of the state of the country, and of the murder committed two days before on the Patras road. He described wanton bloodshed as having become more frequent of late, which he attributed to a greater degree of embitterment among the class of persons by whom the outrages are committed; a consequence of the new law of conscription. He seemed, however, to treat the matter with indifference; and his brother, a smart young beau, dressed in the latest style of Frank dandyism, arrived about an hour after myself, by land, from Patras, alone, unarmed, and without escort. One is at first disposed to feel surprise at the callousness displayed by the natives of this country to the risks they incur from the defective state of their police. The traveller hears of a robbery or a murder on the route he is about to pursue a few hours before starting, yet he neither delays his journey, nor makes any provision for his own security. The phenomenon, however, is, after all, nothing more than what is constantly exemplified in the everyday life of civilized Europe. Habit and necessity create indifference to every kind of danger, as to all the other evils of human existence. Hence, as the experience of whosoever has led an active life will bear

out, danger of every sort, when contemplated at a distance, seems greater than when present. As a husband and a father of a family, had I previously known the state of this province of the dominions of Otho, I might never have ventured to penetrate its interior; but when once on the journey, although I was not foolhardy enough to neglect the ordinary precautions enjoined by the local authorities, yet I may safely say, that there were few matters that occupied me less, even in the most suspicious parts of the route, than the expectation or the fear of being assaulted. The Greek merchant, who thoughtlessly sets out on a path still red with the blood of the passenger of the previous day, would perhaps find it difficult to understand how an English country squire could continue to follow the hounds regularly from season to season, after seeing several of his acquaintances break their necks, or maim themselves for life, in pursuit of the same diversion. The fatal accidents that annually occur in the fox and steeple hunts of England, are probably as numerous, in proportion to the number of those who take part in them, as the assassinations on the Greek roads, in proportion to those by whom they are frequented. Yet no one with us attaches the notion of danger to the amusement of fox-hunting, or admires those devoted to it as more distinguished for courage than their neighbours. The same remark applies perhaps still more pointedly to travelling by stage-coaches, steam-boats, or rail-roads. I remember a burlesque turn being given to the terror of a party of ladies, in a coach driven at a speed somewhat more rapid than appeared to them consistent with their safety, by the remark of a dry humourist, that he never felt alarmed on such occasions, because one never read in the newspapers of any accidents of this kind happening to one's-self, it was always to other people. For the same reason the Greeks and Calabrians,

who are in the habit of hearing of their neighbours being robbed or murdered on the roads, seldom calculate on meeting with a robber or a murderer themselves.

My young landlord, as he himself informed me, had married the daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the Morea, the name of which, though familiar to me at the moment, has escaped my memory, but which formerly, as he also assured me, exercised, either during the Byzantine or early Turkish period, a sort of sovereignty or viceroyalty over a great part of the peninsula. The lady, a buxom, good-looking, middle-aged woman, in very homely attire, appeared but once, passing through the saloon in the performance of some domestic office. The party at meals, as well as the evening circle, comprised the gentlemen of the household alone. This, to our notions, semi-barbarous custom is a remnant, probably, as much of ancient Greek as of modern Turkish manners. Among the ancients, the female members of the family were allotted a separate accommodation in the most retired part of the dwelling, the Gynæceum, or *female* quarter, in contradistinction to the Andron, the male, or public part of the house. Nor does it appear that ladies of respectable character ever shared in the conviviality of the table when strangers were present. The same peculiarity of manners prevails, or at least did prevail, on the opposite coast of Southern Italy, the inhabitants of which can claim descent from the Italiote Greeks, with as good or perhaps a better right than the Moreotes from those of the mother country, and among whom I have in my own experience found the Gynæceum and the Andron as broadly distinguished as at any period of antiquity. During a tour many years ago through this region, I was hospitably entertained at Croton, in Calabria, the birthplace of Milo, and residence of Pythagoras, in the house of a leading noble-

man of the place, by name Don Beppo O——. I had letters, from a friend in another province, to his sister, the mother of my host, and who, according to another more agreeable custom of these countries, still continued in her dowager state to preside over the domestic establishment of her son. On my arrival Don Beppo was from home; but on enquiring for the old lady I was shown into a room where she was sitting with two younger ones. She received me with much politeness, and offered me all the hospitality her house could afford. After chatting a quarter of an hour with herself and the two other ladies, who seemed well bred and intelligent young women, I went down to the piazza to bring up my luggage. I was there joined by Don Beppo, who, having been apprised of my arrival, had proceeded in quest of me, and renewed the hospitable invitation of his mother. I spent several days in the house. The old lady used to pay me a formal complimentary visit each forenoon in my own apartment; but I never saw her at any other time. The circle in the saloon, at meals, and on all other occasions, was confined to the male members of the establishment, comprising two uncles of the landlord, and occasionally relieved by the presence of his only daughter, a lively little girl about ten years old. In the course of the second day, I enquired of Don Beppo who the two ladies were that I had seen the first evening of my arrival, sitting with his mother. He answered that they were his daughter's governesses. I observed, that with us one governess was considered sufficient for four or five full grown young ladies, and expressed my surprise that he should find it necessary to be at the expense of two for a child of ten years of age. He replied that it was the custom of the country—"così si costuma fra noi." A few days afterwards, in the course of conversation with one of the uncles, assuming that Don Beppo

was a widower, and happening to ask how long it was since he had lost his wife, I was informed that she was still living. On my expressing surprise, and enquiring whether she was unwell or from home, he asked me whether I had not seen her myself sitting with her mother-in-law on the evening of my arrival. I answered that I had understood the two younger ladies present on that occasion, to be the persons entrusted with the education of the little girl; at which he laughed, and assured me that the one was the wife the other the sister of my host.

This custom, so contrary to our notions of European civilization, of which I had some other examples in the course of the same journey, was then, as I was informed at the time, gradually wearing out, being only to be met with in the more old-fashioned families even of this remote district, and is, it is to be hoped, by this time quite extinct.

CHAPTER XLVII.

KLEPHTIC FEROCITY—CONVENT AND KHAN OF ALL-TSCHELEPI—
 TRAIT OF MODERN GREEK CHARACTER—PATRAS.

Αἱ αἱ τὸ δοῦλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ' αἰεί.—Eurip.

“Of ills the greatest—to be born a slave.—”

THE next morning, (Wednesday, 11th of April,) we parted with our Spartan orderly, who, not venturing or caring to extend his travels further northward, had relieved himself by a substitute from the station at Pyrgo, very like himself both in person and habits. We set out escorted by two muskets besides his own, until we should have cleared the dangerous parts of the route. After travelling a few miles across the open country, we halt to load, before entering a heathy district slightly raised above the level of the plain, and intersected by narrow gullies, through one of which our track lay. Whilst occupied in this manner, the Chorophylax called our attention to a spot of ground hard by, which, on approaching, we found to be stained with blood for several yards around. This was the place where the murder already noticed had been committed two days before. On the intelligence reaching Pyrgo, our guard had been the person sent to take official cognisance of the affair. He found the body lying on the spot where it had fallen, swimming in blood—stabbed in several places, and the throat cut so as nearly to sever the head from the

shoulders. The poor sufferer was a Laconian cotton-dealer, who had been collecting his debts in the north, and was returning quite alone on foot to his native place, with about a hundred dollars in his pouch. The following were the circumstances of the case, as gathered partly from an examination of the localities, partly from the testimony of eye-witnesses:—The first assault took place within the thicket, at some distance from the open plain, where the road, scarcely broad enough to admit of two horses passing conveniently, is confined between steep banks rising on each side, about as high as the head of a mounted traveller. The ruffians, of whom two only were seen, had laid their ambush on the summit of these banks, one on each side, among the brushwood, and fired a pistol-shot at their victim as he passed, but missed him. He then took to flight in the direction of the plain, pursued by his assassins, who, on regaining sight of him on the open country, fired at him a second time with a carbine, but again without effect. They continued their pursuit, however, across the fields, and coming up with him at the spot where the body was found, attacked him with their knives. The poor fellow defended himself valiantly; but after receiving several stabs, fell, and they immediately cut his throat, rifled him, and made off for the interior of the country. Several countrymen at work in the fields, at no great distance, witnessed the whole scene. They had been used to hear shots in the neighbouring heath, which was the occasional resort of sportsmen; and when they saw three young men chasing each other, imagined it was but play, until the last moment, when the fatal blows passed and one of them fell. On examining the ground within the defile, where the first shot was heard, a discharged pistol was found, the barrel of which, on inspection, proved to be of wood!

This whole day's journey, and indeed the greater part of the route to Patras, is through a flat country, with the sea at no great distance to the left. On emerging from the heath we dismiss the guard, the road being now pronounced secure. We halt to refresh at Dérvitzi, a village embedded in olive groves. From the open ground on the bank of a small stream immediately beyond, I enjoy a fine view of the coast of Elis, and the neighbouring island of Zante, bearing west at about twenty miles' distance. Its outline is remarkable for elegance rather than boldness. The centre of the prospect is occupied by a long ridge, forming the back of the promontory of Cyllene. On its summit towers a Gothic fortress, the principal seat of the Frank dynasty during the middle ages, called by the natives Clemouzzi, by the Franks Castel Tornese. Immediately below this height is the port of Clarenza, the ancient Cyllene, once the naval arsenal of the Eleans, and capital of the Morea under the Frank princes. From hence the ducal title of Clarence, habitually borne by one of the junior members of our royal family, is said to be derived. Beyond, to the N.W., is seen in the distance the lofty round summit of Cefalonía, with the lower heights of Ithaca to its right. After traversing a dreary extent of marshy heath, our journey across which is agreeably enlivened by a well-sustained Aristophanic chorus on the part of the frogs, its only apparent inhabitants, we ford in succession two other streams, the first of which, the ancient Peneus, is both broad and deep. To the eastward, at some miles' distance, the site of ancient Elis is now visible. It forms the boldest point of a range of low hills bounding the plain in that direction. Beyond them rises an insulated rocky mountain, of considerable height and boldness of outline, the Scollis of Strabo, and probably the Olenian rock of Homer, now called Sandaméri.

Among its fastnesses, Nicóla informed me, some thousand families of Greeks had found refuge from the devastations of the Turkish war during several years. About sunset we enter a forest of noble oaks, through which our road lies for the greater part of the remaining distance to Patras. In the midst of it is situated the village of Alí-tschelepi, where we are to pass the night, and which we do not reach until long after nightfall. The name of this place, according to Nicóla's interpretation, signifies Alí's Delight; from its having been formerly a favourite residence of a pashá of that name.

My host of Pyrgo had sent an order to the monks of a convent on the outskirts of the village, of the old domain of which he is part proprietor, to receive and entertain us. Their establishment, comprising, in as far as could be judged in the gloom, a considerable range of whitewashed structures, seemed to hold out hopes of tolerable accommodation. On arriving, therefore, we left our horses at a khan in the immediate neighbourhood, and proceeded to beat up the quarters of the kalógheri. But all our efforts to obtain admission were vain; so, after calling and knocking for about a quarter of an hour at the outer gate, we gave up the matter as hopeless, and returned to the khan.

I had frequently heard it said by intelligent foreigners settled in Greece, that its inhabitants, in spite of their obstinate struggle for independence, and amid a good deal of native spirit and ferocity, had not yet been able to shake off some of those defects, which Homer, as if in prophetic anticipation of the future fate of his own countrymen, assures us slavery never fails to entail on the character of its victims;* that the same abject cringing

* ἥμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς,
ἀνέροσ, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἥμαρ ἔλθῃν.—

Od. ε. 322.

to any thing in the shape of a superior, which during the Turkish despotism had been a matter of necessity, still continued to display itself towards rank, or constituted authority, as a matter of habit; and that to this day, consequently, the proper mode for a traveller to secure justice or respect in his dealings with the natives, was the employment of the cane or the horsewhip. As my information came chiefly from Bavarians, who for the most part return with interest the hatred and contempt which the Greeks so cordially entertain for them, I had some doubts how far their reports were to be relied on; nor was I likely to bring the question to an issue from personal trial. But this latter part of our journey, it must be admitted, offered several incidents tending greatly to confirm the correctness of their statements, the most remarkable of which occurred on the present occasion. Allusion has already been made to the dictatorial deportment of our military attendants towards the peasantry, and indeed towards all classes of their fellow-citizens whose status in society gave them no especial claim to personal respect. Nor did this overbearing spirit appear to depend on the genius of the individual *stratiote*, but was common to them all, as part and parcel of their just and proper dignity of office. If a ford was sought, the nearest countryman was not requested, but peremptorily summoned to conduct us to it; if the way was intricate, he was ordered to act as guide, or forthwith to find a substitute; and the least hesitation or delay seldom failed to bring down a volley of the most approved military anathemas on the head of the offender. To return, however, to the case immediately in point; on reaching the khan, I found our escort, who had quitted the convent gate a few minutes earlier, busy in inflicting the most humiliating species of corporal punishment on the person of the khanjee—a handsome, athletic, and rather

respectable-looking young man—belabouring his back and shoulders with the flat of his sword, and at intervals bestowing virulent kicks on that part of the hinder quarter where a blow is supposed to convey the severest wound to personal honour. On occasion of any momentary respite from the fury of the attack, the sufferer attempted, with mild voice, and gentle but earnest expostulation, to convince his enemy of the unreasonableness of his conduct; and then, as the assault recommenced with redoubled fury, he again turned his back till the shower of blows was overpast, when he once more faced about, and with the same calmness renewed the thread of his argument. I immediately interfered, and enquiring the cause of the dispute, was informed: that the monks had for some time past been in the nightly habit of leaving the convent, which, as already said, was on the outskirts of the commune, for fear of the robbers, and taking up their abode till morning in a more central part of the village; that the Chorophylax had proposed to go in quest of them, and summon them to return and reopen their establishment for my accommodation; that he had ordered the khanjee to act as his guide to the place, but that the man had declined compliance, urging the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of attending on his other guests, of whom several besides our party were already assembled within the hut. Nor indeed was it reasonable to expect that the poor fellow would be the willing instrument of depriving himself of a customer, from whom he doubtless expected to realize the ordinary receipts of several days. I settled the dispute by declaring my intention of remaining at his khan, rather than subject the reverend gentlemen to any inconvenience, or myself to the delay and trouble of preparing new quarters. The matter being thus concluded, mine host, far from bearing any apparent ill-will to his castigator,

seemed neither mortified nor disconcerted by what had passed; and ten minutes afterwards, the two were conversing together by the fireside, upon general topics, with as much ease and good-humour as if nothing had happened.

The conversation round the hearth turned, very naturally, upon ecclesiastical politics. Radical principles were in the ascendant, and most of the arguments against monastic establishments, which for the last two or three centuries have become stale and hackneyed common-places in western Europe, were here urged as ingenious novelties, with all the pomp and pride of intellectual ultra-liberalism, by the majority of the assembly, headed, as was to be expected, by Nicóla, and seconded by the Chorophylax. Monasteries in general were pronounced to be mere hives of useless drones; the government was commended for what had been already done towards their suppression, and hopes were expressed that the country would soon be rid of them altogether. The monks of Alí-tschelepi were denounced in their individual capacity, as traitors to the only useful duty they had to perform—that of affording hospitality to the traveller. From all this, an elderly substantial-looking merchant, who sat by me, and who seemed to be the only staunch Conservative of the party, scarcely ventured to dissent by an occasional shake of the head, or an expression or two of simple disapprobation. There is, indeed, this to be said in favour of the regular clergy of the Greek church, as compared with their Catholic brethren, that however useless or even pernicious they may be in a spiritual sense, they are not by any means a burden to society in a statistical point of view; as their clerical dignity does not interdict them from gaining their livelihood through their own industry, whether by agricultural labour, or the exercise of mechanical and commercial

professions. The Greek church does not, I believe, recognise any establishment of mendicant friars; nor do I recollect ever to have met with a clerical beggar—or indeed, I may almost say, a beggar of any description—in the course of my tour.

Our agoghiates were exceedingly anxious to be back at Pyrgo early on Friday morning, in order to lose as little as possible of the ceremonies and festivities of that and the ensuing days of Easter week. It was therefore proposed that we should remain no longer at this place than was required for such refreshment or repose as was indispensable to carry on our horses to Patras, without risk of knocking up. This plan was readily agreed to by me, for whom the interior of the khan of Alí-tschelepi had as few charms as any of its predecessors. We therefore started by moonlight, about a couple of hours before sunrise. The road for more than halfway to Patras was still through the same beautiful woodland scenery. I seldom remember to have seen finer oaks, never, perhaps, so great a number of equal dimensions in continued succession. The whole country, for many miles, recalled to mind the wilder parts of Windsor park. At intervals of a mile or two occurred pastoral settlements, of the usual romantic character, in the midst of the extensive glades of green pasture or ferny heath, which opened up from time to time through the mazes of the forest.

The resemblance between the habits of pastoral life, as prevalent to this day in Greece, and those described by Homer, has already been incidentally noticed. No one, indeed, familiar with the works of the poet, can fail to be struck with the correspondence between these numerous little colonies of shepherds, with their ferocious and vociferous packs of dogs, interspersed here and

there throughout the less cultivated parts of the country, and the establishments of the same class whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the illustrative imagery of both poems. Several coincidences of this kind have been remarked, in connexion with the adventures of our day of disembarkation on the shore of Greece; and this, our last day's journey on its soil, supplied another no less interesting. At the moment when the purple aurora of a beautiful spring morning scarcely permitted of our distinguishing objects at a few hundred yards' distance through the glades, we passed one of these encampments, just as it was beginning to show symptoms of a renewal of the daily routine of occupation. The men were emerging from the huts, and the sheep from the folds, snuffing the morning air, and slowly spreading in groups over the neighbouring sward. On a sudden the peaceful character of the scene gives place to bustle and alarm. The dogs rush forth in a body towards a certain point, fiercely snarling and barking; both men and women follow with such weapons as are more immediately at hand, and cries of λύκος, λύκος—the wolf! the wolf!

θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερὸφρονος ὅστε καθ' ὕλην
ἔρχεται δι' ὄρεσφι· πολὺς δ' ὄρυμαγδὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἀνδρῶν ἡδὲ κυνῶν.—*Il.* x. 184.

“Prowling within the wood, the hungry brute
Is heard; when clamour loud, and keen pursuit,
Of men and dogs arise.”

Looking towards the point in which their sally was directed, I observed accordingly a wolf, that had been lurking doubtless during the night around the fold, watching an opportunity of carrying off a straggler on the unpenning of the flock in the morning, slink off disappointed, with his tail between his legs:—

“ So beast of prey for murderous theft prepared,
 By dogs and herdsmen from the sheep-pen scared,
 With weapons and with voice—his spirit bold
 Subdued—slinks off reluctant from the fold.”—*Il.* xvii. 110.

On quitting the forest, we coast along the gulf for an hour or two, and at length reach Patras, the final limit of my Hellenic travels. This place appears to be rising from its ruins with greater rapidity and regularity than most other Greek cities. But of the gardens of oranges, almonds, figs, and pomegranates, in which its houses were formerly imbedded,* not a leaf is now to be seen. The main street, built parallel to the shore, contains some rows of good houses; and several others running at right angles to it, are lined on each side with neat and well garnished shops. The Turkish citadel, formerly the Acropolis, and now a picturesque castellated ruin, occupies a precipitous and nearly insulated height, projecting from the lofty Mount Panachaicus†—now Voïdhiá—which rises immediately behind. The great beauty, however, of the site of this town, is the sea view, unsurpassed by any thing of its kind in Greece, or perhaps in Europe. The outline of the land on the opposite side of the gulf, extends from the snowy tops of Parnassus in the east, to the more distant mountains of Acarnania in the opposite direction; while full in front, in the centre of the prospect, are the colossal pyramids of Kakéscala and Varásova, rising in huge perpendicular masses from the brink of the water. The planner of the new city has, however, done his best to deprive it of this, its chief ornament, and, it may be presumed, one of its greatest advantages as a seaport. Instead of a broad extent of quay, backed by a single line of buildings, to front so noble a prospect, the ground along the shore is laid out as an ordinary street, which, when completed, will have a continuous row of houses on each side for nearly its

* LEAKE'S *Morea*, ii. p. 140.

† 6300 feet.—LEAKE.

whole length; so that the voyager, on his arrival, in place of an open terrace, sees nothing but the back premises of the outer row of buildings, mingled, perhaps, with fishermen's huts, and other structures of an equally unseemly appearance, in their rear; while the inhabitants of the town enjoy on their chief promenade about as much benefit from their fine sea view, as those of Thames Street do from that of the river whose name it bears.

The most considerable structure of the town is the church of St Andrew, rebuilding at its western extremity on the site of the ancient sanctuary, which had lain in ruins for generations. It is of substantial stone masonry, and, when complete, will be about the best edifice of its class in Greece. Its patron saint is supposed to have suffered martyrdom at Patras, and his remains to rest beneath its pavement. St Andrew was one of the most distinguished miracle-workers of the Byzantine church, and obtained the credit, justly due to the valour of its own citizens, of having delivered the town from the Sclavonian conquest in the eighth century. When hard pressed by the barbarians, the besieged sent to demand aid from their allies the Corinthians. If, on his return, the messenger carried his banner erect, it was a sign that no succour could be expected. If he lowered it, assistance was at hand. The application was unfavourably received at Corinth; but, as the messenger approached the walls of the besieged city, his horse stumbled and his banner fell. The citizens took heart, sallied forth, and repulsed the enemy. The Corinthian reinforcement unexpectedly arrived, the barbarians were dispersed, and the place delivered. The stumbling of the horse was attributed to the miraculous interposition of St Andrew, who was also seen fighting in the foremost ranks in the last decisive engagement.

In the year 1460, Thomas, despot of the Morea, when

forced to fly before the Turks, carried off with him, among other treasures, the head of this saint, which he disposed of to the Pope for a pension of 6000 ducats. The procession of the relic into Rome is commemorated by the pretty chapel on the left hand of the Flaminian way, between the Ponte Molle and Porta del Popolo, erected by Pius the Second on the spot where he first encountered it in its progress.

But the possession, or the miraculous virtues, of the fragments of this holy corpse, were not confined to Greece or to Italy. In the year 370, as we learn from Boece, a monk called Regulus, (St Reule,) was sent by the emperor Constantius to Patras, to pay homage to the relics of St Andrew. "And when the said Reule," says the historian, "had done his devotions with much reverence, he was commanded by a heavenly vision to take the arm of St Andrew, with three fingers, and three toes of his feet, and to pass with the same into the far nook of the world named Albion," in order to convert the barbarous natives of that country. Having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Fife, he founded the monastery of St Andrew's, and established the domicile of the relics on the spot where he escaped to land; and from thence the Christian religion was spread throughout Scotland, together with the worship of the apostle, who has ever since remained the tutelar saint of the Scottish nation.

By the side of this building is shown a subterranean fountain, identified with that where Pausanias* describes the oracle of the mirror. Patras, though a place of great antiquity, was never one of leading historical celebrity, and can boast of proportionally few and trivial monuments of its classical ages. The only visible relics of the ancient city are a few Roman substructions, with some fragments of sculpture in the masonry of the castle

* *Achaëc.* xxi. 5.

walls, and a broken arch or two within the water-line; remains, apparently, of a pier or quay. The place boasts several inns, or, to give them their full dignity of title, hotels, fitted up in the Italian style, and offering tolerable accommodation. The one which I inhabited, the best in the town, is kept by a young man whom Nicóla introduced to me as patronized by General Gordon, who, having taken a fancy to him when a boy, educated and established him in life. If this be true, he does but little credit to his benefactor; as his dealings with the public are notoriously a systematic course of extortion and knavery; carried on, however, in so barefaced and extravagant a manner, as in a great degree to defeat its own object.

Good Friday is, I believe, with the Greeks, as in most other Christian churches, nominally a day of penance. If so, its rites are certainly the most tumultuous species of fasting and humiliation I have happened to witness. While the more mysterious functions were performing in the interior of the cathedral, (formerly a Turkish mosque of considerable size, which has survived the general ruin,) its outer courts, with the neighbouring thoroughfares, were crowded with people, apparently in a high state of jovial excitement, and whose most serious occupation seemed to be ringing a bell, hung on a scaffolding over the gateway of entrance, in which service they relieved each other at intervals. The shops were open the whole forenoon, and doing extensive business; the streets crowded with loungers; while during the greater part of the night the town resounded with reports of guns, pistols, and fireworks. The most interesting part of the festival to a stranger, was the display of costume on the promenade. Every man who possessed a change of raiment was in his best attire; and it may be presumed that this was the day of renewal with those

who are in the habit of disembarassing their person of its drapery but once in the course of the year. Some of the dresses of the more respectable class were remarkable both for richness and beauty. There are, indeed, few things in Greece more apt to strike the eye of a foreigner, than the contrast between this occasional splendour of personal attire, and the general filth and misery of domestic habits. One frequently sees figures, who might pass on the stage of Paris or London for the first officers of state of an oriental court, if not for the sultan himself, issuing from the door of a habitation which a respectable artisan in either of those towns would be ashamed to call his own. The expense of many of these suits of clothing is enormous; and this species of extravagance is spread among all classes of the community. The full costume of a Greek bishop, I was assured, often costs a sum, the tenth part of which a dignitary of the same rank in our own hierarchy would probably grudge to spend on his canonicals.

Although in respect to the number of vessels that annually frequent its harbour, Patras may yield to the Piræus, it is yet considered, I understand, as the port of Greece most distinguished for the extent of its commercial relations. If so, the reality is strangely belied by external appearances. During the two days I spent there, I saw neither arrival nor departure of any kind to attract attention, but that of our own steam-packet; nor did I ever at any one time observe more than one or two floating objects in the roadstead that could deserve the name of vessel, and those but small brigs or schooners; together with a very scanty sprinkling of boats of various sizes. Nor indeed does the place present the appearance of a port or harbour to the eye of a landsman, having neither cove, headland, pier, or breakwater, nor any other of the features, natural or artificial, which one is

in the habit of considering indispensable for the shelter of shipping. To me it seemed but an open shore; but must, I presume, be more effectually protected than it appears, by some peculiarity in the general form of the gulf that bears its name, and which I was not seaman enough to appreciate.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

VOYAGE TO ANCONA—LIFE IN LAZARETTO.

χαῖρ' ὦ φίλη γῆ· διὰ χρόνου πολλοῦ σ' ἰδῶν
ἀσπάζομαι.— MENANDRI *fragm.*

“Hail! favoured land—long absent from thy shore,
With joy I greet thy dark blue hills once more.”

WE embarked for Ancona in the Austrian steam-packet, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th April, with dark gloomy weather, and reached Corfú on the day following amid torrents of rain. There I parted with Nicóla, I cannot say with very deep regret; as, in spite of the real value of his services, there was but little in the mode of their performance, or in the habits of the man, calculated permanently to engage the affections of his employer. The vessel remained in port scarcely time sufficient to permit of my visiting and taking luncheon with my friends at the palace. The weather continued more or less unfavourable the whole of that afternoon and of the next day, but cleared up the morning (April 18) of our arrival at Ancona.

It had never yet been my lot to be the inmate of a Lazaretto, and I had heard much of the discomforts of such establishments. I was therefore the more agreeably surprised to find, that the only serious inconvenience of which I had to complain in the present case, was the delay interposed to my rejoining my family at Florence. The company that disembarked from the steamer consisted

of but nine persons, including myself; the place on our arrival was empty, nor did it receive any accession of lodgers during the period of our residence. In addition to the advantage of limited numbers, our party was very well composed. It comprised the French consul, recently promoted from Patras to Ancona, with his family; another young Frenchman, returned like myself from a tour in Greece; a Pesarese count, a fine lively agreeable fellow, enthusiastically devoted to field sports, in pursuit of which he had been wandering, accompanied by a brace of handsome setters, over the Ionian islands and part of continental Greece; and two Corfuote citizens, one of them a person of some celebrity in his own country, Signor Coraggio, whom the English acquainted with the island will perhaps better know under the title of Mr Courage. The whole establishment being at our disposal, we enjoyed all the freedom and comfort compatible with its limits and regulations. We had each as much house-room as we cared to occupy. Our meals were served at reasonable rates from the best hotel in the town, and I procured the services of a smart clever lacquey during the period of our durance. My journal, sketch-book, and epistolary correspondence, afforded me ample employment; and, as the weather was fine, what between in-door occupation, and walking and chatting with my companions in the court, the time passed rapidly and agreeably.

The Lazaretto of Ancona is, I believe, considered about the best in the Mediterranean, and it is creditable to his Holiness, that, at least in the principal part of his dominions, some consideration should be shown for the comfort of travellers, in a case where they are so fairly entitled to claim it; more especially as the wretchedness of quarantine life, in some of the more distinguished emporia of the Levant trade, is a subject of general com-

plaint. This edifice is situated on an island, (the surface of which it completely covers,) so near the mainland as to be connected with it by a drawbridge, and has been originally built for the purpose to which it is now applied, on a large scale and a regular plan. It consists of a spacious pentagonal court, encompassed on all sides with buildings, presenting five architectural fronts, corresponding to the sides of the court. In the centre is a small chapel, also of pentagonal form, and very elegant structure, in which mass is performed for the benefit of the inmates. One side of the court is occupied by the offices of the establishment; the front of each of the four others by the apartments of the prisoners; behind which, greatly overtopping the roof of the front buildings, are the magazines, vast open lofty halls, into several of which, being now quite empty, we had liberty to extend our promenades. This afforded an agreeable variety to our habitual perambulations of the court, as their windows command a view of the town and part of the harbour. The walls of one of these saloons, which seemed at all times to have been more used as a lounging-place for the prisoners than for any other purpose, were completely covered with inscriptions, by which successive generations of the *contumacious* or *filthy*, (contumaci—sporchi,) as the Lazaretto prisoners are familiarly styled in the Adriatic, had endeavoured to beguile their hours of captivity. The great majority of these productions are in Greek and Italian, emanating, no doubt, from the youthful genius of the Ionian students who flock to the Italian universities. The next, in point of number, with a wide interval, are the French and German. Those in our native tongue hold but the fifth place; at which I felt surprise, as our own countrymen are perhaps as much, or more infected with this mania for wall scribbling than any other nation. Let us flatter ourselves,

that even a temporary suspension of liberty may have the effect of cramping the literary genius of a people proverbial for their impatience of slavery. The specimens of original composition interspersed here and there among the chaos of names, dates, &c., and illustrated in many instances by original drawings, were, as usual in such cases, remarkable for little else than folly, dull sentimentality, or obscenity. In the latter respect were more particularly distinguished those emanating from Italo-Greek authors; bent, it would seem, on proving their worthiness of the elegant titles above mentioned, which their residence within the walls they took such pains to adorn had procured them.

One of the windows of this saloon looks across the narrow channel which separates the island from the quay, full upon the exterior front of the northern or principal gate of the town, a gorgeous, and, upon the whole, a favourable specimen of the Borrominesque style of pontifical architecture; with the arms, image, and superscription of the Pope under whose reign it was erected, in the frontispiece, supported by the usual number of winged cherubs, trumpeting Fames, &c. During several hours, on each of the two first days of our captivity, I stood at this window, for the mere purpose of gazing on the everyday objects, animate or inanimate, of a great public thoroughfare, a species of idleness of which I do not feel conscious of being often guilty. But there was something delightful in the simple act of thus familiarizing the eye—through the medium of hats, coats, and breeches; of wheel carriages, solid buildings, paved streets, smooth broad roads; and, above all, of well-dressed and finely-formed women of all classes, who abound along this coast more perhaps than in most other districts even of Italy—with that genuine European civilization to which it had so long been a stranger.

During the duller part of the day, an occasional source of amusement was watching the mode in which the French corps de garde, in occupation of the gate, managed to beguile their hours of idleness. The restlessness of their persons, and unceasing clatter of their tongues; the frequent recurrence of good-humoured practical jokes; the occasional quizzing, with equal good-humour, of certain of the party who seemed to be the acknowledged butts of their more facetious comrades; and when these more solid sources of diversion were exhausted, the mercurial quickness and suddenness of their motions, in their ordinary mode of pacing up and down for the purpose of killing time till the moment of relief—all supplied both an amusing illustration of the proverbial liveliness of the Gallic race, and a striking contrast to the phlegm of the Germans, or even the more dignified vivacity of the Italians, with whose demeanour I was then more familiar, as placed in similar circumstances. I never saw a poorer set of men than the fifteen hundred of which this garrison was composed. Many of them looked more like dwarfs or monkeys in military travestie, than real heroes of the *grande nation*. The officers themselves, I was told, complained much of the shabby appearance of the recruits sent out to them. The dress of the French line, though convenient and serviceable, is also little fitted for concealing or softening down the personal deficiencies of its wearer; and although the French are proverbially a military nation, they certainly have not a military air. Upon the whole, the government of Louis Philippe is not very likely to inspire either the minds of its Austrian rivals with much terror, or those of its Italian protégés with great respect, by the personal appearance of its warriors; who are as inferior as men, as they are doubtless superior as soldiers, to the

papal municipal guard who shared the duty of sentinel with them at the gate.

Our just period of quarantine was fourteen days. But as the fête of Louis Philippe occurred a few days prior to the lawful term of our emancipation, the French general exerted himself in procuring a remission of the intermediate space for his countryman the consul, to enable him to take part in the festivities. His application, being favoured by the mildness of our case, was successful; and as the benefit of any such indulgence always extends to the immediate companions of the favoured party, we were all set at large on the morning of the fête. It was with much regret that, from anxiety to rejoin my family circle at Florence, I was under the necessity of refusing the hospitable invitation of my worthy friend Mr Moore, the British consul, to prolong my stay at Ancona, and enjoy the humours of the French festival.* After seeing the regiments of the garrison march past the General in full dress parade in the piazza, I started for Tuscany on the same afternoon, April 30th, by way of Fano, Pesaro, Forlí, and the fine Apennine pass of the Falterona. I travelled the whole of the two next days, and on the morning of the 3d of May, breakfasted in my own lodgings at Florence.

* I am happy to take this opportunity of recording my sense of the kindness and courtesy of that gentleman, a testimony in which, doubtless, those of my countrymen who have had similar occasions to appeal to his services, will readily join. Though personally a stranger to him, yet, from the period of my first application by letter, for information as to conveyances on the Adriatic, up to that of my final departure from Ancona on my return, I found him unwearied in his attention to my interest in many small and troublesome matters, where the good offices of such a functionary can least be claimed as matter of duty, but are more especially valuable.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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NOTE to Chap. XXVI., p. 53.

THE evidence derived from the *Iliad* of the insignificance of Athens at this early period becomes the more conclusive, if its author be admitted, as usually supposed, to be a denizen of the colonies founded under Athenian auspices and by Athenian chiefs, on the coast of Asia Minor. It is hardly credible that a native poet of these settlements would treat the state from whence they emanated with such marked neglect, in a poem descriptive of the great national enterprize, which, by first establishing the ascendancy of the tribes of the western over those of the eastern side of the *Ægæan*, was the primary cause of the occupation of this fine country by the colonies of the former. But the Ionian origin of Homer is one of the most questionable points of the popular traditions concerning him.

The following examples will here suffice of the discrepancies between Homer and later Attic tradition. The adventures of *Œdipus* at Athens; the asylum he found there from the persecution of his own country and family; his decease in the temple of the Furies, and the portentous influence of his fate on the future destinies of the republic, have obtained, through the muse of Sophocles, a standard celebrity among

the vicissitudes of this tragical history. But Homer's simple and natural allusions (*Il.* xxiii. 679 ; *Odyss.* xi. 270,) to the concerns of the old king, after the discovery of his unintentional guilt, and to his subsequent life, death, and funeral honours in his own native city, warrant the suspicion, that the Attic version of his story is a corruption of the genuine fable, devised to enhance the glory of Athens and of Theseus.

Homer's account of the tragical adventures of Philomela and Itylus, or Itys, (*Odyss.* xix. 518,) is also quite different from that popular on the Attic stage ; and the latter has much the appearance of having been invented by the Athenians, in order to establish their own fair country as the birth-place of the bird of song.

NOTE to Chap. XXVI. p. 59.

As Dr Ross's pamphlet on the Theseum, (in the modern Greek language,) is rare, or perhaps scarcely known in this country, the following summary of the principal heads of evidence on the question may not be unacceptable to the archæological reader. My own knowledge of the contents of Dr Ross's work is indeed only derived from a hasty perusal of a copy belonging to a friend.

I. Plutarch, (*Vit. Thes.* c. 36,) describes the Theseum as in the middle of the town ;* and that his words are to be taken in a literal sense may be presumed from the circumstance, that the sanctuary was the public asylum or place of refuge for unfortunate criminals, as well as the customary place of muster for the troops of the Asty on occasion of hostile alarm : purposes, both of which imply a central locality. But the existing temple is near the western extremity of the ancient city.

II. That this edifice bore the name of Temple of Mars up to the middle of the 15th century, appears from the testimony

* ἐν μέσῃ τῇ πόλει.

of Cyriacus of Ancona, who travelled in Greece in 1436, and mentions it under that title. This was prior to the Turkish conquest; at a period consequently when, together with some small remains of ancient learning, the genuine traditions relative to the names or character of ancient buildings may not yet have been extinct.

III. As another argument in favour of the claims of Mars may be adduced the recent discovery, immediately below the "Theseum," of a row of marble statues or Caryatids, representing human figures, with serpents' tails for their lower extremities. This is the form in which we know Erechtheus, Cecrops, and other mythical Attic heroes to have been represented, in their capacity of Autochthons, or Sons of Earth; and, in fact, the emblems on the pedestal of one of the statues bear distinct reference to the worship of Erechtheus. We have therefore every reason to believe, that these are the statues of the "Eponyme heroes" of the Attic tribes, mentioned by Pausanias as in the immediate neighbourhood of the Temple of Mars.

At the period when Athens was first generally frequented by the scholars of western Europe, this title had become extinct, and they were very naturally led to identify the building as the Theseum, from the tenor of a considerable number of the sculptures of the frieze, representing the exploits of the Attic warrior. The real argument supplied by this circumstance in favour of the popular opinion, Dr Ross sets aside very ingeniously, by showing: first, that the ornaments of this portion of a temple, according to the established courtesy of Greek art, rarely if ever bear *direct* reference to the history of the deity worshipped within; secondly, that the joint achievements of Theseus and Hercules, as figured on this building, are precisely the subjects which the Athenians would be likely to select as the most appropriate decoration for a Temple of the God of War.

NOTE to Chap. XXVII. p. 61.

The proposal to connect, in so tangible a manner, the existing "Stone" of the Pnyx with the name of any of the earlier Athenian statesmen, may perhaps seem at variance with the popular tradition relative to the change of its site by the thirty tyrants, subsequent to the battle of Ægospotamos. This tradition, however, has very much the appearance of a fable. Plutarch (*Vit. Themistocl.* c. xix.) is the only author who mentions it, and that but vaguely; nor is it possible by any casuistry to reconcile the terms of his allusion with existing appearances. In speaking of the democratic tendency of that love of the sea and of nautical affairs, with which Themistocles had inspired the Athenians, he adds, that from this consideration "the Bema of the Pnyx, which was formerly so constructed as to look towards the sea, had been turned by the Thirty so as to face in the direction of the country." That the present Pnyx, however, is a work of far more ancient date than the age of the thirty tyrants cannot be doubted; and it must be equally clear to any one who examines the ground, that no rostrum from whence an audience assembled on its area could be addressed, ever could have been so constructed as to have looked towards the sea.

Perhaps the most plausible of the attempts to explain the difficulty is that of Colonel Leake, (*Topogr. of Ath.* p. 42,) who supposes that Themistocles, in his zeal for nautical affairs, had induced the people to desert the ancient Pnyx, (that which we now see,) and hold their assemblies on some other portion of the same eminence, which fronted the gulf; but that the Thirty had restored it, from the motive above assigned, to its former position. This theory, however, is at variance with the statement of Plutarch, who, while he alludes to no change whatever by Themistocles on the ancient Pnyx, describes the regulation of the Thirty as an alteration, not a restoration of its former site. There is indeed an esplanade or terrace on the summit of the rock, behind the present "Stone," which has evidently been artificially levelled; and near one

of its extremities are appearances on the ground which some have supposed to betoken the existence of a former Bema. This esplanade, however, is a great deal smaller than the actual Pnyx; so small as to render it scarcely credible that it could have accommodated the ordinary assembly of the citizens; or that they should ever have been induced, by what was after all but a whim of Themistocles, to desert their ancient more commodious place of assembly for so indifferent a substitute. It is more probable that the ground on this upper level was used for purposes subordinate to the business of the great assembly, covered perhaps in part with buildings or booths, for the convenience of the Prytanes, scribes, and other public functionaries, or of the orators themselves. Some such range of offices there must have been in the neighbourhood of the great council of Athens, and there is no place so conveniently situated for the purpose, or which exhibits greater appearance of having been so occupied, than this esplanade.

An allusion to such appendages occurs in the scene of the *Thesmophoriazusæ* of Aristophanes, where search is made by the women, among the booths and passages of their Pnyx, for disguised male intruders on their assembly:

τὴν Πνύκα πᾶσαν καὶ τὰς σκηνάς καὶ τὰς διόδους διαθεῖναι.
v. 659.

It is true, that the term Pnyx is here used in burlesque application to the Thesmophorium or Sanctuary of Ceres, where these female assemblies were held. But this circumstance does not destroy the point of the allusion.

Another difficulty occurs in the way of any such mode of reconciling the words of Plutarch with existing appearances in the fact that the city wall ran immediately behind this upper esplanade; and its foundations, which are still visible, are so nearly on the same level, that, allowing a respectable height to its masonry, it would have effectually interrupted any such view of the sea as could have suited the purpose of the hero of Salamis, or given just cause of alarm to the thirty tyrants.

There seems, therefore, no ground for belief that the popular assemblies were ever held in any other Pnyx than that which we now see; and the story of Plutarch is doubtless one of the many anecdotes, of what may be called the moral and political mythology of Greece, invented to give zest to the narrative of interesting events, or the actions and characters of illustrious men.

NOTE to Chap. XXVIII., p. 78.

A curious discovery relative to the more subtle mechanism of the structure of the Parthenon, has recently been announced, by Mr Metzger, a Bavarian architect, as the result of researches which were in progress at the period of my visit to Athens. This gentleman asserts, that by a series of observations carried with great nicety through every portion of the edifice, he has ascertained, that there is not a straight line of any considerable length in its whole extent, with the exception, if I mistake not, of those of the gable of the pediments. That the vertical lines of the building have a certain inclination outwards, was already well known, and is indeed apparent to the eye of an ordinary observer. His investigations apply more especially to the horizontal lines of the architrave, and by consequence of the parallel portions of the entablature, frieze, cornice, &c., together with the basement or platform on which the columns stand. The masonry of all these portions of the edifice has been found to be arched or curved upwards, though in a degree so slight as not to be perceptible, unless on very accurate inspection; but by placing the eye, for example, at the extremity of any one of the principal lines above mentioned, the deviation from the horizontal will be very apparent. This peculiarity of structure he found to be carried through every portion of the fabric, in so uniform a manner as to prove it to be the result of system. These observations are said to have since been verified by several other members of the same profession.

In considering what may have been the object of this apparent anomaly, one is naturally led, in the first instance, to take into account the liberties in which the ancient architects occasionally indulged, in aid of the optical effect of their buildings. It is not, however, easy to see how any advantage of this sort could have been either proposed or attained in the present case. The object, it may be presumed, was here not elegance, but solidity; and thus the Parthenon itself, there can be little doubt, supplies another evidence in addition to those adduced in different parts of this journal, of the familiarity of the Greek masons with the principle of the arch. In a country subject to earthquakes, the smallest degree of concentric pressure, such as would result from this peculiarity of structure, if carried through the whole edifice, would be greatly conducive to its durability, while not so perceptible to the eye as to affect its symmetry.

In a letter from Athens, read by Mr W. Hamilton to the Royal Society of Literature, on the 13th March 1840, it is stated that the same peculiarity is also observable in the The-seum.

NOTE to Chap. XXIX. p. 85.

The two lines of inscription still legible, one on each side of this gateway, describe it as dividing "Athens, the ancient city of Theseus," from "the city of Hadrian." On the west side:—

αιδ' εἰς Ἀθῆναι Θησεως το πρην πολις.

On the east:—

αιδ' εἰς Ἀδριανου κ' ουχι Θησεως πολις.

The somewhat ambiguous terms of this distich have led to doubts as to which may have been the city of Hadrian here alluded to; and whether it really was on the Olympian side of the arch as usually supposed. In spite of the services rendered by the emperor to the sanctuary, the claim were certainly somewhat presumptuous, with reference both to the affirmative and the negative tenor of the inscription, consi-

dering that we have the oldest and best authority for the fact, that the most "ancient city of Theseus" was precisely that portion of Athens within which the Olympium was situated. —THUCYD. Lib. ii., c. 15.

It is surprising that so respectable a Hellenist as Chandler (p. 73) should be the author of a proposal still further to mystify the sense of these two lines, and the question of fact which they involve, by reading, in the two first words of each, instead of ΑΙΔ' ΕΙΣ' (*This is,*) Α ΙΔΕΙΣ, which (as interpreted by him) would signify, *What you see is*. Even a schoolboy of the upper classes should know that the anomalous verb εἶδον has no present form, the deficiency being supplied by ὁράω. The inscription is but a paraphrase of that said to have been formerly engraved by Theseus himself, on corresponding sides of a boundary column on the Isthmus of Corinth:

τάδ' ἐστὶ Πελοπόννησος οὐκ Ἰωνία.

τὰ δ' οὐχὶ Πελοπόννησος ἀλλ' Ἰωνία.

The analogy between the copy and the original were in itself sufficient, even apart from grammatical reasons, to set aside Chandler's view; which, however, has not been without its influence on the less critical class of Attic topographers.

NOTE to Chap. XXXIII. p. 131.

In all our editions, vv. 289, 290, of this passage are read:

ἢ Νότου ἢ Ζεφύρου δусаέος, οἵτε μάλιστα
νῆα διαρῥαίουσι, θεῶν ἀέκητι ἀνάκτων.

In v. 290, θεῶν ought evidently to be corrected, in conformity with familiar Homeric phraseology, into θοήν:

νῆα διαρῥαίουσι θοήν, ἀέκητι ἀνάκτων.

The notion of the winds destroying ships "against the will of the Gods" is repugnant to the whole mythology, both physical and moral, of the Greeks, and of Homer in parti-

cular, where they are invariably described as completely subject to the control of the divine power, (conf. *Odyss.* v. 131, 221, *sq.* vii. 249, *sq.* *HESIOD Opp.* 665, *sq.*) The ἄνακτες are here, as elsewhere, the pilots or navigators; whether as masters or lords of the vessel, or simply as heroes or warriors, by the common epic courtesy. Euripides (*Cycl.* 86,) calls seamen κώπης ἄνακτες, and elsewhere (*Frag. Telephi*) has the expression κώπης ἀνάσσειν.

NOTE to Chap. XXXIII. p. 141.



This ring is about two-thirds of an inch in diameter, of the form exhibited in the annexed drawing. On its outer surface is an inscription divided into two parallel lines. These lines are separated by a species of band or fillet, each end of which terminates at a common point in the centre of the ring, in a curl or crotchet, held together by the fore paw of a small animal of grotesque form and doubtful species, and which may represent either a hare, rabbit, rat, squirrel, or other similar quadruped. The letters are for the most part Greek, of the most ancient character, with the exception of one or two, which are not easily referable to any variety of the Cadmean alphabet. Both letters and ornaments are executed with sharpness and spirit, and the figure, though grotesque, has a considerable liveliness of character and expression. The language is not Greek, nor any other intelligible to me, or to other more competent judges by whom the inscription has been seen.

This relic is in a perfect state of preservation, with the exception of a break, or rather cut, extending completely through the narrowest part of its circumference, but so straight and clean as not even to render the letters through which it passes less distinct than their neighbours.

NOTE to Chap. XXXVI. p. 169.

This block is of the same *palombino*, or dove-coloured limestone, of which the native rock in this as in most other parts of Greece mainly consists. Yet it is described, strangely enough, by several of our most accurate travellers, including Leake himself, as of *green marble*. This erroneous impression has been derived from the colour of the polished surface, which has received from time and the weather a bluish green hue. But whoever is at pains to climb up behind, and examine the unwrought portion of the stone, will be convinced of the accuracy of the description here given.

The heads of the animals are gone, together with the apex of the cone that surmounted the column. The broken summit of the stone offers some peculiarities, which have escaped the notice of previous observers, leading to the belief that these deficient parts were of different pieces from the rest of the block. The evidences of this are, in regard to the heads, two sharp rectangular cavities in the upper part of the neck of each figure, apparently intended for fitting in another piece of material; also, contiguous to these incisions in each case, two round holes, evidently artificial, and destined, no doubt, for the reception of some species of nail or bolt, either to aid in fixing the head on the shoulders, or for appending some species of ornament. The other holes in the stone, as indicated in the sketch, are but the natural cavities frequently observable in this species of rock, and which there is no danger of confounding with those artificially bored.

The same conclusion results in regard to the apex of the cone, now wanting, above the four balls, from the circumstance that the stump, unless where injured by violence, which

is only the case at the corners, has a smooth polished surface, no way reconcilable with the fracture of a solid block by the falling of the wall from above, to which cause apparently the existing damage is to be ascribed, but which must have been produced by art, to favour the adaptation of another piece. It is not improbable that these upper and nobler portions of the group may have been of more excellent material—possibly metal, or some precious kind of marble. An excavation would probably throw light upon this point; as it is probable that the heads have lain embedded in the rubbish of the court since the destruction of the city.

It is not very easy to understand how there ever could have been room for the heads of the animals at all, at least for that of the one on the left side of the spectator. The upper stones of the side masonry of the triangular opening are evidently in their original position; and, between them and the abacus of the central column, it were difficult for the liveliest imagination to find a place for a head at all in proportion to such a body.

Down the centre of the three lower divisions of the pedestal of the column runs a small clean incision of several inches in depth, and having so much the appearance of a junction of two stones, that superficial observers have hence been led to the opinion that the relief was sculptured on more than one piece; but a careful inspection shows it to be merely a groove in the solid block—the object of which is not very apparent.

NOTE to Chap. XXXVII. p. 175.

There is another smaller gallery, in a ruined state, on the west side of the fortress, which appears to have been little else than an ordinary sally port. (See Plate VII. No. 2. ch. xliii.) This work, of which I do not remember to have seen any special notice either in the plans or descriptions of travellers, offers a peculiarity of some interest, as bearing on a question frequently noticed in this journal—the origin and primitive use of the arch in Greece. It runs at right angles to the wall, instead

of parallel to it, like the other galleries, and has its issue in a semicircular projection, in full view of the traveller as he passes along the Nauplia road. The roof is formed on the same general principle as that of the other galleries, with this difference, that the summit of the cone or arch, instead of being completed by the junction of the two upper side stones into an apex, has a sort of key-stone between them. The principle of a key-stone, which involves in fact that of the arch, is, that it should be essential to the support of the blocks with which it is connected on each side, and which, were it removed, would at once fall in. Here this can hardly indeed be said to be the case, for although the side courses are not quite horizontal, their inclination inwards is so slight, that their own weight would probably maintain them in their present position, even were the central stone to be removed. Judging, however, from the section of the interior masonry, where the roof has fallen in, (in so far as its present dilapidated state would admit,) I was led to doubt whether the side stones in other portions of the work possessed a similar degree of independent equilibrium, either from their weight or position; and where this is not the case, the gallery was constructed on the principle of a gothic arch.

In the north wall of the back part of the citadel of Mycenæ, not far from the point of the angle which the peribolus here forms towards the mountain, there is a gallery of similar character with those of Tiryns, with that just described more especially, issuing at right angles to the wall. This work, which has escaped the notice of previous travellers, is the only other genuine specimen of the kind I have yet met with. The "Tirynthian galleries," mentioned by Gell, Dodwell, and others, as existing in other cities, both of Greece and Italy, have little or no resemblance to the original from whence this name is derived; but are fragments for the most part of aqueducts or sewers, or even of those subterranean magazines common on the sites of ancient Greek cities. I should not probably have noticed the one here alluded to, which is in a little-accessible corner of the fortress, and not likely to meet the eye of the traveller unaware of its site and existence, but for the infor-

mation previously received at Nauplia from M.Gropius, by whom it was first discovered.

NOTE to Chap. XLVI. p. 282.

Leake (*Morea*, vol. i. p. 40,) observes, with apparent justice, that there is no space elsewhere for so large an area as that of the hippodrome, which he states at *two* stadia in length. In venturing to dispute the accuracy of his opinion relative to the size, I shall add force to that concerning the site of the monument.

A general view of the testimonies on the subject leads to the inference, that the Greek hippodrome was *four* stadia in length. This is in fact the import of the text of Pausanias, quoted by Leake, (*Elíac.* ii. 16 :) δρόμου δὲ εἰσι τοῦ ἵππίου μῆκος μὲν διάυλοι δύο. The length, not the circuit, is here specified as two diauli or four stadia. Hence the Etym. M. makes the whole circumference of the Attic hippodrome eight stadia : Ἐνεχελιδῶ τόπος Ἀθήνησι σταδίων ὀκτώ, ἐν ᾧ ἵπποδρομιαί. *conf. Hesych.* vv. Ἴππειος δρόμος, and Ἐνεχελιδών. This explains an otherwise not very intelligible measure of distance, called the Hippicum, mentioned by Plutarch in *Vit. Solon.* c. 22. τὸ δὲ ἵππικὸν διάστημα τεσσάρων ἦν σταδίων; a breadth, not a circuit, of four stadia.

The measurement of the hippodrome was usually quoted with reference to its length, rather than its circumference, just as the measure stadium implies the length of that locality, unless the diaulus or double length be specified. In the same way there was a distinction in the chariot race between the straight, or single, and the circular, or double course; the εὐθύς δρόμος and κάμπειος δρόμος; or, as Pollux calls it, in the text quoted by Leake, (iii. c. 30,) the δρόμος ἐν καμπῇ. I find no passage in Pollux implying, as quoted by Leake, that the hippodrome was but two stadia in length.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Page 40, line 21, *for* peculiar rites, *read* peculiarities.
“ 63, “ 12, *for* Planota, *read* Plancta.
“ 102, foot note, *for* Plate II., *read* Plate I.
“ 107, *sqq.* foot notes, *for* Plate III., *read* Plate II.
“ 168, line 2, *for* Bazzaris, *read* Bozzaris.
“ “ “ “ *for* Diamondopoulos, *read* Diamandopoulos.
“ 188, line 14, *for* Cassino, *read* Casino.
“ 231, “ 17, *for* windows, *read* window.
“ 277, “ 7, *for* care, *read* case.
-

VOL. II.

- Page 48, }
“ 51, } *for* Lyon, *read* Lyons.
“ 113, line 1, *for* apothegm, *read* apophthegm.
“ 127, “ 18, *for* in the roads, *read* on the roads.
“ 152, “ 1, *for* or, *read* for.
“ 162, }
“ 163, } *for* Herœum, *read* Heræum.
“ 165, }
“ 167, “ 6, *for* herœum, *read* heroüm.
“ 307, “ 30, *for* part, *read* port.

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

VOL. I.

The Continent of Greece	.	to face	.	.	Title
Ithaca after Leake	Page 61
Mouth of the river Acheloüs 102
Ruins of Æniadæ 107
Delphi after Leake 185
Parnassus from plain of Panopea 207

VOL. II.

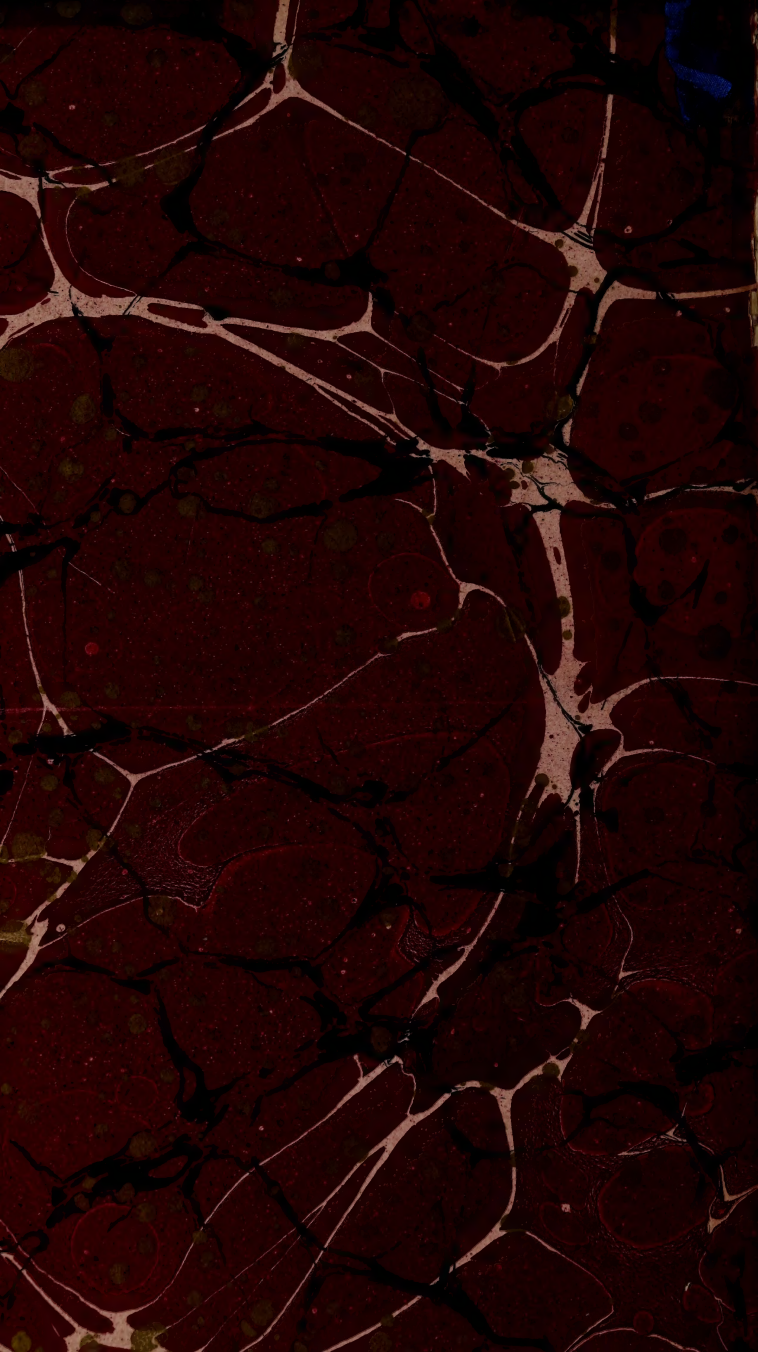
Athens from Pass of Daphne 44
——— after Wordsworth 52
Plain and Bay of Marathon 108
Mycenæ 164
Sculpture over Gate of Mycenæ 168
Heraeum 179
Pyramid near Argos 195
Bridge of Xerókampo 248
Olympia after Leake 280

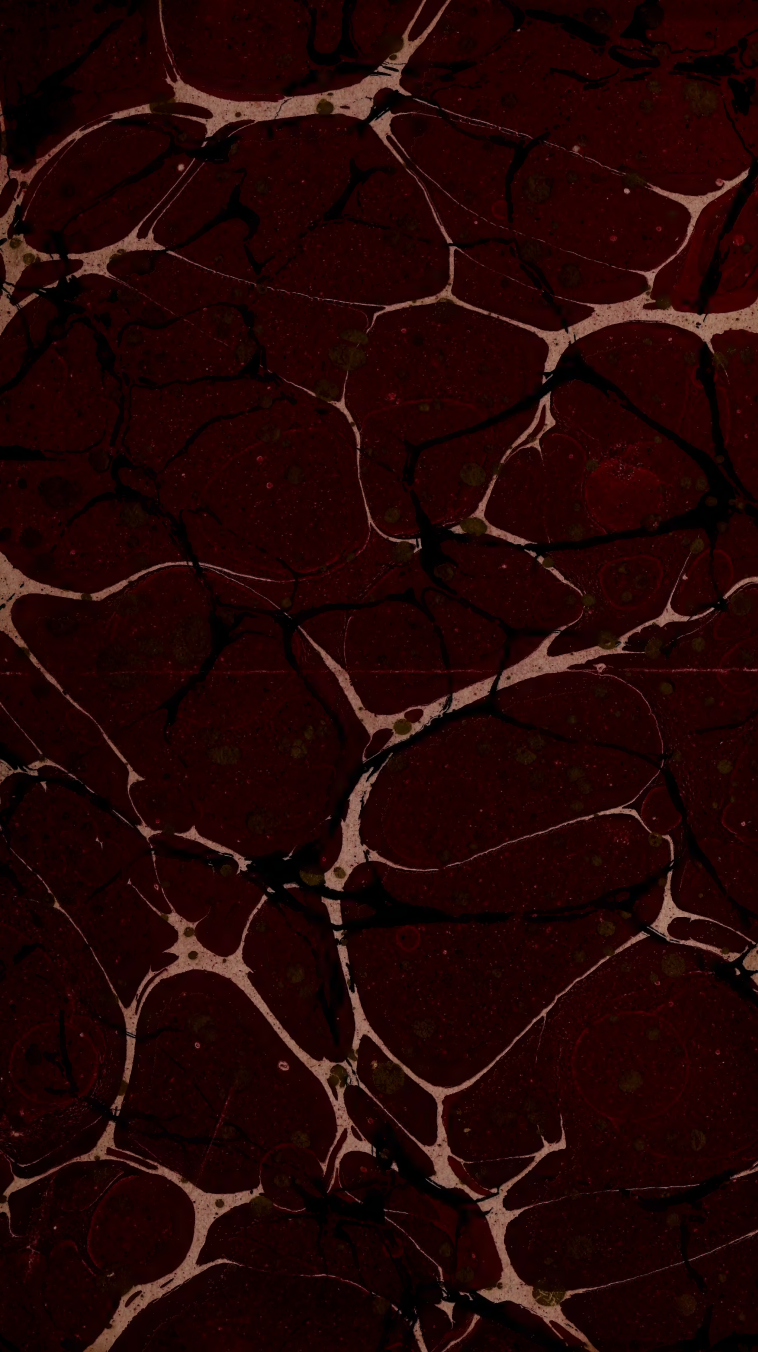
July 21 2 24 69 - 10 26 44

Throne 290

Lab. 265

207 - 212 - 212 - 212 - 212





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